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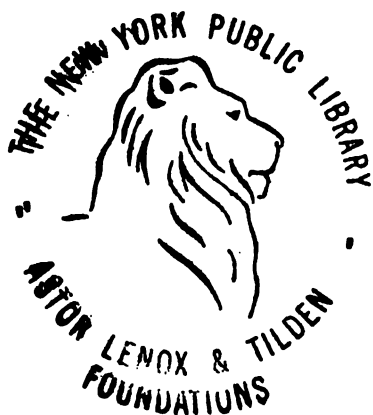
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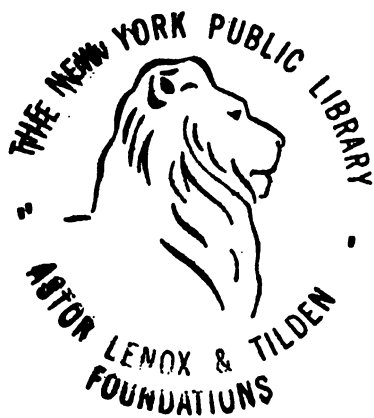
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EMMA BARTLETT:

OR,

PREJUDICE AND FANATICISM.

BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

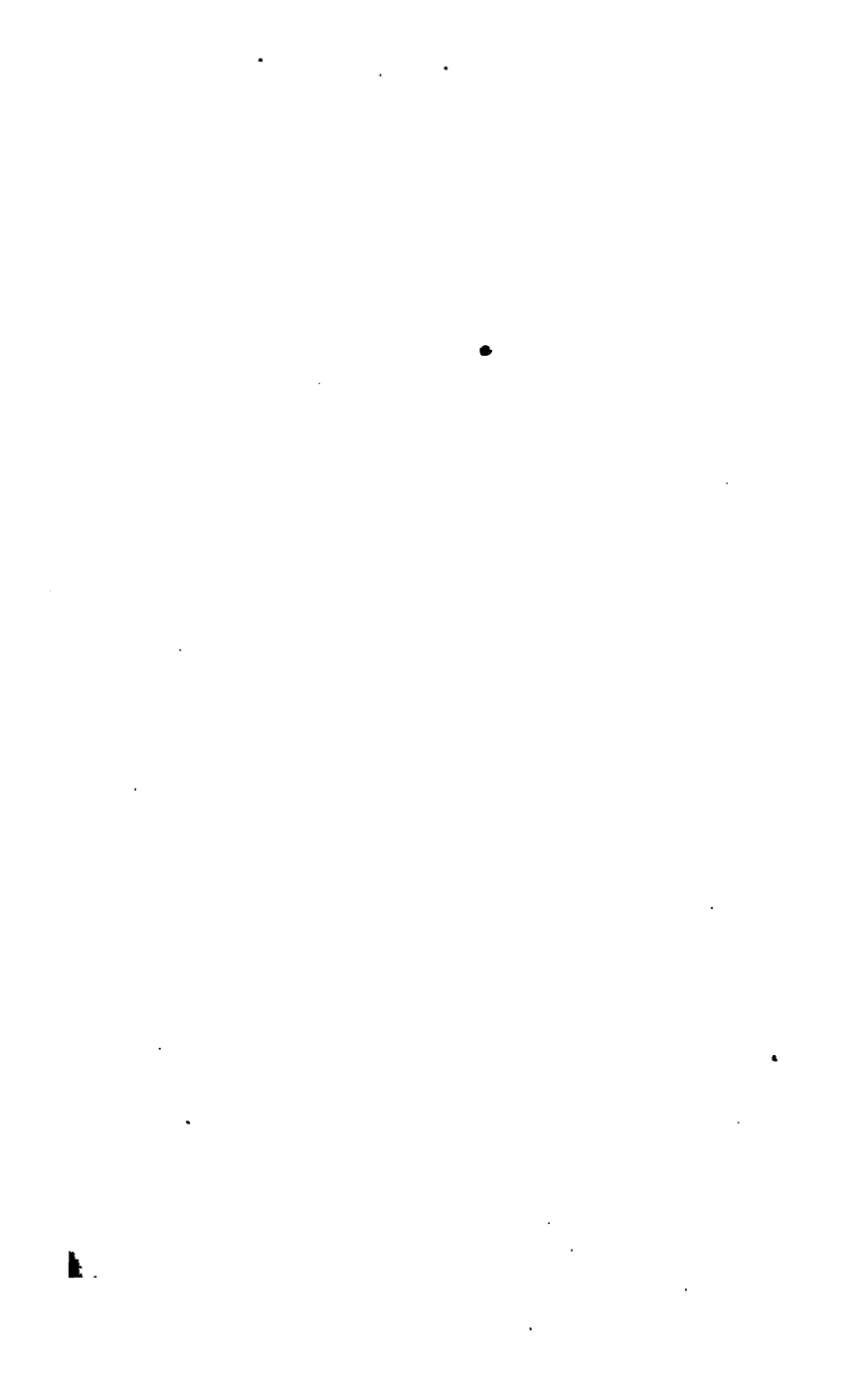
SECOND EDITION.

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1856.

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P R E F A C E .

A SECOND Edition of this, the author's first humble offering in the shape of a book, has been called for. In the Preface to the first Edition, it was stated that she had endeavored to present some facts in fiction — if such an expression may be allowed — which, coming under her own observation, in a less inviting, though perhaps more impressive garb than fiction, demonstrated two or three notions, which have of late grown to the importance of political doctrines, to be great political and social evils. The two chief conclusions which she thought these facts established were; That a fellow-creature's place of birth should not be made the test of his capabilities or intrinsic worth; and, That there is neither reason, religion nor justice in crushing the white man, in order to liberate the blacks from a bondage in which they have been placed by circumstances which no ordinary foresight of man, and no ordinary exercise of humanity could have prevented.

The Author is no politician, and she would shrink from entering the political arena, in any capacity. She wove an unpretending little story, without at first any design of publication. It has served to entertain her friends, and has been received with more favor by the public than she had any reason to hope for. With all its imperfections, a Second Edition is given to the people, with her sincere thanks for their past kindness, and with the hope that she may in some other manner be more deserving of their approbation in future.



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EMMA BARTLETT:

OR,

PREJUDICE AND FANATICISM.

CHAPTER I.

THE FRANCONIAN MAIDEN.

SHE was wondrous fair, with her golden hair,
And forehead of marble whiteness :
With her ruby lips, near whose crimson tips
The white pearl gleamed like snow that dips
In the sunset's scarlet brightness.

Like those snows that rest on the mountain's breast,
Was the face of this youthful maiden :
Save the mellow flush which we term a blush,
That flowed to her cheek with as soft a gush
As a zephyr with sweetness laden.

THE last lingering rays of a gorgeous sunset were gradually fading from the blue waters of the *Main*, as a maiden of some fifteen summers strolled listlessly along its bank, pausing, occasionally, to watch the ripples that danced at her feet, or to let her eye feast on the landscape of beauty spread out before her. Although autumn's reign had scarce begun, nature had already clothed many of the forest trees in rich garbs

of brown and gold, which, interspersed with the emerald, formed a bright picture the young girl seemed fully to appreciate. As she stood there musing, low, sweet snatches of song burst from her lips, most of them national airs, breathing forth a spirit of devotion to the Fatherland.

There was something strangely fascinating in the maiden's face; her features, even then strikingly handsome, gave promise of surpassing beauty when the breath of a few more summers should deepen the flush upon her cheek, the touch of a few more years mold into perfect symmetry the already graceful form, and further instruction cause the germs of thought already awakened in her bosom, to expand, thus deepening her earnest glance, adding pathos to her voice, and if possible, fitting her heart for a finer appreciation of the beautiful in nature than it then possessed. Her silken tresses were unconfined, and fell in sunny ringlets about her neck. Her eyes were of a heavenly blue, and had in them an expression of child-like confidence; her movements were full of grace, and she possessed, with all, such a gentleness of manner she seldom failed to attract the attention of even the casual observer.

After gazing until the sun had wholly disappeared behind the western hills, leaving a host of silver clouds to cover his retreat, she slowly turned her steps homeward. Though of antique construction, the mansion she entered, together with the grounds surrounding,

indicated that its owner was possessed both of wealth and exquisite taste. The high Gothic arches were supported in front by a double row of colonnades, while on either side were balconies through whose trellis-work sunshine and shadows were ever at play. The top of the building was adorned with an observatory, whose lattice-work of fairy lightness enclosed a fountain, the waters of which, in the sultry summer days, rose and fell in crystal jets, cooling the heated atmosphere wherever the pearly drops were shivered. This point commanded an extended view of the surrounding country; but, ere the eye roved to distant objects, it was first attracted by the carefully cultivated garden on one side, and the diamond-shaped conservatory on the other; the rare exotics the latter contained, as seen through the polished glass, with their bursting buds and gaudy flowers reaching toward the golden sunlight, formed a rainbow of colors beautiful beyond description. The grounds in front of the mansion were ornamented with every species of flowering shrubs and large numbers of forest trees, whose branches were stretched forth so invitingly, many a wild-wood bird had been wooed to their embrace, and constrained to linger there away from their native shades; and while sipping from the blossoms their distilled sweetness, to pour forth rich strains of melody to its entertainers.

It was no wonder the fair girl, as she tripped lightly along the broad gravel way leading to the portal,

exclaimed enthusiastically, "There is no place like home;" or that, on reaching the vast hall, she turned to her father, saying, in the soft Franconian dialect, as her blue orbs sought his imploringly, "Dear father, why can I not remain here with you and mother? I don't want to return to school."

Baron Von Hutten cast a look of mingled tenderness and pride upon his child, and as he caressingly smoothed the sunny tresses from her brow, said in a voice made eloquent by paternal love, "Is not my daughter willing to make the sacrifice in order to complete her education? Only a year longer must we endure the trial of separation, and then there will be no more partings, I trust."

"It is a long time to be from home, father; I have already been three years away, you know."

"Yes, and have fulfilled my fondest hopes, Rosalie; only continue a twelvemonth longer; the time will soon pass. You know you spend all your vacations at home."

The young girl mused for a moment, and then said, "I do believe I love my home better than any one else; I've been strolling along the banks of the Main for the last hour; don't you think it the prettiest river in the world, father? I do."

"It is because your home is so near its banks. From infancy you have gazed upon its waters, and every tree that lines its shores, for miles, has become endeared to you by association."

"But, father," asked the maiden, turning toward the door and allowing her gaze to wander in the direction of the river, "do you think other streams and forests could be found elsewhere, that could in any way compare with those of the Fatherland? Even in America, the land of peace and liberty, of which you talk so much?"

"Why not, my child? The same Hand fashioned the channels there, and clad the woods in verdure, that painted with delicate touch the blossoms with which your own native hills are decked. Yes, America, I fancy, is as fair a clime as ours, and those who seek its shores are entitled to many privileges we can never enjoy; there, unoppressed by kingly power, they acknowledge allegiance to none save the Supreme Ruler. Would that I were freed from the chains that fetter me here; would that, with those most dear to me, I could join those of my countrymen who have sought the land of liberty, and kneeling on the free soil of Columbia, offer up my devotions not to priest or pope, but to Him who is ever willing and ready to hear. Heaven knows I love my native land, the home of my forefathers, and the hallowed spot that holds the sacred dust of my sainted parents, but sooner than see you, my daughter, or our little Karl, now slumbering on his mother's knee, crushed in spirit by the galling yoke of our despotic king, or forced to worship in a manner repulsive to your conscience—sooner than behold this, would I

sacrifice all I possess, and launch forth upon the ocean with the fond hope of reaching and spending my remaining days in the asylum of the free—the land of Washington.”

“Softly, father, softly, your voice grows loud; you may be overheard, and you know the penalty.” As Rosalie spoke, her hand was laid admonishingly on his shoulder.

“Who has taught my Rosalie to be so cautious?” asked the Baron, smilingly.

“Roderic,” she replied with a slight blush; “he says were any of the officers to hear you speak of the king as you do, you would be imprisoned.”

“Roderic is thoughtful; for your sake he would not betray me, but——”

“O, you need not fear *him*, father; *he* would not, but his father, you know, is an officer, bound by oath and honor to report, and before him and others, prudence is requisite.”

These words of caution sounded strangely, coming from the lips of one so young and child-like as Rosalie; but Roderic Sundahl, to whom she had been betrothed in early years, and whose repeated entreaties to put her father on his guard, had impressed themselves upon her mind, had, of late, urged her to seek every opportunity to remind him of the penalty awaiting those who dared to give utterance to sentiments of disloyalty.

To him it was a matter possessing the deepest interest ; already had his heart been led captive by the unfolding charms of the gentle being he had been told to regard as his future mate ; already had his dark eye learned to flash and his bosom to throb wildly, whenever he approached her ; and already had her timid glance, and the faint color that stole into her cheek at the sound of his approaching footstep, told the heart secret that the red lips had never attempted to frame into words.

But should his father learn that the Baron gave utterance to sentiments against his sovereign, it might be the means of dissolving their brightest dreams, for would not his oath bind him, as a true officer, to report whatever information of this character came into his possession ?

CHAPTER II.

THE IMPRISONMENT.

SHE drooped as a blossom,
When withered by blight,
Or as roses in summer,
When reft of the light.
She passed from among them,
And left them to mourn,
For the loved and the lost,
That could never return.

WELL had it been for Baron Von Hutten had he listened to the pleadings of his child, and kept her by his side, for she, perchance, would have been to him as a guardian angel, and by her gently breathed words of timely caution, have averted the calamity his imprudence brought upon him. Six months after her departure from the homestead, Rosalie received a hasty summons to return and watch by the bedside of her mother, who had been suddenly prostrated by the astounding intelligence that her husband, while at Kissingen Bath, a noted watering-place in their province, had been arrested and charged with treason. Had the wife doubted the truth of the report, the blow might not have fallen with such crushing weight upon her

heart, for hope might have whispered it was without foundation ; but, having heard him so frequently and boldly express his views on that subject, she felt confident he had not been apprehended without cause. The Baroness was a fragile, delicate blossom, living only in the sunshine of her husband's love ; and, when she learned his presence was to be denied her, when told, that by order of the tyrant, Karl Ludwich, he had been sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and positively refused the privilege of seeing any member of his family during that period ; and further, that their beautiful home, and all they possessed, had been confiscated to the government, thus reducing herself and children to penury, like some fragile plant, reft of the sunlight, she sank beneath the stroke. Daily her strength diminished, and the light faded from her eye, until, drooping and withered, she passed away, leaving only the remembrance of her unbounded benevolence to the needy, whose wants she had so often supplied, the recollection of her uniform gentleness to her servants, and the example of a loving wife and devoted mother to her sorrowing daughter.

And thus was Rosalie robbed of both parents, and left, with the little Karl clinging to her for love and protection. Yet was she not wholly alone ; Roderic was left, and indescribably dear did he seem, as he stood by her side, his fine eye flashing with indignation,

and vowed, if life were spared, to be revenged on the tyrant who had destroyed the peace of the household to which Rosalie belonged.

"Be cautious, Roderic! The same punishment may await your words as has been visited upon father; guard your lips, for my sake."

"Do you fear the trees and rocks will repeat?" he asked, smiling. "Have no anxiety for me," he continued, "but my Rosalie has yet to learn how this calamity has blasted my brightest hopes."

"What mean you, Roderic?" she asked, looking earnestly into his face.

The information he was about to impart evidently pained the youth; several minutes elapsed ere he could frame his thoughts into words.

"We have loved each other, Rosalie," he at length said, clasping nervously the waxen fingers resting in his hand.

"Yes," she replied, looking up with child-like confidence, "You are all that's left me now," she added, as her eyelids drooped beneath his gaze.

"I have been taught from boyhood to look upon you as my own. You have become, as it were, a portion of myself, and now—" he paused, overcome by his feelings.

"And what?" asked Rosalie, a dark foreboding seizing her, "they surely would not be so cruel as to part

us now," and she grasped convulsively his circling arm.

"It is even so," he replied, avoiding her agonized look ; "my father has informed me that heretofore the position and wealth of our respective families were equal ; now it is different, and he thinks I should renounce all hopes of uniting my fate with yours. But, Rosalie, my father must not endeavor to control me in this matter ; he *shall* not ; in all things else I will yield obedience, but in this my heart must decide. I know he will never consent to the union, but in two years more I shall be free, and can act for myself ; you are aware that the family mansion falls into my possession at that time, it being a portion of my mother's inheritance ; until then I have no hope of calling you mine, but in the meantime I have resolved to effect your father's escape from prison."

"O ! Roderic is there the least possibility of such a thing?"

"With great caution it might be accomplished ; but even if success crowned my efforts he would have to fly his country."

"Well, well," cried the daughter, with enthusiasm, "he could do that ; he would gladly fly to America, the land of which he has so often spoken ; but, Roderic, he should not go alone," and bright tears started to Rosalie's eyes as she spoke. Intense as was her desire to see the parent who had been for months confined in the

gloomy prison, and deep as were the feelings that prompted her to share his flight, when she thought of parting from her lover, resolution wavered.

The youth saw the struggle, and said, "It would be a terrible trial to part, yet for his sake, perhaps, we should make the sacrifice. I could join you, at the expiration of two years, in America. Think you we could endure such a separation?"

Rosalie returned his look of confiding love, and replied in a trembling voice, "If you can bear it, should not I, when the release of a parent depends upon it?"

"Yes," she added, gathering firmness from the thought, "I will nerve myself to endure."

It was a severe trial for the maiden, but duty triumphed; two years seemed an interminable period for loving hearts to be parted, but her father must not seek a foreign coast alone; the hope of his escape seemed to strengthen her, and after devoting several weeks to making all necessary arrangements, the lovers strolled out, as was their wont, to exchange vows of eternal constancy, perhaps for the last time, beside the blue waters of the Main.

"All is now ready, dearest," said Roderic, in a tone which, despite his strong effort at control, was slightly tremulous; "if success crown my efforts, before to-morrow's sun is set, you will be far enough away to baffle pursuit; but how you tremble, Rosalie—think you your courage will fail?"

"Don't ask me now," she murmured, "your presence makes me weak; I can only hope that in the hour of trial strength may be given me."

"The papers, are they secure?" he asked, hoping to divert her thoughts.

"They are."

"Remember those are passports to facilitate your escape. They are made out in the name of Waldemeyer—your father must assume that name in order to effect his escape."

"And you, Roderic, you are running a fearful risk."

"Have no fears about me; my innocence can be proved, and, thanks to the laws of our land, inferior as they are in some respects, I can not be retained in his stead. But, Rosalie, love, it is time for action; a carriage waits at the edge of the forest to convey yourself and Karl to within a short distance of the prison; there it will remain until I put my plan into execution; if successful your father will join you within an hour after I leave, if not I will return, or if prevented by any unforeseen interference, the driver has directions to retrace his steps. And now, Rosalie," he continued, making another strong effort to control his emotions, "we must part; here, beside the blue waters where we have so often sat together, let the farewells be spoken; it is like sundering the heart strings, my sweet girl, for those who have loved so deeply to be severed, but we must try to be brave and hope for the best."

The lover's voice sank to a whisper ; the great storm of grief that swept over his spirit put his voice to flight, and as he folded her to his bosom, long, fervent kisses were pressed upon lips, cheek and brow, and then, in a scarce audible whisper, he said, " God bless and protect you, my betrothed, till we meet again."

" O ! Roderic, how can I leave you ?" were the only articulate words that forced themselves, through bursting sobs, from Rosalie's lips.

It is hard to administer comfort to a bleeding heart when our own is lacerated and writhing in agony, yet sympathy is sweet. Roderic felt this, as that fair head rested on his bosom, and though he strove, in cheering accents, to soften the pain of separation, he also experienced a secret joy when he gathered from her broken accents, that her affection for him could only be equaled by the unutterable love he bore her.

CHAPTER III.

THE ESCAPE.

Alone he sat within his dismal cell,
His proud head bowed, his hands upon his brow.
Pressed hard, convulsively, as though he sought
To crush the agony that fired his brain.
He thought of home, and recollection brought
A thousand tender memories up. His wife,
His children — how his spirit yearned
Once more to fold them in a fond embrace.

It was a narrow, dismal-looking cell in which Baron Von Hutten sat, with his spare form bowed, and his face buried in his hands. Months had passed away since he had entered that gloomy prison, and yet no tidings, not even a word from his family had ever reached his ears : often, during that period, had he been seized with dark forebodings ; for well he knew the intelligence of his apprehension would fall with fearful weight upon the inmates of his home. As yet he had not learned that the death-angel had visited the homestead, and borne from thence the spirit of the gentle being whose love had been his greatest solace for so many years. Yet the fear, the suspense seemed at times too terrible to be borne. Often, in the frenzy of the moment, would he

plead with the keeper to send messengers to inquire after the welfare of his family ; or to gain information in any way, that he might be relieved of such horrible suspense.

It was after dark when Roderic Sundahl reached the door of the cell in which the prisoner was confined.

"Remember," said the jailor who had accompanied him, "a half hour is the time allotted for the interview."

"I'll be punctual," was the reply, as the jailor turned away, and the young man, entering the cell, closed the door behind him.

"You don't recognize me, my friend," he said, addressing the Baron, who had arisen as he entered. "Wait a moment," and with inconceivable velocity he relieved his head of a suit of false hair, and his face of the moustache and whiskers with which it was adorned.

"You see, I have arrayed myself, *a la Baron*," he said, smiling.

"Roderic!" burst from the prisoner's lips, as the young man's features were revealed.

"Exactly so, my friend, but remember, no time must be lost in queries. I have come for the purpose of assisting you in making your escape from these uncomfortable quarters ;" and in a low tone he briefly related his plan.

The Baron grasped his hand. "You are daring much for my sake," he said.

"Say rather for her's," was the hasty reply. "But,

my friend, these moments are too precious to waste in thanks ; it is time for immediate action ; we must exchange clothes ; we are about the same hight, and the false hair I selected corresponds with your's admirably : moreover, the jailor looks as though he was half asleep."

Very quickly was the change effected ; and enveloped in Roderic's cloak, with his cap drawn closely over his eyes, and carelessly swinging his cane in one hand, the prisoner stood until the jailor, opening the door, informed him that the half hour had expired. The Baron replied to the summons by gliding quickly out, and simply saying, "I am ready." The jailor cast a glance at the supposed prisoner, and seeing, as he imagined, the Baron's form, with head bowed, and face concealed, as was his wont, he had no suspicion of the truth, and mentally exclaiming, "All right!" he turned, and led the way from the cell. "I hope you brought the poor man some news from his family ; I never before saw any one so anxious," he said as they descended the dark stairway.

"I did," was the brief reply.

"I was astonished," continued the former, "when I learned the keeper had given you permission to see him ; he has had repeated applications, but this is the first time he has acquiesced."

"Indeed !" was the laconic rejoinder.

It was well that no lengthier replies were requisite and that, as they approached the outer door, the conversation ceased altogether ; for the prisoner's voice had

partaken of the agitation of his perturbed thoughts ; and the possibility of escape, now almost reduced to a certainty, made his heart throb wildly with alternate hopes and fears. It was well, too, that the young moon, which a few moments before had looked smilingly down, moved as it were by an impulse of tender pity, drew a white cloud-veil over her face as the prisoner passed through the portal, which for an instant robbed the earth of her beams : and that when this veil was removed the Baron had descended the stone steps, and the jailor, after closing the street door carefully after him, had turned the heavy key in the lock, and returned to his duty.

Again to imbibe the pure air, to feel the soft touch of the night-breeze as it swept across his brow, and know that it had not penetrated through prison-bars to reach him ; to fully realize that the confined atmosphere of a prison was exchanged for the refreshing South Wind, then fanning his cheek ; all this inspired the Baron with new energies, as, with a quick, noiseless step, he turned and sought the spot to which he had been directed. In his short interview with Roderic, the brief reply to his inquiries with regard to his family, was, " You will find them all in the carriage, awaiting your coming." The youth had not dared to inform him of the death of the Baroness ; the shock, he knew, would render him incapable of attempting to escape, and, when immediate action was so necessary, he felt it his duty to avoid imparting any information that might cause delay ;

therefore, without dreaming that she, who was dearer than all others, was not included, when he said, "*all* awaited him," the prisoner had silently accepted the purse of gold forced into his hand, and followed his leader.

"Is it you, father?" asked a soft voice, while by the glimmering light a fair face was discernable, on which the traces of recent tears were visible, but which, at that moment was lit up with joyful expectancy, as she bent eagerly forward.

"It is," was the tremulous reply, and the next moment the arms of his children were thrown round his neck, and in a warm paternal embrace were they folded to his bosom.

"Your mother, my children; where is she?" he asked, glancing anxiously round, for an undefined dread had crept through his heart when he missed the pressure of the lips which had ever been first to welcome him.

"She is not here. O! father, did you not know she was dead?" asked the daughter, the most intense agony depicted on her features.

"Great heavens! No!" gasped the strong man, sinking back into a seat. "This," he continued, wringing his hands, "this is the severest blow of all;" and bowing his head upon his bosom, he wept like an infant.

"Which way?" asked the driver, in an impatient tone, as he raised a curtain, and turned his face toward the travelers.

"On!" replied Rosalie, recollecting the peril of delay; "on to Frankfort."

The driver needed no further directions, but cracking his whip urged his horses on with all possible speed, and when the morning dawned our little party found themselves in the free city of Frankfort, where, after hastily partaking of some refreshments, they pursued their flight by stage, taking the route through France, in order the sooner to escape from the German provinces.

Day and night they traveled, unheeding fatigue, and continually buoyed up by the thought, that each day's journey brought them nearer the ocean, which, if reached in season, would enable them to bid defiance to their pursuers; and when, at the expiration of a fortnight, they arrived at Havre and found a ship just ready to sail, they embarked instantly; and then, for the first time since their flight, Baron Von Hutten breathed freely; he was out of the reach of his enemies, and capture was then impossible.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VOYAGE.

O! 'twas pleasant to watch her
That maiden so fair,
Bending over the couch
Of each sufferer there.
Like a beautiful spirit,
Sent down from above,
She lightened their sorrows
By whispers of love.

READER, you are aware that eighteen years ago it was much more of an undertaking to cross the Atlantic than in these days of steam and progression. No airy-footed steam-ship skipped lightly over the water, making the voyage within the short period of ten days. We are certainly a fast people, and one has only to take a retrospective view of the improvements made within the last twenty years, to be convinced of the fact. For six long, weary weeks, was Rosalie upon the waters — Rosalie, I say, but not her father; his bones were resting, far, far beneath; then, perhaps, bleaching in the caverns of the deep, down “where fathom line has never reached;” or, perhaps resting on a couch of rubies and emeralds, gathered by mermaids and sea-boys from the wealth of

their domains, and shaped into a tomb into which to deposit the remains confided to their keeping.

Yes, Rosalie and Karl were indeed orphans ; the ship-fever, which had raged violently for several weeks, carrying off scores of victims, finally seized upon the Baron, who, wasted as he was from recent anxiety, became an easy prey to its ravages. With a hand clasped in each of his children's he breathed his last ; fixing his eyes on vacancy, as it seemed to the watchers, with his dying breath he tenderly breathed the name of his wife, and then, tranquilly fell into that sleep that knows no waking.

O ! it was terrible to see him lying there, stiff and cold, with the death dew still upon his noble brow, and his gaze apparently fixed upon something above him : terrible when, watching until after the morning dawned, strange, rough hands pushed the orphans aside, and, wrapping a sheet around him, prepared to consign him to a watery grave ; terrible to see the dear form that had so often protected and shielded them, lowered from the ship, and to hear the waves splash and gurgle as they parted to receive the body ; terrible the dark, fearful night that followed, when, locked in each other's arms, the orphans allowed their wild, unutterable grief to relieve itself in tears. Yes, and the storm that followed was fearful beyond description ; and, as the ship was rocked to and fro by the tempest, with the maddening billows leaping wildly over her and the

spirit of the storm shrieking and threatening destruction to the crew, it was pitiful, heart-rending to behold the blanched cheeks of the affrighted maiden, as, with one arm clasped tightly around her brother, she clung with the other to her berth. Poor little Karl! he who had scarce numbered six summers; it was a terrible scene for him to witness.

As the cheering sunbeam that struggles through filth and wretchedness till it rests beside the couch where squallid poverty and wasting disease have laid the pauper low, and, uncontaminated by the coarser materials with which it is brought in contact, emits as pure a light as when it strayed downward through fields of air, so did the young Rosalie seem as she glided from berth to berth, now administering a cooling draught, now gently moistening the parched lips, and ever and anon dropping a sad, sweet smile as though to encourage the suffering ones by whom she was surrounded.

It was a motley crew with which that old, weather-beaten ship was peopled. Rosalie heard her mother tongue spoken in every variety of forms, many of the dialects so entirely different from her own, as to be perfectly unintelligible. And thus it came that she was, as it were, alone on the ship; for, although nine-tenths of the crew had sufficient education to understand the high German, which she spoke, she found it

utterly impossible to comprehend the multiplicity of dialects that continually fell upon her ear.

In this, as well as in some other respects, the English language excels all others, for, while in many parts of Europe, as with the various Indian tribes, the inhabitants of one place find difficulty in conversing with those of another, we can travel over the length and breadth of our Union, making use of one common language to express our ideas.

Yet, though denied the privilege of a free interchange of thought, the Franconian maiden, by the light of her presence and her gentle, winning ways, won the hearts of many on board, whose beaming eyes and expressive looks of gratitude, aside from their oft-repeated thanks, amply rewarded the lovely minister for her unwearied attentions.

The cry of "Land in sight!" seemed a welcome sound to every ear; even to those who still lay helpless and prostrated by the fever that had so thinned their number; but though Rosalie strained her eyes to catch a faint glimpse of the land they were approaching, her heart sank within her, and a shudder passed through her frame as she thought of the future; clasping the tiny hand of her brother more firmly, she continued gazing steadfastly forward, and musing on her forlorn condition. Where would she go? What would she do? She, an entire stranger in a foreign

clime, and destitute, too, as she was of money, for the small amount of means remaining after the passage was paid, had been stolen from their trunk during the voyage. O! if she only had one friend to protect her until Roderic could be informed of the death of her father and her desolate situation; one in whom she could confide, for young and timid as she was, she shrank intuitively from going forth and breasting life's storms alone.

CHAPTER V.

THE NORTHERNER AND SOUTHERNER.

DID you ever know a person
With such philanthropic views
That he longed to shake the shackles
Of his "colored brethren" loose?
And while planning their redemption,
Like some self-important churl,
See him plot to cause the ruin
Of an unprotected girl?

ON the evening of the same day on which the ship arrived in Boston harbor, a young gentleman, apparently not more than twenty-five, sat in one of the city reading-rooms, deeply absorbed in the contents of the newspaper he held in his hand; from a casual glance he might have been pronounced handsome, but upon a closer scrutiny of the features, one could have detected, especially about the mouth, an expression of shrewdness, or rather sharpness, so characteristic of the Yankee nation; this, together with a self-complacent look, and a somewhat sarcastic turn of the nose, gave to his countenance a rather unpleasant *tout ensemble*, at least, so thought the Southerner, who sat directly opposite him, reading and meditating by

turns ; perhaps he would not have bestowed upon him more than a passing glance, had not his attention been arrested by the words, "Blood-hound ! Beast !" that came hissing through the clenched teeth of his *vis-a-vis*.

"What is it, sir ?" asked the Southerner with some curiosity, looking up as he spoke ; "has your eye lit upon a cold-blooded murder ?"

"Just read that," cried the person addressed, rising and handing his interrogator the paper, as he pointed, with his fore-finger, to a particular column ; "just read it," he repeated emphatically, and see if it don't make your flesh crawl !"

The gentleman did as was desired, and read as follows :

"**INHUMANITY IN THE SOUTH.**—We yesterday received a call from our old friend, Mr. Stretchfall, who has lately returned from a visit to Alabama, where he says he was an eye-witness to one of those cruel scenes so frequent in that portion of our Union ; he saw, he affirms, a beautiful mulatto girl, almost white, tied to a whipping-post, where she received fifty lashes upon her bare back. The incident needs no comment."

An incredulous smile played about the corners of the Southerner's mouth, as he handed the paper back without deigning to reply.

"Don't you think," asked the Yankee, evidently provoked by the silent contempt with which his com-

panion treated the paragraph, "that some decided measures should be taken to put a stop to such cruel barbarity?"

"If you want my opinion with regard to this matter," returned the other, very courteously, "it is this: that is a red-hot abolition paper, and I put no more confidence in anything the editor might choose to publish on that subject, than I do in the vile fabrication with which his esteemed friend has seen fit to entertain him," and with this he prepared to resume his reading.

"Then sir," said the philanthropist, pertinaciously clinging to the subject, "you deny that such things occur."

"As you insist upon prolonging this subject, I will merely say, that I am myself an Alabamian, and after spending two-thirds of my life in that State, have never chanced to be an eye-witness of any such scenes, and if of such frequent occurrence, it is passing strange nothing of the kind has ever come under my observation."

"But further South, sir; there may have been a mistake in the State," persisted the Yankee.

"Very probable," returned the other, with a contemptuous smile; "and it is more than likely, that if you were to journey from one State to another in search of facts to substantiate such statements, like the story of the three black crows, your monsters of cruelty would grow beautifully less, until but the

shadow of that for which you first set out would flit across your vision as a reward for your unwearied labors of love."

"But sir," said the still undaunted philanthropist, who, instead of being silenced by the cutting sarcasm of his opponent's tone, seemed doubly anxious to continue the conversation, "you can not deny that slavery is wrong as a principle, or question the purity of the motives of your Northern brethren, who wish to assist you in ridding the country of this curse; to lend their aid in stripping the galling chains of slavery from their fellow man, thus making their country truly the abode of freedom and independence."

Both contempt and pity might have been detected in the expression that flitted over the Southerner's face during this eloquent harangue, and when finished, he merely replied :

"My friend, you are just at that age when zeal often outstrips discretion; and let me say to you, that unless you have no desire to see slavery abolished, avoid coöperating with these prying, intermeddling, insulting abolitionists, who, while endeavoring to aid us by proffering assistance, entirely unneeded, forget that they could do infinitely better, by turning their attention to the degraded beings thronging their own streets, many of them reduced to their present forlorn condition merely because the same assistance is withheld, which our Northern brethren generously proffer

to us. Look at the paupers that line your thoroughfares, many of whom only need a little help to raise them from the dust! Search through the entire South if you will, and you will look in vain, for such scenes of misery and want, as are to be found in any one of the filthy alleys of your Eastern cities; first sweep this evil from your midst, and then look round for a broader field of labor."

"Ah, my dear sir, were you among us long, you would soon see that such a thing is impossible; fresh supplies are continually landing upon our shores, and how can we be expected to care for all."

"All, I imagine, do not require your care. Many, no doubt, land destitute of means; but I was of the opinion that the majority brought with them sufficient to give them a start; and even supposing this were not the case; supposing the majority needed assistance, why could not these benevolent, charitable, self-sacrificing philanthropists, who are so in favor of emancipation, form themselves into a society, and annually import hundreds of those emigrants needing employment, to our Western prairies, where, for a mere trifle, they could purchase sufficient land to yield them a support. Such a proposition would surely not sound unreasonable to those who not only insist on the liberation of our slaves, but aside from sustaining this loss of property, further request that we should defray their expenses to Liberia. Moreover, if the interest they manifest in our behalf, were

extended, as I propose, to the emigrants, would they not be rewarded in time, by seeing the offspring of these same foreigners adding to the prosperity of their country by industriously cultivating the broad acres now untilled, and many of them filling responsible and honorable stations in the new and rising States? For, who can more fully appreciate the superiority of our independent government over all others, than those who have heard from their parents' lips the wrongs and oppression endured in those countries where monarchs rule?"

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of a third person; an intimate acquaintance of the young philanthropist, as the Southerner supposed, from the familiar style in which the latter addressed him: "Well, Harry, what news have you?"

"Why, Adam! you here!" exclaimed the other, in a tone of surprise; "it's my opinion, old fellow, that your assistance is needed at the wharf; did not know, I guess, that a ship has arrived from Havre."

"Indeed!" cried his friend, rising and assuming an air of importance; "then my presence is necessary. May I not ask of you, as a favor, that you walk down to the harbor, in order to satisfy yourself with regard to the immense tide of emigration daily pouring in upon us?" he inquired of the Southerner.

The latter, having no reasonable objection to offer, signified that he was willing to comply, and together they sought the harbor.

Mr. Adam Dare was the son of the Rev. Josiah Dare, of Boston, the great philanthropist, whose every thought, aside from those bestowed upon his sermons, was spent in commiserating the benighted condition of his brethren of the South; hence the impossibility of keeping himself informed of the whereabouts of his son; it was enough for him to know, that the young man had succeeded in getting a situation as clerk in the Custom-house, on account of his familiarity with the German language—a study of which he had never approved, but which his son had always felt confident would “pay,” if a thorough knowledge of it could be acquired. So, when the Rev. gentleman learned that his son Adam received a liberal salary for his services, and that his employers were satisfied, what more could he desire?

It was quite dark when the two reached the ship, on which were Rosalie and her brother. Rudely the throng brushed by her, and now and then a strange face would pause and gaze admiringly, by the glimmer of the wavering lights that kept moving to and fro. Fully occupied with his business, Mr. Dare did not observe the face of exceeding loveliness upon which the Southerner's eye was riveted; and when his attention was called in that direction, by Mr. Mitchell, he exclaimed with some warmth: “She's right down handsome, for a Dutch girl! aint she?”

“Hush!” said the Southerner, softly, “she might hear you.”

"Can't understand, if she did; I'll have a talk with her, by-and-by."

"I wish I could speak her language," thought Mr. Mitchell, still gazing at the beautiful girl. "She don't seem to be in her element here; *wonder if she feels and thinks as Americans!* if so, it must be terribly trying to stand among that noisy, boisterous set, without a protector;" and involuntarily he drew nearer, as though tacitly to ask permission to act as guardian.

Deny it if you will, but I affirm that there is a true politeness in the Southern character, not elsewhere to be found; a peculiar refinement of manner that always manifests itself in their gentlemanly bearing, whenever they enter the presence of the gentler sex. Rosalie thought as she chanced to raise her eyes and encounter the gaze of the stranger, that she discovered a something, she could not say what, in that benevolent countenance, that reminded her of Roderic. She did not venture a second glance until, Mr. Dare approaching, addressed her in her own tongue.

What a thrill of delight those few words sent to the heart of the young girl! Surrounded as she had been for so long, by those whose dialect was unintelligible to her; standing as she had been for an hour, confused and bewildered by the hurry and bustle of the ship, the words of the stranger fell upon her ear like an echo wafted from her native land.

Raising her eyes timidly, she replied, in the rich Franconian accent, and, when further interrogated, briefly related to him the series of misfortunes that had reduced her to her present destitute situation. Mr. Mitchell watched her animated features as she proceeded with her touching recital, and though he could not comprehend her words, he knew by the varying color of her cheek, and the tears glistening in her eye, that it was not devoid of interest.

"Has she no protector, no parents?" asked the Southerner, as Rosalie ceased speaking.

"No, but give yourself no uneasiness on her account, sir; she shall be well cared for," and turning, he again addressed the orphan in German.

"Und mein kleiner Bruder," she said, gazing fondly at the child she held by the hand.

Again she was answered in German, and Mr. Mitchell noticed the look of confiding trust she bestowed upon the speaker.

"What are you going to do with her?" the Southerner ventured to ask, his sympathies fully aroused by her forlorn condition.

"Do the best we can," was the reply, "we endeavor to do that for all who come."

"It is a great pity she is Dutch," thought Mr. Mitchell, endeavoring to withdraw his gaze from the face upon which it seemed riveted; "we seldom meet creatures half so beautiful. If she were only an American,

in a proper position, and respectably connected, who knows but my heart might be in danger."

Only an American! and wherefore this mountain of prejudice against her native land? What nation on the globe surpasses Germany for inventive genius? and as for ancestry, trace back your pedigree as far as you can, and your coat of arms will show no prouder name than that inscribed on the escutcheon of the Huttens. But Mr. Mitchell had not been informed of this fact, the prejudices of education had made him regard all foreigners as a little inferior to those of his own nation: and with these feelings he could but turn from the orphan whose exceeding beauty had so interested him, regretting that she was a foreign pauper; while, had an opportunity been presented to test her education and accomplishments, he would have found her far better fitted to occupy a place among the *élite* of society than many of those who, with small pretensions, flutter around our fashionable drawing-rooms.

And so, after a short time spent in musing, Mr. Mitchell went his way, leaving the orphan to the care of Mr. Dare, and yet that evening, as he mingled in the dance, and listened to the voluptuous swell of music flooding the elegant parlors of his Boston acquaintance, the vision of beauty he had beheld seemed gliding before him — the lone, unprotected orphan, with her timid, trustful glance, seemed ever at his side.

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Miss Bartlett was never seen to better advantage than on the evening in question ; there was a peculiar fascination in her manner, and withal a charming reserve, a something between the retiring, dignified manners of the ladies of the South, and the self-confident reliance often observable in their northern sisters.

It was conceded by all, that Miss Bartlett was not only intelligent and agreeable, but brilliant and beautiful ; and moreover, many of her female friends averred that she possessed a very warm heart, the falsity of which opinion a number of male acquaintances asserted they could prove from actual experience. As the Southerner's eye followed her sylph-like figure floating about, he acknowledged internally he had seen but one to whom she might surrender the palm for personal charms ; and that one, (he was loth to confess it), was the orphan on the ship.

Miss Bartlett made a conquest that night ; and it is not to be wondered at that she was considered the favored of fortune, for Mr. Mitchell was a great "catch," and with all their lively sympathies for the "poor unfortunate blacks under the galling yoke of oppression," and their repugnance to a "system which holds a fellow man in servitude," it not unfrequently happens that our Yankee girls accept the first offer of a home among a people whose principles they so thoroughly detest.

Mr. Mitchell had been two years a widower when he left his southern home, and turned his face eastward ; and little did he dream, when he pressed a parting kiss on the ruby lips of his " mischievous, black-eyed Pussy," as he called the infant prattler aunt Milly held up for " Massa Charles to hug afore he left," that on his return he would bring a new mother for his darling ; but he had met and become interested in Miss Bartlett, and the consequence was as we have related.

CHAPTER VI.

HEART STRUGGLES.

OPENLY, trustingly, having no fear
Aught, save a refuge of safety, was near;
While o'er her future a dark veil was drawn,
Young and confiding she followed him on.

"WHERE will you take me?" asked Rosalie, holding firmly her brother's hand, as she followed her conductor through the streets.

"To a pleasant room, where you can have whatever you want," was the reply.

After walking until the little Karl was well nigh tired out, Mr. Dare stopped before what seemed to Rosalie a large hotel; this he entered, bidding them follow. On reaching the hall, he disappeared for an instant, and, on his return, was accompanied by a servant, who preceded them up several flights of stairs, and after opening the door of one of the chambers, and listening to further directions given in English, left the trio to enter, and descended as she had come. It was a pleasant chamber, nicely furnished, and looking down upon the street. As Rosalie glanced round, noticing the air of comfort about it, and contrasting it

with the narrow, uncomfortable quarters on ship-board, the gratitude that glowed in her bosom toward him who had apparently taken so lively an interest in her welfare, burst from her lips in heart-felt thanks. As he placed the weary child, which he had carried up the stairs, upon the bed, leaving him to sleep the innocent asleep of childhood, the young girl saw, but did not understand, the meaning smile that played over the villain's features. How could she? She who knew nothing of the wickedness and deception practiced in the world; who only judged of the actions of her fellow beings through the medium of her own guileless heart.

Yes, she trusted him fully, for in whom else could she repose confidence? And after listening to his repeated protestations of the deepest interest in her welfare, she experienced a feeling of disappointment as she saw him rise to take his departure,*promising to call early in the morning; and, as the door closed after him, she sought the bedside, took the hand of her sleeping brother in her own, and kneeling down, thanked her heavenly Parent for raising up a protector in a strange land.

Scarce had Mr. Dare's footsteps died away, when a low knock fell upon Rosalie's ear. With a constant fear that some new misfortune might befall her, she hesitated about replying to the summons, and, after waiting until the knock was repeated, she was startled

by the opening of the door without her assistance. Before she could calm her agitation, the same servant who had led the way to their apartment, entered, bearing a tray, over which was spread a snowy cloth. The girl smiled as she approached the table and deposited her burden ; then raising the napkin, she motioned to Rosalie to approach and partake of the repast. Forgetting that they spoke different languages, the orphan murmured forth her thanks, as her eye fell upon the smoking rolls, golden butter, and hot coffee set before her, but the servant only shook her head, smiled, and said, "can't verstehe," the latter word comprehending her entire knowledge of the German language.

Faint and weary as she was, Rosalie felt the need of nourishment, and seating herself, silently partook of the refreshments. The girl, meanwhile, drew back, and pushing the window curtain aside, seemed absorbed in gazing at the gas-lights below ; yet occasionally she stole a quick, sharp glance at the orphan's face ; the beauty of those features had evidently attracted her attention. As Rosalie finished, she approached the table, touched her on the shoulder, and then pointing toward the bed, drew her fingers near her mouth.

"Karlchen," said Rosalie, comprehending her movements ; then shaking her head, to intimate that she did not wish him disturbed, she buttered one of the rolls and laid it aside till he should awake.

Mr. Dare was punctual ; he called as he had promised,

on the following morning. Rosalie met him with a smile; his winning manner and softly spoken words were any thing but calculated to arouse her suspicions; and when he told her that he had found a home for the little Karl, with those who would take the same care of him as if he were their own, they having just lost an only son about his age; when in gentle persuasive accents, he strove to convince her it was her duty to give him up, knowing, as she must, that parents of experience were better fitted to rear him than herself; when he urged her to consent to his taking the child that morning, for, as he said, the place might be lost by delay; when in reply to her entreaties to accompany him, in order to see for herself those to whom he wished her to relinquish the boy, he asked her, in a slightly reproachful tone, patting Karl's rosy cheek the while, if she were not willing to confide in him, promising that she might visit her brother at some future period; the poor girl, overwhelmed by the thought of parting from the little one, yet fearing a refusal would call forth her friend's displeasure, and perhaps deprive them both of his protection, burst into tears, and turning her eyes from the earnest gaze of those soft, hazel orbs, she murmured the words of acquiescence that seemed wrung from her heart. Yet, as she did so, she inwardly resolved that no time should elapse before a letter was dispatched to Roderic, and he, she felt sure, would either come or send for them immediately. In

the mean time, Karl would be well cared for, and she would have nothing to regret.

Full of these thoughts, she lifted the little fellow in her arms, and promising, with a quivering voice, to come and see him very soon, for a moment she strained him to her bosom, and then whispered a scarce audible good-bye. But the child, for the first time fully realizing that they were to be parted, clasped his dimpled hands firmly around her neck, and pressing his velvet cheek to hers, sobbed convulsively

Poor Rosalie! she cast a beseeching look at him whom she regarded as her only friend, as the words, "How can I endure this?" fell from her lips.

Without being at all affected by the heart-struggle, Mr. Dare drew nearer, saying, as he laid his hand very gently on her shoulder, "Come, come, my young friend, you must make an effort to control yourself. Remember, it is for his sake you make the sacrifice.

And Rosalie did make the effort; she unwound the tiny arms folded lovingly around her neck, forced back the choking sobs till they fell like coals of fire upon her bleeding heart, pushed from his forehead with trembling fingers the chestnut curls, as she placed the little cap upon his head, then pressing a long, fervent kiss upon his lips, she laid his soft, dimpled hand within that of his conductor, and bidding him be a good boy, turned away to hide the agitation that shook her frame. One long, lingering, earnest glance the child bent upon

her ere the door closed. She caught the expression of utter hopelessness and silent terror depicted there, before he passed from sight. Poor little fellow! she never saw him afterward.

“One step toward the fulfillment of my plan already accomplished!” ejaculated the pretended friend, in a self-satisfied tone, as he passed from the outer door and turned his steps in the direction of the poor-house, where he intended depositing his charge.

And Rosalie, after the wild tumult of grief had subsided, sat down and penned a long, touching letter to her lover; telling him of all she had suffered since they had parted, and of the dependent situation in which she was placed; she spoke in glowing terms of him who had generously proffered to act as guardian; of his devoted attention, and her gratitude for his kindness; and finally, she described, with pathos, the trial she had that morning undergone—the parting from her brother; she knew it had been done for the best, she said, yet she felt she could not long endure the separation; she ended by asking his advice with regard to her future course, feeling confident his heart would prompt an immediate answer. Then, having no drawing materials, she took a pencil and traced a *Forget-me-not* on the space reserved for that purpose; this done, the letter was sealed and directed, and she sat down to muse over her recent loss. For the first time since her arrival, a feeling of loneliness crept over

her; she missed the prattle of her brother, the music of his voice, the patter of his feet, and the cheering light of his smile.

Mr. Dare had informed her that, as she was an entire stranger, and it was impossible for him to be there to escort her to the table, he had ordered her meals should be served in her room, an arrangement for which she, with her natural timidity, seemed truly grateful, and which more fully convinced her of the sincerity of his friendship.

The day, however, seemed long, and when the servant entered with her dinner, the smile that lit up her features, her only greeting, fell like a sunbeam on Rosalie's heart. As she observed the searching glance the girl cast round the room, Rosalie knew she missed her brother, but being unable to communicate, she merely pointed to the door, leaving her to imagine the rest.

As the evening shades gathered, Mr. Dare made his appearance, prepared to answer satisfactorily her many interrogations with regard to Karl. When about to leave, she held up the letter, asking him to have the goodness to drop it into the office.

"To a friend in Germany, is it?"

"Yes," she replied, blushing; but delicacy forbade her acknowledging how dear that friend was.

"A relative?" he continued pertinaciously, regarding her with a penetrating look.

The fair girl shook her head; the blush upon her cheek deepened to a scarlet brightness, and for an instant she seemed painfully embarrassed.

Taking the letter from her hand, Mr. Dare forebore further questioning, and, promising to deposit it promptly, he took his departure.

Had the passer-by noticed our hero stop beneath the first lamp-post, after he had turned the corner, and deliberately break the seal of the missive entrusted to his care, he would never have mistrusted that he had no right to do so; it was done so coolly no one would have dreamed of questioning his prerogative.

Nor would any one, save a calculating deceiver like himself have suspected his reasons for questioning her so closely on the following day about the friend to whom this letter was written. If he had professed such friendship, why had he not accompanied her to America? or why did she not remain with him in Germany? he asked, throwing into his look and tone just enough reproach to lead the misguided girl, whose love was aroused by this reflection upon her lover's constancy, to explain their true position, and relate minutely the circumstances which led to their separation. Her auditor listened attentively, especially when she spoke of the active measures her lover had taken to effect her father's escape; and when she ended, he asked whether she had heard from Roderic since their departure.

"No," was the reply; "how could I? You know I have been here ever since I left the ship."

"True, true!" he returned, as though just recollecting the fact; "but you will certainly hear soon. Are you not uneasy, after leaving him, as you say, in so perilous a situation?"

"O! yes!" she replied, in a tone of the deepest anxiety; "but he assured me there was no danger; they could not keep him in prison."

"They could certainly do it," said Dare, anxious for the accomplishment of his purpose, to excite her apprehension on that point; nothing could be easier than to retain him in prison on the same charge brought against your father; they would want no better pretext to arrest than the fact that he planned your father's escape."

The designer watched the effect of these words upon his victim; he marked the quick heaving of her bosom, and knew at that moment a thousand apprehensions were torturing her heart; he saw the long, silken lashes droop beneath his gaze as though to conceal the pearly drops swelling beneath the transparent lids; and he was satisfied, he could ask no better evidence of the perfect reliance she placed in his words, and felt it would be an easy matter to convince her, at a future period, that such steps had really been taken. For this purpose he had spoken, to arouse her fears that she might be the better prepared to credit the informa-

tion he had in store for her. Having succeeded in this, and learned that she expected a letter by the next packet in accordance with a promise Roderic had made to write in a few days, and relieve her of the suspense he felt confident she would suffer until informed of his release, Mr. Dare turned his steps toward the Custom-House.

Two days afterward the packet arrived, bringing the expected letter. It was handed to Mr. Dare at the post-office, whither that individual's steps were directed, as soon as his business on board ship was transacted. Steering his course homeward, he sought his room, turned the key in the door, lighted a small lamp, and drawing a chair near the table, sat down. Then he drew the letter from his pocket and carefully examined the seal. It was wax. By a slow process of melting, it was removed, and the envelop unclosed; though the utmost pains was taken, the edge of the paper was slightly torn, but that could be concealed by a little additional sealing-wax. Our hero's next step was to draw out the letter, and give it a careful perusal; it was full of tender pathos and pictures of future happiness. "'Tis well for me that her eye will never rest on these pages," he exclaimed, as he proceeded to examine carefully the hand-writing; then taking from a drawer pen, ink and paper, he ejaculated mentally, "What a fool to think of imitating his hand, when the letter must purport to be written by a stranger, inform-

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ing her of his sudden death," and, without further hesitation, he penned the following brief epistle :

RESPECTED MISS:—In fulfillment of Roderic Sundahl's dying request, I sit down to inform you of his sudden and very unexpected death, which occurred only two days after your departure. Contrary to his expectations, he had been detained in prison on the charge of plotting against his sovereign, and it was in the same cell from which your father escaped that I found him one morning, when on my daily rounds of duty, struggling with the grim monster. His death was, from what I learned from his lips, caused by the grief with which your departure overwhelmed him, together with the prospect of several years' gloomy imprisonment. Your name was the last word he uttered, and with his latest breath he begged me to communicate the sad intelligence to you immediately. I have the honor, Miss, to be,

Your obedient servant,

THE JAILOR.

After copying from the letter carefully the name and date it bore, the writer inspected his work with a look of satisfaction ; he wrote a fair German hand, of which he might well have been proud ; but on comparing it with the superscription on the envelop, the expression of satisfaction vanished ; however, after nicely shading every letter of the light, running hand, in which the missive had been directed, it gave the whole an entirely different appearance.

The forged letter had just been placed in the envelop, which was made fast by a fresh supply of sealing-wax,

and the real one committed to the flames, when his ear caught a light footstep ascending the stairs.

"Are you here, Adam?" asked a soft voice, as the speaker tapped lightly on the door.

"Yes," he replied, hastily thrusting the letter into his pocket, "what will you have, Nellie?"

"Father says, come down to prayers," and having delivered her message, the sister returned to the room consecrated by family worship.

"Adam" went down, and entering the apartment with a serious air, took his accustomed seat in silence. Though, as we have before remarked, the Rev. Dare had little time to devote to his son, he was often heard to remark that the boy had had very careful training, and he was already beginning to see the fruits of his rigid discipline. Adam was all he could desire; strictly upright in his dealings, correct in his deportment, and a zealous advocate of the cause of humanity, ever ready to lend his assistance where the efforts tended to the extermination of the curse of slavery.

The satisfied parent was always gratified by the strict attention his son gave to the reading of the chapter, and pleased, too, with the spirit of devotion he exhibited as he bent his knee and bowed his head upon his hands, while in his heart he was devising a plan such as a fiend should blush to execute.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

HAD she dreamed a betrayer was acting his part,
His words had been spurned with disdain,
Or known he but toyed with her crushed, bleeding heart,
Then might she have severed the chain,
That round her was woven so subt'ly and fine
Suspicion ne'er woke to the villain's design.

It was morning; Rosalie sat by the open window, gazing down anxiously upon the moving crowd beneath. Her light straw hat, the only one she possessed, was placed carelessly upon her head, and a thin Cashmere shawl thrown around her shoulders. An expression of sudden resolution, unusual to those placid features, had settled around her mouth; yet, as she recognized the approaching form of Mr. Dare, as he ascended the steps and entered the hall, it was softened by the pleasure that beamed from her eye. She met him at the door, as he entered, and, ere he had time to speak, communicated to him her determination to visit her brother that day.

Mr. Dare was sorry to disappoint her. He, also, had resolved she should have that pleasure, he said, but had learned on the previous evening, that the child's adopted

parents had gone to visit some friends in the country, and taken him along ; they would remain but a few days, he said, and on their return he would accompany her.

The young girl seemed satisfied ; she had no reason to doubt the truth of a statement made in so sympathizing and serious a tone.

As she doffed the *petite* hat and turned to him with her accustomed smile, her tormentor asked, holding up the letter, if she wouldn't like some news.

"Is it for me?" she exclaimed, reaching eagerly forward.

"If I read aright," he replied, placing it in her hand.

Rosalie grasped it nervously, glanced at the post-mark, and quickly broke the seal. With her fair head bowed, until her sunny curls almost concealed her features, radiant with sudden joy and fond expectancy, she hastily began the perusal. A cold chill crept over her when she failed to recognize the familiar writing she had anticipated, and, after gazing intently for a moment at the first few lines, the paper dropped from her hands ; the intense agony of the shock shook every fiber of her frame, and uttering a piercing shriek, she fell senseless upon the floor.

Her tormentor saw it all ; and after placing the inanimate form upon the bed, muttering as he did so, "She takes it harder than I calculated on," he picked up the envelop and placed it on the window-sill, with the hope that it might be blown away ; for the alteration of the

direction was the only part of his work with which he was not fully satisfied. As he had expected, the first breath of air that came floating by, bore it downward; as it touched the pavement below, the servant-girl whose eye had been directed to the window above, with the hope of catching a glimpse of the sweet young face, upon which she never wearied of gazing, as though suddenly seized with a desire to possess something that had been hallowed by the fair creature's touch, hastened from the milk-cart, near which she stood, and picked it up.

When Rosalie awoke to consciousness, Mr. Dare was standing by her side; as her shattered senses became collected, and remembrance brought the fearful certainty of her lover's death before her, she murmured in a painfully disconsolate tone, "Gone, all gone! and I am left alone!"

"All gone!" said a low voice near her, in its tenderest accents; "all gone!" it repeated, reproachfully.

The orphan aroused herself, gazed round and said, as she beheld her protector, "Forgive me! I did not think; I know you have been very, very kind."

"And yet," said the other, in the same soft tone, "I can not long continue your friend, unless you consent —" the speaker paused, dubious about the reception his proposal would receive at such a period, yet, feeling that he had already spent time enough to execute his plan, he determined to delay no longer.

"Consent to what?" asked the wondering girl, becoming impatient for him to proceed.

The tempter bent his thin lips close to her ear, and, as he allowed his hand to rest gently on her's, said, in a tone so low and soft it almost sank to a whisper, "To become something more than a friend — my wife."

Rosalie started back, shuddering at the words. O! it was cruel to torture her with such thoughts then, when her whole soul was yearning toward another; cruel, when the echo of his death-knell seemed at that moment sounding in her ears. Recoiling from his touch, Dare fancied he perceived her lip curl disdainfully, as she replied in a firm, yet mournful voice, "I had not expected this of you, who already know my heart is wedded to the memory of another."

The artful dissembler assumed a look of deep humility as he assured her, it pained him exceedingly to learn the mention of the subject had wounded her feelings; it was for her good he had spoken, he said, for he felt it no longer safe to keep her under his charge, unless he could assert a right to do so; the world judged harshly of one's actions, often when its censure was undeserved; therefore she must consider that her reputation was at stake.

The latter insinuation but added wormwood to the gall she was forced to quaff, and utter despair made her dumb.

Taking advantage of her silence, he went on to enumerate the good results following such a step. He could announce himself to the world as her legal protector; they could have a pleasant home, brightened by

the presence of the little Karl, if she desired it. He had at last touched a tender chord, to which the sister's love responded.

"Say no more!" she cried, imploringly, feeling her resolution waver at this last appeal; "leave me alone to think."

She could have made no request with which he was more ready to comply, for well he knew reflection would only show her the utter hopelessness of her condition; so, with a softly breathed, "Remember, Rosalie, you are alone in the world," he went his way.

Yes, she was alone, and well she knew it. Karl, too, was dear to her, dear as the apple of her eye; yet, ere necessity drove her to this terrible extremity, she would make one mighty effort to escape. Hastily throwing on her shawl and bonnet, she opened the door of her apartment, and went out; for a moment she paused, irresolute as her eye ran down the long, winding stairs; her dread of confronting strangers made her hesitate, but desperation lent her courage, and she descended. On reaching the front steps she looked timidly around; strange faces were continually passing her, and a foreign language was all that met her ear. A group of young men, loitering near the corner, shifted their position and stared rudely in her face: it was hard to encounter their impertinent gaze, and she felt prompted to retrace her steps, but the words, "More than a friend — my wife!" sounded through her brain, and she hurried on.

On, on she went, she knew not whither; hurrying rapidly from one street to another, at length she found herself in one more narrow and cheerless than the rest; on passing a dilapidated dwelling her ear was arrested by voices engaged in loud discussion; she listened: it was her mother tongue, but so distorted with provincialisms she had to give the closest attention before she could understand. Approaching the door, she ventured to knock, but the feeble sound produced was drowned by the clamor within: again and again she tried, with no better success, and finally, despairing of being heard, she opened the door. It was a miserably filthy looking place; beside the parents, whose attention was so absorbed by the subject of dispute, as to render them entirely ignorant of the presence of a stranger, were some half dozen children, of various sizes, all, apparently, sharing an equal portion of dirt with the apartment.

The man was evidently intoxicated, and had, as Rosalie gleaned from the wife's repeated charges, purloined her week's wages to purchase his dram.

On seeing the young girl she ceased expostulating, and seemed greatly surprised to find one, apparently so far above them in station, in their unpretending abode. After listening to as much of her history as Rosalie thought proper to relate, the woman informed her bluntly that they could do nothing for ladies like her; it was evident, from her incredulous manner, that she doubted the truth of the orphan's statement.

And thus repulsed, she turned away to seek refuge elsewhere; but only to have her story again discredited, until, after wandering for hours, finding she could excite no sympathy from her countrymen, all of whom seemed to regard her with suspicion, and being unable to make herself understood by others, she was forced as a last resort, to do that at which her heart revolted — to retrace her steps.

But in what direction should she go? Bewildered by the multitude of streets through which she had threaded her way, she felt it would be impossible to return without the guidance of some one acquainted with their devious windings: to whom could she apply? She looked eagerly round, consternation seizing her, as the possibility of passing the night in the streets presented itself to her mind. As her search continued she began to censure herself for the hasty step she had taken. Had she not been told, in the gentlest manner, that the words at which her feelings so revolted, had been spoken for her good? Who, but a true friend, would have given her such timely advice, and, lest her reputation should suffer, urge an immediate union with her, a poor, friendless orphan.

As she thus reproached herself with ingratitude, the subject became less odious to her; should she consent to make the sacrifice (she could think of it in no other light), had he not promised Karl should be with her, and, painful as the struggle might be, was it not her

duty; for his sake, to acquiesce? It would last but a little while: her wasting strength told her the inward conflicts and corroding sorrow she had lately been called to endure, were making fearful inroads upon her health. Already had unshared grief thrown a deeper shadow on her brow than Time's fingers would have woven in a score of years, passed as were those in her native land. What matter, if she gave her hand only! it would be practising no deception, for had she not told him who asked it, that her heart was buried in Roderic's grave? Full of these reflections she wandered on; turning a corner, she observed a wood-sawyer cease from labor to point out a particular direction to a child, who stood beside him — she listened; he spoke the same dialect as those to whom she had appealed in vain; she scanned his features narrowly; there was nothing hard, or unfeeling there, and, without hesitating she approached, intending to request him to direct her to her lodgings.

After waiting until he ceased speaking to the child, she said, "Will you have the goodness to tell me what direction I must take in order to find—" She paused abruptly, recollecting she had never heard the name of the hotel.

"Finden was?" asked the man, regarding her with a puzzled expression.

"O! I don't know," she exclaimed, wringing her hands frantically, as the dread of being left abandoned in the streets now seemed reduced to a certainty.

Just then a servant-girl, carrying a heavy basket of marketing, and wishing to rest, deposited her load on the pavement near them ; leaning with her arms a-kimbo against the iron railings hard by, she let her eye wander listlessly round ; it was instantly attracted by the two, only a few steps from her. The bewildered look still rested upon the honest Dutchman's face, as he stood holding his saw, evidently perplexed by the strange manner of his interrogator.

On seeing the girl, he motioned her to approach. She obeyed.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Dat's schust was I wants to know," cried Fritzey, in a troubled voice ; "de lady wants me to find something, und she ton't know was it is herself."

The girl laughed, and turned to Rosalie.

"What will you have?" she asked, in a respectful tone.

The orphan turned to the sawyer, requesting him to tell her she could not understand English.

"She can't verstehe English, Miss, no petter as I can," he said, politely.

"Dutch, is she!" exclaimed the girl, with a look of surprise and contempt, "pshaw! I can't help her any, then," and turning on her heel, she picked up her basket, and trudged on.

Finding himself unable to render her any assistance, the sawyer resumed his work, while Rosalie turned heart-sick away.

Handsomely dressed ladies passed her, chatting gaily, men, whose noble countenances seemed truthful indices of warm, generous hearts; laughing, joyous children, just let loose from school, whose fresh, blooming faces, radiant with smiles, and occasional bursts of merriment told they had yet to learn, by sad experience, that the world was something more than a mere play-ground. Rosalie looked at them, and sighed unconsciously as she thought how unclouded her childhood's years had been, away off in the Fatherland.

O! could she but speak the language of the passers-by, tell them her sad story, and appeal to their sympathies, she felt sure she would not plead in vain. But alas! she must keep silence, and hasten wearily on, she knew not whither; perhaps each step she took was widening the distance between her, and the place that had been her refuge since she left the ship. "The ship!" she repeated aloud, a sudden thought striking her. "Could I only find the ocean," she soliloquized, "perhaps he might be there—it was on board ship we first met." It was the last hope that remained, and, redoubling her pace, she hurried on in a direction opposite to where she had seen the sun disappear.

It was about dusk, on the same evening, when Mr. Dare turned his back to the harbor, and bent his steps homeward; he had been called in that direction, as usual, by the arrival of a ship, and had only proceeded a few steps when he was overtaken by his friend

"Harry," as he familiarly called him. It had not been over a fortnight since he had formed the acquaintance of the latter: his frank, easy manners seemed to please him. We will not attempt to explain why he chose such a person for a confidential friend; perhaps he had some design in courting the friendship of such an one, for all his actions seemed the result of premeditated planning. Certain it was they were very dissimilar: for, with all his shortcomings, Dare had an air of refinement about him greatly at variance with his friend's rough, unpolished ways; it was evident, too, from subsequent events, that Dare had for once mistaken his man, for what he considered as want of principle in him was only a reckless way he had of talking, unmeaning as were the coarse jests in which he occasionally indulged, and at heart he was all right.

"Could n't you step round to the — Hotel a few moments after ten?" asked Dare, as they walked along.

"Yes, as well as not; I did n't know you had changed your lodgings; had a fuss with the reverend? eh, old fellow?"

"No, no, nothing of the kind; I have a little plan to arrange, and thought you might be willing to assist me: something I don't want the 'old man' to get wind of—you understand?"

"Of course," returned the other, emphasising the leading word in a way peculiar to himself, "a private affair of honor, and maybe you want me for a second;

I rayther guess that's it," he said, elapping him on the shoulder in his rough way.

"Not so fast, my friend! come round and I'll let you into the secret."

"Shall I bring the pistols, or wont it come off to-night?" he asked, with a loud laugh.

"Not to-night I imagine; arrangements must first be made; that's where I need your assistance," said Dare, giving his companion a significant look.

"Halloa, Adam! turn round, there's a lady speaking to you." Dare did as he was desired, but started back in amazement, as he perceived amid the gathering gloom, the form of Rosalie; he passed his hand across his eyes, evidently believing he labored under an illusion. The poor girl could not speak; for hours her search had been fruitless, and, at last, coming in sight of the ocean, she had determined to seek among the ships. On perceiving him, the first word she would have uttered was his name, but, as her lips parted to breathe the sound, she remembered she had never heard it; it was just as it had been on a previous occasion—the names of her protector and of her abode had never fallen upon her ear, and occupied as her thoughts had been with her successive trials, she had forgotten to ask.

"I'll see you again," said Dare to "Harry," after learning from Rosalie's lips by what means she had reached that spot.

"Exactly!" said the other, quickly taking the hint that his presence was no further needed. "Good evening," he added, slowly turning his eyes from the beautiful face, flushed with excitement occasioned by the sudden discovery of her friend. Mr. Dare was not grieved to learn Rosalie had wandered all day in the streets. "Experience is a good teacher," he said, as she took his proffered arm without hesitation. "It was well you found me before night came on," he added.

Rosalie shuddered as she thought of the narrow escape she had made, for even then night's sable curtain rendered surrounding objects indistinct.

"And so you couldn't find the hotel again," he said, laying his hand softly upon the one that trembled on his arm.

"No," she replied, "and your name, I had never heard it; it is strange I had not asked you what it was."

"My name! ah yes; so you do not know it yet—it is amusing that I should have endeavored to persuade you to change yours without offering you another. My name is Adams. And so," he said, as they reached their room, where Rosalie, faint from exhaustion, sank into a chair, "you started out to try the cold charities of the world, and have returned fully satisfied. Have I overlooked anything that you think would add to your comfort?" he asked, taking a survey of the apartment.

"O! no, no," she replied, stung by the nicely-timed upbraiding; "you have done all, everything I could ask: but I felt I was a burden to you, and resolved to try to earn a support."

"You are too pretty to work," he said in his softest tone, stroking her golden curls with the greatest tenderness.

"Harry" went round after tea, as he had promised; Dare met him on the steps, and, drawing him aside from the crowd loitering round the door, revealed his plan; his proposal had been acceded to, and he could consummate his plans sooner than he anticipated. It was a fortunate thing for him, he said, that the girl had taken the notion to go round that day and convince herself that no one else would take care of her.

"Was that the one you met coming from the ship?" asked his friend, evincing some surprise.

"Yes, to be sure, a rare chance. Darned good-looking, aint she?"

Harry did not reply for several seconds; he seemed revolving the subject in his mind. They stood in the shadow of the house, and Dare could not see the effect his disclosure produced."

"And so you want me to act as parson," he said, at length, taking a survey of his portly person. "What's her name?"

"Hutten, Rosalie Hutten; but you'll have no occasion to use it."

"Well now, look here, Adam, I never did the like in my life; I aint the proper person, for the fact is, I don't know how; she'd suspect me right straight off, and then all your pains would be for nothin'; but if you say so, I'll bring a man round in a jiffy that'll do the thing right up; one that looks for all the world like a preacher."

"You needn't go to that trouble, *you'll* do just as well: she'll not understand a word you say."

"Yes, but, Adam, it *will* be better to have two—lots better," he repeated, impressively, laying his hand on Dare's shoulder as he spoke, "because then she'll think you brought me as a witness, don't you see?"

"Well," said Dare, rather reluctantly, "only be sure you don't get a real minister; that might play the devil."

"Never fear," was the reply. "You know I am not a particular friend of the clergy."

"Bring him up to No. 50, in the third story, and be quick as you can," said Dare, as the other turned away.

As the conversation ceased, the chief cook of the hotel, who had been busied beside the open window of the cellar kitchen, near which the two stood, preparing hash for the morrow's breakfast, suddenly drew aside the curtain concealing him from view, as though anxious to get a glimpse of the speakers, of whose secret

plans he had had an uninterrupted hearing; but the movement was too late; they were gone. "Eh! bien! Ils ont allé!" exclaimed the Frenchman, resuming his meat-mincing.

"Yes, I'll be quick," mused Henry Stanley, as he hurried on. "I'll fix the chap for once; he calculates I haint got no better principles than he has, but he'll find, before long, he has missed his guess. Harry Stanley don't forget he has a mother who raised him up for something better than to deceive unprotected orphans; one who told him, when he started out in the world to shift for himself, that she'd sooner bury him forty feet under ground than ever to hear he had tried to lead one of her sex astray. All mothers don't talk plain that way to their sons; they consider it improper, but I calculate it would be a plagued sight better to throw away their over-nicety, and give them timely words of caution on such matters. 'T would help them amazingly; their boys would *never* forget it; not if they lived to be a thousand; but always, in the hour of temptation, look back and think of the words till, from the bottom of their souls, they'd thank God they had a mother, just as I do a dozen times a day.

"But maybe," he continued, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and increasing his pace, "if she knew it, she wouldn't approve of what I'm going to do. Yes she would though," he added quickly, "if she knew what Maggy told me when she came home from

the Reverend's last summer, and *would not* go back there to sew any more. Maggy did not dream when she made me first promise not to tell mother, and then cried and told me what the 'young gentleman' said to her, that I'd ever have a chance to catch him in his own net. I'll bet, too, she wouldn't want me to do it, if she knew about it. She's just like mother, so kind and forgiving; but he shall learn that he can't insult 'sewing girls,' as he calls them, merely because necessity compels them to hire in his father's family for a support. I was sick at the time, or she should never have done it; but he, the rascal, don't dream I am her brother; he only knew her by the name of 'the seamstress,' and don't suspect I had a motive in courting his acquaintance since I got a situation in the Custom House.

"I'll confide my plan to no one, not even the Probate Judge, whose services are so requisite; for if I enlighten him, who knows but he might refuse to officiate. I'll wait till afterward, and then explain to him. He's the very man; looks so dignified, and preacher-like. Besides, as he has just been elected to the office, he'll be awkward about it; for its more than likely this will be the first couple he ties together. Yes," he continued, bringing his right hand from his pocket with a spasmodic jerk, "the knot shall be tied *fast*, and afterward I'll inform the chap of his predicament, and tell him what he said to sister Maggy. I think I see him

now, opening his eyes wide as saucers, and cursing me with a vengeance."

"The young Judge," as Harry called him, sat in his office with a pile of papers before him. He was not reading, however, but thinking, when Stanley knocked for admittance. His face was one of those on which the eye never wearies of gazing; lofty intellect and profound thought were interwoven with every feature. On this particular evening that noble countenance was clouded, a great sorrow was pressing on his heart; though he had struggled bravely, and in a great measure succeeded in concealing the intensity of his grief from the eye of the world, when alone, the strong man became weak; reason and will relinquished their reign, and love in triumph held the mastery. A fortnight before, he had seen arrayed for its last resting place the form of one before whom his heart had long knelt in silent adoration; all his future hopes were concentrated in her; that she might be proud of him, had he burned the midnight lamp and spurred himself on to distinction. But the destroyer came and robbed him of his treasure. The very evening on which we introduce him to our readers was to have witnessed the consummation of their union, had not his rival, death, cheated him of his bride. Agonizing, fearfully agonizing, was this his first heart-sorrow, and had it not been for the

dying entreaties of the idolized one, to struggle for the mastery, it might have overwhelmed him.

He seemed unwilling to accompany him, when Stanley first related the object of his visit. It would be hard, on the eve to which he had looked forward with such fond expectancy, to join others in the holy bands which he had hoped would link his fate with that of his lost Adelia; but, after a little reflection, he seemed seized with a sudden resolution. *She* had begged him to be strong, and he would make the effort. Rising abruptly, he informed Stanley he was ready.

"But the certificate; you musn't forget to make that out."

"True," said the other, resuming his seat, and selecting one from a pile of papers he took from a drawer. "The names of the parties?" he asked.

"Adam Dare and Rosalie Hutten," was the reply.

The blanks were filled, and the certificate carefully deposited in his pocket. It was the first time he had been called to perform a marriage ceremony, and he wished to retain it in remembrance of that event. After this he took a book from his desk, placed it under his arm, and accompanied Stanley to the hotel.

On entering the apartment, the judge seemed deeply struck with the appearance of the bride. The wild brilliancy of her eye, the deathly pallor of her face, except the scarlet flush resting on either cheek, her timid, child-like manner, and the convulsive way in

which she clasped the arm that supported her, made him forget, for a time, the crushing weight on his heart.

Every thing was in readiness when they entered, and Stanley informed him it was the bridegroom's wish that he should proceed immediately with the ceremony. He opened the book and began. A violent tremor shook Rosalie's frame as those unintelligible words fell upon her ear; she knew they were uniting her to a man toward whom she had experienced no deeper feeling than gratitude. By association, her fervent love for Roderic was recalled; his wild devotion and vows of eternal constancy, and then the terrible news of his death. Her gaze was fixed intently upon the face of him she had been told was a minister, and when he asked, raising his eyes from the book and directing them toward her, "Do you promise," etc., while an expression of unutterable woe overspread her features, she bowed her head and repeated the lesson she had that evening learned from her betrayer's lips—the single word, "yes."

He had told her when the minister looked toward her, she must reply with the only English word she had ever attempted to pronounce, and she had obeyed.

When Dare, the cool, calculating deceiver, who was first asked the solemn question, replied with well-assumed sincerity, he little dreamed that the one who stood up to unite them was legally authorized to do so.

Yet so it happened, and Rosalie became his lawfully wedded wife.

His work accomplished, the judge saw no further need of his services, and bowing politely, withdrew. Stanley joined him in the hall. "Here is the customary fee," he said, placing some money in his hand; "I am greatly obliged. You have tied the knot too tight to be undone, I guess. I'll call and explain this matter in a few days; you've helped me to thwart some devilish planning to-night," and with these words he returned to the room, leaving the judge to wonder at his remarks, and entirely incapable of solving the mystery surrounding this singular marriage. The man, however, had promised to call; perhaps then he would explain as he had said.

But Stanley never called, nor did he ever again on earth behold the mother whose counsel and advice had been to him a safeguard and beacon-light whenever temptation lured him from the beaten track. On that very night, as he hurried over the neck leading to Roxbury, where his mother and sister resided, a heavy blow from an unseen hand, (the ruffian evidently mistaking him for the one for whom he had lain in wait), descended with full force upon his head, killing him instantly.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TWO SERVANTS.

You may search thro' Columbia, from Greenland's white mountains
To Texas' vast prairies or Mexico's streams;
From the coast that is laved by Atlantic's spray fountains
To the shore where Pacific seems spell-bound by dreams.
'Mong the different forms of the dense population
That throngs our great cities from various parts;
But no bosom you'll find throbs with quicker pulsation,
When sympathy stirs it, than warm, Irish hearts.

"OCH! faix! and there's little use in takin' the victuals up to the young thing; sho don't ate enough to kape a bird alive;" and as Biddy set down the tray of untouched provisions, the smile that usually rested on her open countenance was supplanted by a look of deep anxiety.

"Who is ze young t'ing?" asked the French cook, looking up from the turkeys he was dressing for the next day's dinner.

"Faith," replied Biddy, "and it's more than I can tell ye; only she's the purtiest young craythur I ever set my two eyes on; she's got the loveliest face, and two of the beautifulest reddest lips Biddy O'Conner could wish to see; but och! hone! there's something

the matter with her; she gets whiter and thinner every day of the blessed world. It's not less than a dozen times I've catched her cryin' as though her heart would break. It's no wonder, poor darlint! she sets thire from mornin' till night without bein' able to say a single word to a livin' soul, unless it is the gintleman that brought her. Faith, and it makes my heart ache to see her lookin' so throubled like!"

"Why tont you ask her ze matter?" asked the cook.

"Havn't I towld ye she couldn't spake English, not a word of it? And what's more, *you* couldn't understand her ayther, for she talks with her mouth instead of her nose."

The Frenchman didn't exactly like the girl's comparison; being accustomed, however, to her odd expressions, he let it pass without comment.

"What's ze number of her chambre?" he asked, his thoughts instantly reverting to the words that had fallen on his ear a few evenings previous.

"No. 50," was the reply.

"Eh, bien! Oui, oui!" he exclaimed, abstractedly, "~~ze name~~," he added, turning to the girl.

"Faith, sir, and you're mistaken," returned that individual, misinterpreting the first part of his exclamation, "she aint from your counthry, so you needn't say 'we;' didn't I tell ye she spakes with her mouth?"

The cook smiled good-humoredly, and then went on

to relate the conversation he had overheard at the window.

"Och ! hone !" cried the girl, as he ended, wringing her hands in distress, "and it's afther decaying the poor craythur intirely, that he is ! who would have thought it of such a nice, smooth-spakin' gintle-tleman ? And it's three days since ye heard it ? The undacent brute ! (savin' yer presence, sir) ; but he ought to be sthrung up for it. But if you'll jist come up and see the swate, handsome pearson, you'll fale as bad as I do. Faith, and it will do your soul good to look at those beautiful, large, bright blue eyes, and maybe you might do something for her. Who knows but she can spake with her nose, too ?"

Rosalie was sitting with her face buried in her hands when the two servants entered ; she had been weeping. All day an unwonted sadness had oppressed her, partly occasioned by a dream she had on the previous night, partly by Mr. Dare's manner toward her that morning.

She had dreamed Roderic came to her, and, taking her hand gently in his, as was his wont in former times, had pointed with the other to Dare, and gazing at her with a melancholy smile, had uttered the single word, "Beware." Never since they parted had those features seemed so distinct ; never had his voice sounded so earnest, so full of tender anxiety. Long after the vision passed, did that word ring in her ear ; long did the

strange, sad smile resting on those phantom features haunt her memory.

Before Dare left that morning, she had asked about Karl, and reminded him of his promise.

He had replied in a tone somewhat abrupt, and had given her to understand she must not expect such a thing; the child was better off where he was, he said; besides, business would call him away from the city in a few days; he had no time to look after the child, and would probably be absent several weeks.

The implicit confidence she had hitherto placed in him was for the first time shaken, when she heard him refuse to comply with his promise; still she could not feel wholly discouraged. Again she ventured to ask if at some future period she might not hope to have her brother with her. When, a second time, she was positively denied, and told never to expect any thing of the kind, a vague suspicion that he was about to abandon her passed through her mind. One that could so easily forget such a promise, might not consider any binding that fell from his lips. Besides, he had spoken of leaving the city in a few days.

She was startled from these reflections by the entrance of the servants. The Irish girl advanced as usual, with a smile; and, as Rosalie looked up, she pointed toward the cook. Imagining from the girl's movement that he could speak German, the orphan addressed him in her own language.

But the Frenchman shook his head, saying, "*Je ne comprend.*" "*Französisch!*" she exclaimed, brightening; "*Vous parlez François?*" He had touched the right key this time, for Rosalie, like most of the educated Germans, spoke the French readily, and to Biddy's infinite satisfaction they were soon busily engaged "*spakin'* with their noses."

"Shure, and I'll ventur to say that he's tellin' her now how the dirty scamp decaved her intirely," soliloquized Biddy, watching narrowly the changing expression of Rosalie's features. "Och, but its dhreadful to see her look so disthressed like."

Yes, Rosalie listened, and though she would fain have disbelieved the words, the conviction seemed to fasten itself on her, that they were true. The deep concern, too, visible on the Irish girl's face, went to confirm her in the belief. Then, as she recalled his words with regard to Karl, his avowed intention to be absent several weeks, and finally, that strange mysterious dream, that ever kept flitting through her brain, they all seemed to convince her of the fact.

With her eyes fixed on the floor, she sat silently musing for some minutes; on arousing from her reverý she found herself alone. The servants, having nothing further to communicate, had noiselessly retired, leaving her to ponder on the information they had brought.

And with this conviction of the truth came an utter loathing of her betrayer; an earnest wish, never to

behold him again ; a strong desire to flee from his grasp, to escape from his power, and go anywhere that might rid her of his presence. Recollecting it was at about that time of evening he generally came, she started up, determined, if possible, to escape ; life was nothing to her now ; bereft of all her friends, and betrayed by a villain, she could think of nothing worse that could befall her, and opening her chamber door she stepped into the hall, and looked down the winding stair-way ; the vestibule below was brilliantly lighted, and filled with moving forms ; should she dare to escape through it, she might fall into the hands of some other unprincipled fellow, or perhaps meet the very one from whom she wished to escape. That thought increased her terror. Quickly retracing her steps, she hurried to a back window of the chamber leading out on to a gallery running the whole length of the house, meeting another extending its breadth at right angles, raised the sash and stepped out ; without any more definite motive than that she wished to widen the distance between herself and the chamber he would enter, she hurried along the gallery until she reached the farthest extremity ; there was not a single light in the rooms she passed, the occupants having collected in the different parlors, nearer the front of the building. The new moon had just emerged from some dark clouds, which till then had concealed it, and, bending over the railing, by its faint light she discovered a similar gallery below ; could that be reached, it would;

bring her within one story of the ground ; this, she saw after further investigation, could only be effected in one way — by sliding down the outside pillar. It would be a dangerous undertaking, but desperation gave her strength of purpose, and she resolved to attempt it. Had the full glare of day revealed the fearful height she looked down from, her head might have grown dizzy ; but the glimmering moon-light partially concealed the distance ; as it was, she did not shrink ; the timidity of her nature seemed in that moment changed to iron resolution. Climbing to the outside, she clasped her hands firmly round the post and resigned herself to her fate. Her courage did not fail until her hands touched the lower railing ; she had descended more rapidly than was expected, and instead of alighting, her feet had slid-den beyond. And thus suspended by her hands, and unable to render herself the least assistance, she hung. What a multitude of thoughts thronged her brain at that instant ! Her mother's dying words, her father's burial, Roderic's parting embrace, all passed like a flash before her, and, as she felt herself gradually growing weaker, she commended herself to heaven, and allowed her cramped fingers to relax their hold.

CHAPTER IX.

MUSINGS.

SURE 'tis pleasant to dream
Of the loved ones at home,
When far from its threshold
Our footsteps may roam;
To watch each light shadow
That comes at our call,
And clasp to our bosom
The dearest of all.

It was the eve of Mr. Mitchell's marriage: although always fastidious with regard to dress, he had consumed a much longer period of time in arranging his toilette than usual; this done, he drew his chair out on the second gallery, upon which the back door of his chamber opened, and taking from its case an exquisitely flavored cigar, threw himself into the chair, tilted it back, and gave himself up to meditation. His thoughts did not take precisely the same turn they had some years previous, when in a state of unusual perturbation he had entered the carriage that was to convey him to the home of his southern bride. The inward joy he felt might have been as deep and pure as the love that had first been awakened in his bosom; but experience had taught

him to take things more calmly now — to wait composedly until the important moment came.

The young moon, but faintly visible, had glided from her bed of clouds to steal a glance earthward ; as his eye caught her dimly defined disk, association carried his thoughts to his southern home. With his mind's eye he could see Deerwood, as it was called, with its noble mansion, verdant lawns dotted with white cabins, and shady groves stretching away in the distance ; he could see the dark forms moving to and fro, and hear the occasional snatches of song bursting from hearts unburdened by care. Then from the group of dark faces assembled near the threshold of the main building, a fairy form seemed to rise ; a soft baby face, dimpled with sunny smiles, met his view ; and, as two chubby hands were held out imploringly, from its coral lips fell, in broken accents, the first word they had learned to lisp — “ Pa-pa ! ”

Half forgetting that scores of miles separated him from his treasure, Mr. Mitchell bent forward, and as the look of paternal love beaming from his eye broke over his fine features in a radiant smile, he exclaimed, in a tone eloquent of the tender feelings stirring his bosom — “ Darling Pussy ! ”

As he thus mused, with his gaze fixed above him, his attention was arrested by the neatest foot imaginable protruding from the upper gallery ; its mate quickly followed, and, before the gazer had time to recover from his

surprise, he perceived a figure gliding down the tall pillar ; he rose to his feet, and by the glimmering light saw it was a woman. What could it mean ? He moved toward it ; but ere he had reached the spot it had stopped ; the next instant he discovered her perilous condition. A moment's hesitation would have rendered assistance useless ; grasping the suspended form instantly, he lifted it over the railings and laid it on the floor. His next movement was to hasten to his room, ring for a servant, and order a light. His summons was obeyed without delay. Snatching the lamp from the servant's hand, he hurried back to the figure he had rescued, leaving Biddy standing in the door-way waiting further orders.

Although prostrated in strength, Rosalie remained perfectly conscious, and her first impression on beholding Mr. Mitchell's face, was, that her betrayer must be near. It was a just inference, for had she not seen them together on the ship ? Gathering up her little remaining strength, as she saw him turn and beckon some one to approach, she gained her feet, rushed past the astonished Irish girl, through the room into the hall, and from thence down the stair-way ; pushing her way through the throng surrounding the outer door, she hurried on as though super-human strength was given her. On, on she went, and when at length exhausted, by the extraordinary effort, she was compelled to slacken her pace, with a weary step she moved along, unheeding the crowds she passed, and never daring to look back ; all the timidity

of her nature seemed condensed in the one great fear, that the person who had snatched her from the pillar, might be in pursuit, for the purpose of taking her back to him who had robbed her life of all its sunshine; for the orphan, by a quick process of reasoning, had concluded that they were intimate friends. 'Twas a pity she did the Southerner such gross injustice, and never learned the falsity of her opinion. After wandering about for an hour, over-taxed nature at length gave way, and, pausing in front of a row of buildings, she looked wistfully up. The broad stone steps leading to the entrance were environed by a light railing of wrought iron, surmounted by highly polished brass knobs. Should she seek admittance, and endeavor by signs to appeal to the charities of its inmates? Like her former efforts, this might prove fruitless; yet she would make the trial. Slowly ascending the steps she applied her hand to the bell-knob and ventured to ring; she waited a full minute, but no reply came to her summons; again and again it was repeated, with no better success; at last, utterly discouraged, she sank, faint and exhausted, on the steps, every hope of relief quenched by the dark despair that took possession of her spirit.

Meanwhile, Mr. Mitchell, who had recognized those features the instant he beheld them, stood lost in astonishment, as the flying figure passed from his sight, while Biddy, with eyes dilated and lips apart, remained transfixed to the spot until Rosalie's form was lost from

view, and then, with the exclamation, "It's the poor young craythur a-thryin' to make way with herself!" she followed in pursuit. As Mr. Mitchell stood pondering the subject in his mind, the servant returned to inform him she was "gone intirely, and thir was no kind of use in thrying to catch her."

On being interrogated with regard to what she knew of the matter, Biddy went on to impart all the knowledge she possessed, not forgetting the information she had received of the cook, interspersing her sentences with what she considered appropriate epithets for the "base decaver," as she termed the person of whom she spoke.

"Did you ever hear her name?" asked the Southerner, his thoughts turning in disgust from the mention of one who could so coolly work out and execute such a fiendish plan.

"No, yer honor, niver in my life! I've got something, though, that I belave belonged to her; it's nothin' but a bit of paper, yer honor, but I had sich a riverence for the swate craythur, I picked it up off the pavement one morning afther it had blowed from her winder. I haint no larnin' and niver knowed what was on it;" and as she spoke, Biddy drew from her pocket the envelop she had carefully stowed away.

Mr. Mitchell took it from her hand and read the name; this he could do readily, for it was directed in the Roman characters, as German letters generally are;

the Roman alphabet being taught in their schools for this purpose.

"What does it say, if ye please?" asked Biddy, as he handed it back.

"Rosalie Hutten," he replied, entering his room thoughtfully.

"Thank ye, sir," said the girl, hastening to the kitchen to relate the circumstance to the cook.

It was an impressively solemn scene, that marriage ceremony. Miss Bartlett's beauty and amiability had made her a favorite with all—not her wealth. Her aged parents, with whom she resided, had never boasted more than an ordinary share of worldly goods; yet, though lacking in earthly possessions, the wealth of affection lavished upon them by the two heart-jewels shining in the home-casket, had made life beautiful to them. Years before, their eldest born and only son had left the paternal roof to brighten by his presence another fireside; to sit down with his laughing, blue-eyed bride, and with the true, abiding love that had mingled their kindred spirits together, to lay the foundation for a little Eden at home, just as the aged ones, now trembling on the verge of the grave, had done in life's young Spring.

George Bartlett had chosen the ministry as a profession, and never was a more earnest laborer in his

Master's vineyard than he had proved himself. His parents listened with delighted attention to the eloquent words dropping like manna from his tongue, and daily thanked the kind Parent of all good for blessing their feeble efforts to plant the good seed in due season. And now Anna, the gentle, loving daughter was about to leave them — the pet of the household, the child of their old age. Truly did it seem to them the severest trial of their lives to give her up. If she were going to settle among them, as their son had done, it might have been easier to bear; but her home would be away, far away, and, stricken in years as they were, their summons might come ere she returned to her native home.

They had been urged to accompany the bride, but they shook their silvered locks and said, with a sad smile, that they could never leave Boston, the dear old spot hallowed by a thousand tender memories. No place on earth would seem like it to them, yet would they raise no objection to the Southerner's claim when he asked for their Anna, for they knew she loved him; and they had only to look in each other's eyes, old and dim as they were, or upon the furrowed cheeks, where time's fingers had left their traces, to recall a host of fond recollections that even then warmed the blood flowing languidly through their veins. Yes, they remembered how it was with them; and as the old man took that shriveled hand in his, (it trembled a little even then),

and said in a voice meant to be trustful and cheering, "We will not oppose, mother; our darling's heart must decide in this matter," the dear old lady, overpowered by the emotion that shook her frame, stole her arms round his neck, and, as her snowy cap-frill fluttered on his bosom, she sobbed out, "You are right, father, you are right."

It made an interesting picture, the group assembled on the evening of which we write. It was pleasant to let the eye rove from one face to another, and to watch the varied expressions of the different countenances. The minister's face had a something so fascinating in it you could not pass it by with a single glance; around his benevolent features a holy light seemed to play as he advanced to meet the two who presented themselves before him. His rich accents grew tremulous as the ceremony proceeded; and as the stifled sobs of his mother fell upon his ear, they sank almost to a whisper.

It was touching to see them; that family band, assembled perhaps for the last time on earth, to resign to another's keeping the one who had so long gladdened their hearthstone. Touching to hear the only brother breathe so feelingly those impressive words, to which the sister he had watched over since infancy responded in a voice quivering with emotion.

Touching, after the fervent prayer had been offered, to see the bent forms of the parents totter forward, and grasping convulsively a hand of the bridegroom and

the bride, murmur forth their blessing in broken accents.

Emma Bartlett, the minister's wife, was the last of the family to offer her congratulations. With her sunny disposition, she could not long endure an atmosphere of sadness, and, like some light-footed fairy, she kept scattering sunbeams wherever she went.

"You have my sincere wishes for your happiness, Anna, dear," she said, as her coral lips touched those of the bride; then, as a mischievous smile played around the corner of her mouth, she added, in a tone just loud enough to be heard by the newly wedded pair, "but I am afraid my sister's mind will be seriously exercised with regard to the darkies; she is, I believe, the only abolitionist our family can boast."

The bride blushed a little but did not deny the charge.

"We will not undertake to argue the point with her," interposed Mr. Mitchell, "but wait and see if a few years' residence in the South will not change her opinion."

"'Twould be of little use to open a discussion now," returned Mrs. Bartlett, laughing, "for Anna and I have worn the subject threadbare long ago; you can't imagine what profound reasoners we are."

"Talking politics, Emma?" asked the minister, joining the trio.

"Yes, brother George," said the bride, "she has just been telling Mr. Mitchell how ably we handle such

subjects. Have n't you, who have been so repeatedly edified by our arguments, something to say with regard to their strength?"

"When two such eminent logicians call on me to decide the respective merits of their arguments, the honour thus conferred so overpowers me, it renders me unfit to be a competent judge," he returned, with a bow and a pleasant smile.

An hour afterward, as the minister sat trying to divert his parent's thoughts from the parting that would come with the morrow, he received a hasty summons to attend the dying-bed of one of his parishioners; as the invalid resided only a few doors from their dwelling, his wife concluded to accompany him, thus saving him a walk back.

"It's cloudy to-night, is n't it?" she asked, as they reached their steps. "You'll have to come in with me till I strike a light, as I gave Lena permission to visit a friend before I left. There, you need n't take off your gloves! hand me the key, and I'll unlock the door," she said, running up the steps, and holding her hand toward her husband.

"Mercy! what's that?" she exclaimed, starting back. "My foot touched something, George!" she added, grasping his arm; "look!" she continued, drawing still nearer, "it's a woman, I do believe."

"She must be intoxicated," said Mr. Bartlett, advancing to the spot, and bending over her. "No, she's

asleep! What a pretty face! Come and see, Emma, before the moon passes under a cloud."

"Poor thing!" said the wife, stooping down to obtain a nearer view.

Yes, Rosalie slept; and in light-winged dreams she was back in the Fatherland; she was a child again, roaming along the beautiful Main, gazing on the varied foliage, and mocking the birds with her silvery voice. Roderic was by her side, wreathing in her sunny tresses the flowers he loved the best, and repeating to her listening ear a legend of love in the olden time.

Thus had she slumbered and dreamed for hour after hour, and more than once had the young moon looked wonderingly down, as though loth to believe that the fair creature lying there on the cold stone, destitute, friendless, and alone, was the same free, laughing maiden she had seen in other years, sportively reaching her hand from the casement of her father's mansion to catch the golden beams that came trembling through the foliage. As the gates of dream-land opened to release her spell-bound senses, the silken cord of remembrance binding her to the past snapped suddenly, and with a smile upon her lips the sleeper awoke.

This sudden dissolving of a blissful dream — this arousing to consciousness, and life's stern realities — how bitter it is at times! A keen pang shot through the orphan's heart as the dream faded, and her true position flashed across her.

Noticing her bewildered gaze, the minister asked kindly, "What has brought you here, my poor child?"

Rosalie shook her head, and replied in her mother tongue.

"A German!" exclaimed Emma, in surprise, "who would have thought it."

"We will take her in, Emma, and when Lena comes we will hear her story;" and with this he unlocked the door, and beckoned Rosalie to follow.

And thus it happened that the orphan at last found a shelter. The good man did not doubt her story, as many more cautious might have done; he had witnessed all kinds of vice and deception in that populous city, and experience had taught him not to credit the words of all who appealed to his benevolence. In this case, however, he acted without hesitation; the quivering of that slight frame, the tear-dimmed eye, the choking sobs, all told him, before the interpretation reached his ear, that no mask concealed her real character.

CHAPTER X.

AUNT MILLY'S ADVICE.

THERE was something so merry and pleasant
In the glances that shot from her eye,
That reminded the wondering gazer,
Of stars flashing down from on high.

ALTHOUGH she had seldom heard either her parents or brother express any opinion with regard to slavery, Anna Bartlett had unconsciously imbibed prejudices against the South, of which she was scarcely aware until thrown among a people she had so often heard condemned for their harshness and injustice; it is hard even for a woman, who is not expected to meddle in politics, to grow up in the very hot-bed of Abolitionism without being to some degree affected by its influence; and, though her father had made it a point never to censure his fellow man because he might differ from him in opinion, and always had avoided discussions at the domestic fireside, still abroad, at school, everywhere else, she had heard it spoken of as a damning curse, and of those who willingly held their "colored brethren" in bondage as lacking conscientiousness, and being guilty of an unpardonable sin; and when she pro-

nounced the marriage-vow, she trembled as she thought of the terrible responsibility of those holding dominion over their fellow-beings.

It was amusing to follow her wondering glance as she entered her Southern home. The cordial reception she received astonished her; first, as the heavy gate leading into the avenue was swung open, and her ear caught the pleasant "Welcome back, Mas'r Charles," from the venerable negro who stood with head uncovered until the carriage passed through: then the array of curious black faces peering from the gallery as she ascended the steps, all radiant with good-humor, and every one seeming equally anxious to be the first to say, "How d'ye," to Mas'r Charles. Then the pleasure beaming from their eyes, when, after she was seated, they came in separately and in order to get an introduction to "Mas'r Charles' new wife." She took reluctantly the proffered hand of the first who presented herself, for she could not help feeling a repugnance to touching the "black creatures," but her husband did not seem afraid of the contact, and overcoming her aversion with a strong effort, she returned their greeting with as good a grace as possible.

It was well for her that she did so. Let negroes but know that you shrink from their touch, and their respect for you is greatly diminished; this is one reason why so many Northern ladies find so little favor in their eyes, and such they almost invariably set down as

being "poor white folks dat never was used to niggers."

As Anna Mitchell sat in the spacious drawing-room, where her husband had left her for a few moments alone, most of the fear, the unpleasant dread that had oppressed her was removed. The people seemed happy and contented, and with her husband's assistance, she felt almost sure she would get along.

"Where is Katy?" she heard him ask, as he passed along the gallery.

"She's asleep; thought ef I waked her she mought be cross."

"No, she aint 'sleep nuther, Polly; haint *I* her nuss? Here, Mas'r Charles!"

A silence followed these words, broken at intervals by the exclamations, "Darling — pet — sweet Pussy!" and then her husband's step seemed approaching.

"Mas'r Charles," said a voice, in a suppressed tone, "please, Mas'r Charles, let me tote her in; I wants to see mist'ess, too."

"Well, come along, aunt Milly, but I'll carry Katy, this time. There's my treasure, Anna!" he said, as he entered, tumbling the little, black-eyed sprite into her lap. "Aint she a beauty?" And then addressing the child, who turned its wondering gaze on the face of the bride, he said, "That's your mother, Pussy dear."

"No, no! dat mauma!" lisped the prattler, holding out its arms toward the negro, who stood behind her master

"Bress de chile!" broke out from Aunt Milly's lips; then with some hesitation she advanced and said, "I see Mas'r Charles has done forgot me; so, I'll jes' come up myse'f and say, How d'ye to Mist'ess."

"Ah! I beg pardon, aunty; meant to have done it, by all means. This," he continued, addressing his wife, "is an old family servant; one who nursed me in infancy, and has taken the entire charge of Katy since her birth!"

"Yes, dat I has!" chimed in Aunt Milly, encircling Katy with one arm, and extending the disengaged hand to her new mistress. "I tell you Miss —— what's de fust name?" "Anna," said Mr. Mitchell.

"I tell you, Miss Anna," she continued, pointing to her master; "he was a prime boy when he was young; many's de time he has cried to sleep with Aunt Milly; dat he has," she repeated, hugging Katy closer.

How strangely this all seemed to the bride; the negro talking in that familiar way, and caressing the child as if it were her own! She had seen nothing of the kind at the North, where thousands were daily "commiserating the condition of this oppressed race." Even then the scales were beginning to fall from her eyes.

"I will leave you for a little while, Anna," said Mr. Mitchell," advancing toward the door; then turning to the negro, he said, "You will see your Miss Anna wants for nothing," and passed out.

"Won't you sit down?" asked the bride, troubled at seeing a person, so much older than herself, standing.

"Why, no, Mist'ess! us niggers never does; we likes standin' better; 'specially sich old ones, 'cause its sich ha'd work to git up," she replied, with a dry chuckle.

"How old are you, Aunt Milly?"

"Well," she said, putting on a profoundly meditative look, as she pulled her head-handkerchief a little lower, "guess I'll be 'bout sixty, next Christmas; I was fifty when mammy died, and she's been gone pretty nigh ten years; dat makes sixty, don't it?"

Mrs. Mitchell nodded an assent.

"I ain't very good at calc'latin', but I does right sharp for so old a nigger."

Mrs. Mitchell supposed she should make some reply; but the singular dialect, together with the comical appearance of the negro, so amused her, she seemed at a loss for a response.

"You is from de Norf, Miss Anna, I believe," said the servant, after a short silence.

"Yes."

"Well," continued the negro, drawing nearer Mrs. Mitchell's chair, "Mist'ess will 'scuse me ef I gives her a leetle bit of timely advice, 'cause I knows more 'bout niggers dan she does, and I's had a inklin' dat dey will try to come it over her."

Anna smiled, and requested her to proceed.

"Well, in de fust place, don't let 'em git de upper hand of you. Some ladies from de Norf makes very good mist'esses, and some jes' de oder way. Dere's one

on de nex' plantation; she's of de ha'd kind; she's too 'zactin', and de niggers all 'spise her. Well, she's got a sister what 'tends to things when she's sick; she's jes' de perverse of Miss Ada—she's too easy; she never speaks to a nigger 'thout sayin' 'Please;' dat makes dem all make fun of her, and laugh in ther sleeve; 'cause whenever a white lady says 'please' to a nigger, dey allers says, 'She haint been used to nothin'.' Den Miss Ada talks to her se'vants too much. Dat never does, Mist'ess, *never*. It makes dem feel on a quality wid you, and dey don't 'spect you half as much. You'll find it a leetle hard, at fust, Miss Anna, 'cause these yer niggers has been 'thout any one to govern them, sence Miss Mary died, 'cept Mas'r Charles, and he's so easy dere aint a nigger on de place 'fraid of him. I's tried to do what I could for 'em, but the young uns seems to forget my ole man, Pete, and me has fotched 'em up, and don't so much as thank us."

"Was that your husband we saw at the gate?"

"I 'spect so, Mist'ess; he's a heap pearter nor me, ef he is older; but, O! Lor', wimmen has to go through so much more 'n men," she said, looking down at the child, with a sigh. "Don't you think Katy's mighty purty?" she asked, passing her dark fingers over the little one's head. "She's jes' for all de world like Miss Mary; dis chile is! de very spit of her!" she said, bestowing on the subject of her remarks another warm caress.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ANGEL'S MISSION.

NOISELESSLY, earthward an angel-form glided,
Bringing the spirit his Lord had confided
Unto his trust —
And in exchange for this treasure immortal,
Bore he a soul to the heavenly portal,
Freed from its dust.

CONTRARY to Mrs. Bartlett's expectations, Lena had returned before she and her husband arrived ; after hearing enough of the orphan's story to convince him that she was truly an object of charity, the minister left her in charge of his wife and the servant, and proceeded to answer the summons he had received.

If Lena's heart was large, it had ample room to expand with generous impulses and noble sympathies, for her body was by no means diminutive. The look of intense interest with which she regarded Rosalie, as she spoke of her successive trials, told that her sympathies were fully aroused in the stranger's behalf, for Lena's broad, open countenance was a true index to her heart.

"How different are these two representatives of the the same country," mused the lady of the house, as her

eye wandered from the servant to Rosalie. "One endowed with great bodily strength ; formed, as it were, to battle with life's storms ; the other so fragile, so weak, and yet called upon to endure so much."

It was late when Mr. Bartlett returned ; he found his wife sitting alone.

"What have you done with our guest ?" he asked.

"She seemed so weary I thought she had better retire ; and," she continued, approaching him, "you may say I acted foolishly, but she and Lena are so entirely different, I could not bear the thought of her sharing Lena's lodgings, below, so I put her in Nellie's room."

"The spot you have always held so sacred from intrusion !" he said with some surprise.

"Yes, I know ; but — well, I can't explain my feelings, George ; it is the first time I have ever wished another to occupy that apartment ; but then she's so young and fragile, and beautiful. Heaven only knows what will become of the poor thing, if we turn her away !"

"And yet, I don't see how we can keep her," he suggested.

"I've been thinking about it," said the wife, after a pause. "Your parents, you know, will make their home with us, hereafter, and, as you wish to procure another servant, why not keep her instead."

"Why, Emma, she could not render you any assistance ; she has not the strength."

"She could sew, and attend to the light chamber-work."

"But she can't speak a word of English!"

"She could soon learn; I guess you'll consent for me to keep her," she said coaxingly.

"And allow her to occupy Nellie's room?" he queried, evidently pleased with the interest his wife manifested in the unprotected orphan.

"Yes. Why not? Would it be right, think you, George, to turn this poor sufferer from our door, and allow that chamber to remain untenanted, merely because it was once hallowed by the presence of one we loved?" and the wife's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm, as she spoke.

"By no means, my eloquent pleader," he replied, gazing fondly at her animated features; "it shall be as you desire; this warm, sympathizing heart of yours shall not be pained by a refusal."

And thus Emma, as was generally the case, gained her point, for she seldom urged matters that did not meet with his approval.

We believe, with Swedenborg, that every spirit has its mate, and when these kindred souls are permitted to meet on earth, the result of their union is a degree of happiness never attained by those who have neither thoughts nor desires in unison. And surely two were never pronounced one, whose hearts were more closely linked, or feelings tuned to more perfect harmony than

the minister and his wife. He was a true Northern gentleman; one who despised the low cunning, contemptible trickery, and unscrupulous equivocation of those of his countrymen who disgrace the names they bear, as descendants of the Puritans, and cast a reproach on the country in which they live by their unfair dealings, and the base plans to which they resort to accomplish their nefarious ends. And Emma, the gay impetuous bride he had chosen a score of years before, had been so carefully educated in the school of love that now every thought and desire seemed but an echo of his own.

But who, the reader may ask, was Nellie, the one of whom they had spoken?

Only a baby, when Mr. Bartlett found her one morning on the door-step, just where Rosalie had been discovered. Neither husband or wife paused to inquire how she came there, but, following the generous impulses of their natures, they had taken the helpless little innocent to their hearts, ministered to its wants, and watched over it with the tenderest care. And when, at the expiration of six years, it stood before them a lovely, winning child, they felt she could not have been dearer to them had she been their own. Many bright dreams for the future did the adopted mother indulge, as Nellie stood before her, radiant with the flush of health; yet, when the spoiler came and claimed her for his own, it was beautiful to see with what submission

the foster-parent yielded her treasure ; how trustingly she repeated with him who shared her sorrow, " Father, not my will but thine be done."

And Nellie's room, the cozy little closet adjoining Emma's chamber, just large enough for a bed, chair and table, had never, since the lost one had been taken, been haunted by a living presence until Rosalie came.

Mrs. Bartlett was not long in learning that her protégé needed no instruction in needle-work. " In fact," she said to her husband, when speaking of their charge, " her needle-work excels every thing of the kind I have ever seen. I showed it to mother, yesterday ; she put on her spectacles, and after examining it closely, said it ' beat the flowering she used to do when she was young.' "

" Mother seems to take a great interest in her, don't you think so ? " asked the minister.

" Yes, I've noticed it. It is easy to trace the source of the constant stream of benevolence flowing through the bosom of her son," said the wife, regarding her husband with an admiring gaze.

" And easy, too, to discover from whence the sunlight comes that keeps the stream from chilling, and has imbued it with new vigor for a score of years," he returned, gazing full into her eyes.

Emma blushed at his words, just as she had years before, when the " young student of divinity " had paid her a compliment that brought the roses to her

cheeks. For the love then awakened, had not grown old with time.

"A letter for Rosalie," said Mr. Bartlett, entering his wife's apartment a month after the orphan made her appearance among them. "From Germany, too," he added, handing it to his wife; "I just happened to think some one might have written, and so asked for her. Judging from the date, it has lain in the office some time."

"Here is something for you, Rosalie," said Mrs. Bartlett, opening her chamber door; "something you did not expect, I guess."

Rosalie looked up from her sewing, and extending her hand, said, "I t'ank, you;" putting the limited knowledge she had acquired into practice.

The door closed; she glanced at the superscription; her eye, as if caught by magic, seemed riveted on the hand-writing. Surely, she could not be mistaken; it must be Roderic's! Yet, how could it be? Was he not dead? With a shudder she broke the seal; something fell out as she unfolded the missive, but she did not perceive it. With a quivering hand and an eager eye she turned to the signature, and as the closing words, "Your own Roderic," met her gaze, her cheek blanched, her brain grew dizzy, and in the bewilderment of the moment remembrance was blotted out. The letter dropped from

her grasp, as, with the exclamation, "*Mein guter Gott!*" she sank to the floor. And thus Mrs. Bartlett, a half-hour afterward, found her. When consciousness returned, the letter was carefully perused, and the wild light in the orphan's eye grew brighter, as she began to comprehend, and really to believe Roderic was still alive; none, save himself, could have framed words of such tenderness, or could have spoken so hopefully of their re-union; no one else would have generously sent the sum of money he enclosed, fearing, as he wrote, that she and her father might be in want of it, in a strange land.

Her father: then he had not received her letter informing him of his death; nor had the one he had written only a few days after her departure, ever reached her. Then he asked so affectionately about the little Karl. Great drops of grief swelled beneath the blue-veined lids as she read these inquiries after her brother, whom she had learned to mourn as lost; for though the minister had searched, no trace of the child could be found.

"It has all been the work of the villain who deceived her," said Mr. Bartlett, after some moment's meditation. "Have you the letter, Rosalie," he asked, "that purported to come from the jailor?"

She replied in the negative; she had looked repeatedly for it, after recovering from the sudden shock caused by the news of her lover's death, but to no purpose.

"As I expected; then this Adams, as he called himself, forged it, and fearing your suspicions might be

aroused, regained possession of it before you awoke to consciousness," he said, carrying his conversation on through Lena, who had been summoned for the purpose. "Poor child!" he added, turning to his wife, "she did not dream of such intrigue and villainy."

When, at length, left alone, the contending emotions aroused within the bosom of the orphan, made her slight frame tremble. To her it was joy unspeakable to know that Roderic still lived: yet the thought was terrible, that an insuperable gulf had been placed between them — that she could never be his. But why need this torture her? she asked, looking at her thin, almost transparent hand and emaciated arm; 'twould only be a little while, she knew, until the spirit burst its fetters. But, O! to see him once more; to feel his touch upon her brow; to look into his eyes, and hear him softly breathe her name, as he had in the days gone by. As the wish grew into a wild, earnest longing, it took the form of a resolution, and to herself she promised, as she stood with the letter pressed fondly to her lips, that if life's span were lengthened out until the Summer came, and her strength revived with its genial breath, she would go back to the Fatherland, and, after gazing once more on him who had ever been faithful to her, she would lie down on her native shores, and die. The money he had sent would be sufficient to take her back, and for that purpose it should be preserved.

The October moon, that had witnessed the orphan's escape, waxed, waned and disappeared from view, then the Night Queen again came forth with her golden scepter to hold her sway over the dreamy November; and as she vanished, old Winter stole on apace with his piercing blasts and glittering frost-gems, to give way in turn to the smiling, gladsome Spring, when earth's bosom was again covered with verdure, and the streamlets in the meadows leaped up for very joy. Then, as the sunbeams deepened, lavishing warmer kisses on the blossoms faint and weary, the young Spring bowed her head, and expired in the arms of Summer.

On the evening of a sultry day, toward the latter part of June, stifled sobs might have been heard to proceed from one apartment in the minister's dwelling. It was the room occupied by his aged parents. The venerable father, who had so long set them a pattern of Christian excellence, lay breathing his last. The palsied hand of his devoted partner, who had for a half century shared his every joy and sorrow, was wiping the death-dew from his brow, while the son, supporting that shaking form with his strong arm, stood offering up a silent prayer for the departing spirit.

And then, from the regions of glory, an angel descended; yet, ere he hovered above the mourners, he glided to Rosalie's bedside, deposited there the treasure consigned to his keeping; then, entering noiselessly the chamber of the dying, he enfolded with his shining

wings, the freed spirit of the aged pilgrim, and bore it up to the congregation of the blest. Thus was a new life placed upon the stage of action just as the last sands of an old one had dropped from the hour-glass of time.

A child was born, an old veteran taken, and when the morning sun arose, that household numbered as many souls as when it sank, on the evening previous, beneath the western horizon.

Perhaps it is often thus that the messengers who come, undiscerned, to rob one hearth-stone, bring to another a young existence, yet seldom do they set in the bosom of the same family a new gem ere the faded jewel is removed from the household casket.

Weeks flew by; the young mother, worn to a shadow, by constant grief and anxiety, sat with her infant on her knee, gazing on its face with a sad tenderness, while ever and anon, as she asked herself the question, "What will become of it when I am taken?" a sigh would escape her lips.

Lena had repeatedly told Mrs. Bartlett that Rosalie had often expressed a strong desire to breathe her last on her native shore, and even when the little stranger came, twining its love-tendrils around her heart, she had said, if the good lady would promise to become a mother to her babe, for its sake she would resign it to her keeping, go back to the Fatherland, and die in peace.

When these words were repeated to Mrs. Bartlett, she looked wistfully at the babe, and longed to take it to her bosom, just as she had the lost Nellie, but she almost feared to ask her husband's consent, for he might urge that the constant care would be too much for her. Deep as was his interest in the orphan, she remembered he had more than once remarked that her anxiety on Rosalie's account had paled the roses on her cheek, and nights of watchfulness with the child, he would argue, would have no tendency to restore their bloom.

However, when Rosalie signified her intention of returning, and taking the little one with her, when Emma looked at the shadowy form that in a few months at most would be straightened for the grave, and thought how unprotected and friendless the infant would be, the sympathy that stirred her bosom caused her to make an open effort to gain her husband's consent.

One evening, after musing over the matter, she arose, opened a bureau drawer, and took therefrom a small bundle, carefully wrapped up; after selecting several articles from the number, she rang for Lena, and gave them into her charge with directions to press them out very nicely. This done, she sought Rosalie's side, received from her arms the babe, and returned to her own chamber. Then began the process of arraying the little one in these carefully preserved garments. The neatly-wrought skirt had last been bound round Nellie's waist, and as with trembling fingers, it was fastened;

a tear of regret dropped on the head of the innocent over which she bent. Another fell on the plump neck, as the little slip was fastened, and the coral ties clasped over the looped sleeves. When its toilet was completed the infant fell asleep, and thus arrayed, on Emma's lap the husband found it on his return from a pastoral call. She pointed to the sleeper as he entered, but did not speak, hoping the picture might bring to his mind the lost one, and thus make a mute appeal to his sympathy.

"It is a dear little thing," he said, approaching and bending over it.

"Don't it remind you of Nellie?" she asked, gently laying its tiny hands in his.

"Almost too young to trace any resemblance yet," he returned.

"Well," she said, drawing it closer to her bosom, "I'm like Lena, I love it already. I wish we could keep it," she added, glancing up into his face.

"'Twould be too much care, Emma," he replied, regarding it tenderly.

"And yet such care always brings with it a recompense, I think."

"So it does," said a voice near them. "A child in a house is a well-spring of happiness."

"Ah, mother, is it you?" asked Emma, looking up.

The minister, too, bent his gaze on that aged form, clad in the weeds of mourning, and, as she laid her

shriveled hand upon his shoulder, and said, in a deeply impressive voice, "Keep the baby, my son, it may prove a blessing to you both yet," he turned his eye from her furrowed brow to his wife's face, and then, as he touched his lips to the soft, waxen cheek of the sleeper on her knee, he said, "Let it be as mother says, Emma, and may Heaven enable us to rear it in the way it should go."

When Lena learned they had concluded to keep the babe, provided the mother relinquished all claims to it, she imparted the information to Rosalie, and the orphan murmured her thanks. Yet, when the servant left her presence, she folded the little one wildly to her bosom, while the low, scarce audible moan that escaped her lips, told that her heart, lacerated and torn as it was, could give forth but a feeble wail in token of its anguish. It was as if a long-deserted harp, whose strings had one by one been sundered by successive blasts, had essayed to tune its shattered voice into a sad requiem for the melody that had departed.

CHAPTER XII.

AN OLD SONG.

It is sad, yet 'tis sweet ; it is pleasant, yet mournful,
To list to the strains that keep wafting us back
To the verdant oases on life's arid desert,
That form for Remembrance a wild flower track,
To which she keeps turning whene'er an old song
Awakes from its slumber and trembles along.

It was a pleasant afternoon, on the 4th of July ; the minister and his wife were out attending a Sabbath-school celebration ; the aged mother had sought Rosalie's room to hold, for a while, the babe, of which she daily appeared to grow more fond.

"Go down stairs, child, and take the fresh air ; you look as though you were dying for the want of it."

Rosalie obeyed ; descending by a back stair-way to the kitchen. Excepting her own and Mrs. Bartlett's apartment, this was the only portion of the building she could ever be persuaded to enter, and so secluded had she kept herself, very few, even of their most intimate friends, knew of her existence.

Lena was absent when she went down, but soon made her appearance. She found Rosalie standing in the back door, looking out.

"Do come," cried the girl, raising a snowy cloth, to see if her bread was rising; "come up into the parlor and look through the blinds; a large procession is passing."

The orphan shook her head.

"Do come!" plead the girl; "the children look so pretty; nobody will see you; the blinds are down; it will do you good!"

"Well!" said Rosalie, somewhat reluctantly, as she turned to follow her conductor.

"We must go in through the hall," Lena said, on reaching the head of the stairs. "The Sunday-school children are coming to-night, and the back parlor is darkened and ready for them; he has a magic lantern in there, and is going to show them pictures with it. The room is locked, so just come along this way."

The orphan obeyed, and soon found herself in the front parlor. After gazing for some minutes at the moving forms in the street, she ventured to turn her head and look timidly around the room. Her eye caught the piano; in an instant she was seized with an uncontrollable desire to play some of the wild strains Roderic had taught her. After exacting a promise from Lena to stand as sentinel at the door, she opened the instrument, and, running her fingers over the keys, began a deep, soul-thrilling strain, that made the servant, forgetful of her promise, start forward in wonder. This was followed by an air of touching pathos, contrasting so strikingly with the first, that

her single auditor unconsciously drew nearer, and stood breathless behind the performer's chair.

The air died away, and then came a low prelude to a sweet, pathetic song; the music and words were beautifully adapted to each other, and the soft, clear voice of the singer, tremulous at first, gained strength as she proceeded. Lena seemed transported, as she listened; they, or rather the tune, had awakened a remembrance of her early home; she had heard it hummed at the hearth-stone when a child, and it brought before her vision faces that had long before passed away. It was no wonder, then, that her eye was dimmed by moisture as she listened to the following words:

“Fremd bin ich hier,
Und ach! nür zu Dir,
Freundlicher Abendstern,
Wendet mein Blick sich gern
Blinkest mir, Ruh’
Von Oben zu!

Doch du bist fern,
Du freundlicher Stern!
Ach! und im fremdem Land.
Reicht dir kein Freund die Hand.
Waer’ ich ein Stern
Ich thaet’ es gern,

Gott ist nicht fern;
Sei er dein Stern!
Blicke zu ihm hinauf,
Er lenkt der Sternen Lauf;
Gnaedig und mild,
Sei er dein Schield.”

"There, Nellie, if you could sing in that style, father would have no reason to complain of the expense your musical instruction incurs. That is decidedly the finest voice I ever heard. Who can it be? Mrs. Bartlett can not sing so! Suppose we stop in; it is not too late, and you said this morning you owed her a call."

"Well, Adam, if you desire it," replied Nellie Dare, for she knew how passionately fond of music her brother was.

Ascending the steps, Dare applied his hand to the bell-knob; his summons was unanswered, and a second time he rang.

Louder and fuller rose the voice within; every thought seemed absorbed by the sentiments to which the singer gave utterance; and Lena, enchanted as she was by what she heard, stood with her capacious mouth apart, as though to drink in those rich, inspiring strains. A third peal aroused her from her trance. Rosalie started at the same instant.

"Don't go!" said Lena, grasping her arm; "I'll tell whoever it is that the lady and gentleman are out, and they will go away; then you can play more. Step behind the door there!" she said, as she passed into the hall.

Rosalie tremblingly obeyed; her first impulse had been to hasten into the room adjoining; but the door, as Lena had said, was fastened, and refused her admittance. Great Heavens! what a shudder passed through

the orphan's frame when, as Lena opened the street door, she peered through the crevice of the one behind which she stood and recognized those features. The very life-blood seemed freezing in her veins.

It was a full minute after his sister had written his name upon her card and handed it to the servant, on being told that Mrs. Bartlett was not at home, before Mr. Dare turned to leave. So intent had he been on getting a glimpse of the performer, he had stood peering with curious eyes through the open door into the parlor. That look of inquiry, perchance, would have been exchanged for one of dismay and astonishment had he caught a glimpse of that wan face.

"O! Lena," she gasped, as the servant returned to the room, "that was he! The one who caused all my misery and shame!"

"You must be mistaken," returned the girl, in amazement; it could not be. That was Mr. Dare, the minister's son! See, here is the name! You can spell Roman letters, can't you?"

"Yes," said Rosalie, grasping the card. "'Twas he, though; I know, I'm sure of it."

"We will tell them, then," said the girl, "just as soon as they come home."

"O, no, no!" cried Rosalie; "don't, Lena! promise me you never will!"

"Why?" asked the servant, in surprise.

"Because," she continued, with a frightened look,

"my babe! they would never keep her if they knew! They made me promise to give her up entirely before they consented to adopt her; and if *he* knew it he might try to take her away when I am gone, just to torture them as he did me. O, Lena," she continued, "I can not go in peace, unless you promise me that you will never mention what has occurred this evening."

"Well," said the girl, wondering at her strange request; "it shall be as you wish. I will never speak of it."

"Thank you," said Rosalie, feelingly; "and you'll give me that, will you not?" reaching toward the card.

"Yes," she replied, handing it to her.

"One more request, now, Lena," she said, "and I will have done; but come to the kitchen first; *he* might come again," she said, shivering as she spoke.

They went to the kitchen together, and Rosalie, taking from her bosom a small case, held it up and said,

"I wish to entrust this to your keeping, Lena; if you remain in Mrs. Bartlett's service until my child is grown, give it to her and say it is her mother's picture; I am afraid to leave it with those who have consented to adopt her; in after years they may not wish my name mentioned in her presence, for I know their kindness will win her love, and trust she will be as a daughter to them. Never mention her parentage to her until you give her this, and then say, merely, that

you are fulfilling her mother's request. It is the only legacy I have to leave her."

Lena received the picture from her hand, and promised, if life were spared, to do as she had requested.

Yes, Rosalie went back; the parting from her babe well-nigh shattered the little strength she had gathered; compared with it, her other trials seemed but light, and nothing save the certainty of her approaching dissolution urged her to make the sacrifice. She was sure she could find no warmer hearts in the Fatherland, than those who had taken her in and administered to her wants, and to ~~them~~ she chose to consign her offspring.

The journey was tedious and wearying, and when her foot touched the soil of her native land, her heart was even sadder than when she set sail from America. Her spirit shrank from the thought of meeting Roderic, and yet her heart so yearned for sympathy—for just one single glance of his eye, before the light faded from her own, she felt that she could not lie down to her last sleep without seeing him again.

Yet, ere she reached her destination, she wrote him a letter, informing him, for the first time, of all that had befallen her; she had repeatedly attempted to do this before, but each time her courage had failed. She had, however, at last nerved herself for the effort, and written

the whole ; telling him, at the close, that her only wish was to see him once more, and then lie down by her mother's grave, and die.

Two days after the missive was placed in his hands, Rosalie reached the spot that had witnessed their parting ; it was here she had promised to meet him, and, as she sank down on the green-sward at her feet, and let her eye wander to the blue waters of the Main, she could perceive but little change in the surrounding objects from the time she had sat there a twelve-month before. Yet, O ! how fearfully changed was she ! Could she but blot out the remembrance of the last year, she might look forward with some hope of future happiness ; but that was impossible, and the great grief at her heart, like a canker-worm, seemed eating away her life. As she sat gazing eagerly round, all the associations connected with their last interview rushed across her mind. Would he recognize her, faded, haggard, and changed as she was ?

While musing thus an approaching footstep fell upon her ear ; a visible agitation shook her frame ; and, as it drew nearer, she involuntarily pressed her hands over her face, and bowed her head on her bosom. She had not seen the form, but her heart told her who it was. At that moment an inward conflict raged in her bosom ; a struggle between love and shame. She longed to feel the warm pressure of his lips to her own, yet, like a hideous dream, with frightful distinctness the

past came before her, and her head was bowed lower as she thought.

Roderic was little changed ! The fleeting year had made no perceptible impress on his brow, nor dimmed in the least the flash of his dark eye. His thin, lithe figure had rounded perhaps a little, but his step was as light and buoyant as ever.

Astonishment and incredulity were depicted on his countenance, as he for an instant gazed on the bent form of her who had once been his heart's idol. Could this indeed be she, wasted to a skeleton, with sunken cheeks that the attenuated fingers tried in vain to cover ? " Yes, it is the same," he exclaimed mentally, " for the light golden ringlets have undergone no change."

He might not have thought so, had he seen her an hour earlier, with her tresses combed carelessly back, and fastened in an unbecoming knot behind. Yet she remembered he had always admired her curls, and had taken the pains, on removing her comb, to twine them around her finger as of yore.

Gathering in his hand the flowing mass that partially concealed her features, Roderic bent over her, and softly breathed her name. No answer came.

" Rosalie !" he repeated, gently removing her hands, " will you not allow me to welcome you back ? "

A stifled sob was the only reply.

" Have you ceased to love me, Rosalie ? " he asked in a reproachful tone.



"O, Roderic!" burst from her lips; but her full heart choked the remaining words she would have uttered.

Very tenderly he drew her head to his bosom, and as a mother soothes her infant, did he with words of love and sympathy cause the wild conflict to subside. His voice inspired her with confidence, and as she ventured to reply to some of his many interrogations, the love-light of other days stole back to her eye, the flush again mantled her cheek, and as Roderic perceived the change, he smoothed the tresses from her brow, and said, "My Rosalie will soon be herself again. Would to God we had never been separated," he added earnestly, noticing the cloud that flitted over her face. "May I see the card, of which you wrote?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, withdrawing it from a case she carried about her person.

Roderic grasped it nervously, glanced at the name, and then raising his hand, said, "Rosalie, the fiend shall pay the penalty of the crime. I swear by —"

"Dont, Roderic! dont!" she plead, laying her emaciated hand on his uplifted arm; "dont swear, for my sake. Remember, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

"For your sake, then," he said, repressing the oath that trembled on his lips; "but Rosalie, I will one day go to America, for the express purpose of showing the villain —"

"No, no, Roderic," she again interrupted; "do no

wrong ; it can make no difference now. I will soon be gone ; and then should those revengeful feelings rise, think that were I with you, I would continually plead, that you should raise your hand against no man."

"You must not talk of leaving me," he said, looking fondly into her eyes, as he grasped convulsively the white hand within his own.

"Yes, Roderic, I must go. Death seemed terrible to me before, but now it will be so sweet to fall asleep on your bosom, and wake in my mother's arms.

"And I —"

"You must try to forget me, Roderic ; or only think of me as I was when I left your side ; time's fingers will sweep this grief from your memory, and in coming years another will fill my place in your heart."

"Never !" he replied in a low, firm voice, gazing steadfastly at her. "Never, unless I could find the counterpart of my Rosalie ; a being as like her as are twin-cherries to each other ; one in whom the resemblance would be perfect enough to deceive my eyes into the belief that it was Rosalie's self. Think you I will ever meet such an one ?" he asked, with an incredulous smile.

"It is not likely," she replied ; "but you must not pass through life alone and uncared for."

"Then must Rosalie live for me."

"No, no," she replied, sadly ; "that cannot be ; it is too late ; I am passing away. You will promise me, though, Roderic, that if ever you go to America, you

will search diligently for Karl, and see that the babe is cared for," she added, bending her eyes on the ground.

"I promise!" he said, laying his hand tenderly on the bowed head.

"O, Roderic!" she exclaimed, with a wild burst of feeling; "I did not dream you would receive me thus. I was prepared to see you shrink from my touch; but this kindness, this tenderness overcomes me."

Rosalie spoke truly when she said, "I will soon be gone." As a beautiful flower, brought to perfection by the genial breath of Summer, withers when the chilling Autumn-winds lay their icy fingers upon its delicate petals, so this fragile human flower, almost perfect in its loveliness, passed to the land of shadows. In vain did the still devoted lover endeavor to blot the past from her remembrance; as foot-marks of pollution leave their impress on the pure snow they deface, and are only erased when the snow itself melts, so was it with Rosalie; the stain seemed stamped upon her memory, only to fade when death should dissolve her being.

How inexpressibly dear the two became to each other, as life's sands were waning with her. Roderic was her all in all, and when in his presence, a halo of happiness seemed to circle her round; a holy, quiet joy, that pen may not describe.

And he—his life seemed bound up in the gentle

being that faded before his sight. Could it be, that she would indeed pass away, and leave him alone? Dark, gloomy thoughts took possession of his bosom, as he recollected it must be. "I will have nothing to live for," he would exclaim. Yet, when his eye fell upon his father, in whose jetty locks silver hairs were beginning to gather, as harbingers of old age, duty told him, yet another link bound him to earth.

CHAPTER XIII.

LITTLE EMMA.

O! SHE came to their home in the beautiful Summer,
When Nature was clothed in her verdant array,
And she seemed to their spirits a heavenly blossom,
That the angels had dropped from the regions of day.

"WHAT shall we call the baby, George?" asked Mrs. Bartlett one morning as she received it from his arms. "I've thought of Nellie, a good deal; what do you say?"

"I prefer Emma to all other names," he said, smiling; "that would be my choice."

"Well," returned the wife, pleased with the compliment; "but suppose we have both names."

"It wouldn't be euphonious," he replied. "Emma Nellie! how it sounds."

"Simply Emma, then, if you desire it," she replied. "That reminds me," she continued, laughing, "of something that happened when you christened Mrs. Thompson's babe. You remember, it was named Susan, and she had talked something of adding Margaret. Well, when her husband handed you the child, and mentioned the name, you asked, 'Simply Susan?' and, George, from where I sat, it sounded just as though you said

Simple Susan. There was no meeting at Mr. Dare's church that afternoon, and Nellie came to our's, and sat in our pew; she overheard what you said, and was so amused, I thought at one time she would have laughed out loud."

"And Mrs. Bartlett, I suppose, looked demure and grave all the while?"

"No," she said, shaking her head, "I was almost as bad as Nellie. I couldn't help whispering, 'a pretty name.' You need not shake your finger so threateningly at me, for you know I can not preserve my dignity when any thing ridiculous strikes me. But do look at the baby; she is looking straight into your face, and has her mouth puckered up just as though she was going to speak to you. Maybe she has some objection to offer to the name. Emma, little Emma, are you satisfied with the cognomen, dear?"

Baby doubled up its rose-bud fists, winked its eyes, moved its head, and said as plainly as it could; that it had no objections to offer.

Dearer and dearer grew the little one, daily unfolding new charms, and riveting with its increasing beauty and winning ways, the love-links that bound it to their hearts. It was beautiful to note the tender watchfulness of the foster parents. Emma, untiring in her

devotion to her charge, and Mr. Bartlett so ready to lend a helping hand.

"My sweet, sweet baby!" he would murmur, as he stood beside its crib, and watched the violet eyes that were fixed full upon his face.

How like a worshiper before his shrine did he seem, as he knelt there with his head bowed as though in adoration over his idol, while from the altar of his heart arose the incense of love as an offering to heaven for the precious gift bestowed! How tenderly he lifted the tiny form and pressed it to his bosom! How often he laid its soft cheek to his in silent rapture.

At such times Emma was a quiet observer, and ever, as she gazed, a dim moisture would gather in her eye, form itself into a tear-drop, and fall glistening on her cheek. It was the inward joy of a heart brim-full of happiness bubbling over; the sudden ebullition of the waves of feeling within her bosom.

Time passed on, transforming the helpless babe into the fairy-footed prattler who hastened to the door to receive "papa's" welcoming kiss, and then to the bright laughing school girl, who came bounding into their presence with the lightness of a gazelle.

Fifteen years passed away. It was the fall of 1854; Mr. Bartlett sat in the front parlor, and with all the pride of a father swelling in his bosom listened to the encomiums bestowed upon his foster child by the few

intimate friends assembled to judge of her progress in music after several years' careful instruction.

Mr. Adam Dare was of the number ; he had received a pressing invitation of the minister, who knew him to be an excellent judge of music, and wished his opinion with regard to her improvement. Mr. Dare had changed his occupation since he was last brought into notice ; by dint of perseverance and close dealing he had succeeded in raising the sum of five hundred dollars, all his own earnings, with which he proceeded "out West," carrying along with him a variety of things to barter off, and thus pay expenses as he went. Mr. Dare considered himself an honorable man, and had you spoken deridingly of the cunning those who stooped to peddle wooden nutmegs exhibited, he would have informed you none but a Vermont Yankee ever did the like ; yet, at the same time, would not scruple to sell you from his variety stock a paper of mustard-seed, assuring you it was a superior kind of cabbage, or a preparation for mending broken ware, which he knew by experience would not hold together five minutes after it became dry.

But what was that to him ? He was not known in the region of country through which he passed, and being desirous of reaching his destination without making inroads on his five hundred, where was the harm of paying his way without drawing on his capital ?

Dare was shrewd and made a good investment. He

had learned, before he started, the probable location of a contemplated railroad, and had purchased, at a reduced price, much of the land of the owners, who had not been informed of the anticipated project. In less than a year, he had received four-fold for his investment, and with this capital began business for himself in his native city.

Shrewd, active, and ever ready to take the advantage, he made a very successful merchant, and at the time of which we write, was doing business on a scale sufficiently large to justify his employing a half dozen clerks.

On the evening in question, Dare was accompanied by one of his clerks ; a young gentleman by the name of Murphy. His name was all that indicated his Irish descent, for neither his language nor appearance would have led one to believe him to be a descendant of a son of Erin. On the whole, his features were almost too effeminate to be called handsome, yet when his soft hazel eyes kindled with a meteoric flash, as a finer passage of music than usual fell upon his ear, the light that overspread his countenance made it appear beautiful. His dark chestnut hair, which seemed inclined to curl, was thrown carelessly back from the forehead of almost marble whiteness, all except a little stray lock, that despite his efforts, would coil itself in a spiral form and nestle on his brow. He was apparently not more than twenty-one, and had been employed by Mr.

Dare a year before ; his steady conduct and strict attention to business had so far won the confidence of his employer, he had often been entrusted with the most important business transactions. To encourage him to persevere, had been Dare's motive in showing him some attention, and, on the evening we introduce him to our readers, his employer had, at the minister's request, invited him to accompany him. He had observed that the young man exhibited a decided partiality for music, and determined that for once he should be gratified.

His employer was greatly surprised to mark the effect the music had upon him ; from the moment the young girl took her seat and ran her fingers over the keys, his eyes seemed riveted upon her, and more than once he passed his hand across his forehead in a singular manner. Did the strains affect him painfully because the inexperienced performer did not give to the notes precisely the proper accent, or touch the ivory with the ease and grace of a master ? Had he been accustomed to listen to melodies so nearly perfect, that the least discord grated harshly on his ear ?

Thus soliloquized Mr. Adam Dare, as he stood watching narrowly the various changes of his young friend's features, for though he had been acquainted with him a twelve-month, he knew nothing of his previous history ; whether a sudden reverse of fortune or inherited poverty forced him to seek a situation as a clerk.

Within the last month, Mr. Murphy had been promoted to the station of book-keeper, for two reasons: First, his employer discovered that he possessed an extraordinary degree of conscientiousness, which prevented him from extolling an article he knew to be inferior. Secondly, he was more careful in calculation than Mr. Porter, the former book-keeper. The latter was a tall, pompous looking fellow, boasting considerable self-esteem, and a large portion of prejudice against certain nations. He prided himself on being a native born American, and was sure to devise some means to show those around him, how greatly superior he felt himself to any "importations" that crossed his path.

There was much in his character that Mr. Murphy did not admire; he therefore kept him at a respectful distance. Porter, on the contrary, seemed to court his friendship more than the rest of his companions, and though all his advances toward intimacy had been repulsed in a decided yet courteous manner, still he did not seem to despair.

Murphy had expected to have some trouble with him when an exchange of places was proposed; but, to his surprise, he seemed perfectly willing to resign.

Perhaps it was his employer's well-timed remark, that palliated the disappointment that otherwise might have found utterance.

"I shall expect you to keep an eye on the other clerks," said Dare, when he mentioned the subject, well

knowing his propensity to rule whenever he was permitted.

But we left young Murphy gazing intently on Emma Bartlett, and his employer speculating about his singular manner. Finally, a new thought seemed to strike Dare, and he began to question himself as to whether he had done exactly right in bringing him along. He himself had been dazzled by the surpassing beauty of the young girl, and as the thought flashed across him, that admiration of the musician instead of the music had so entranced his young friend, he secretly upbraided himself for the step he had taken. True, he was nothing but a poor clerk, could boast no wealthy connections, (for he had told Dare he was an orphan), but then that gentleman had been witness to many singular feats of the blind-god, and might he not in this instance try the dexterity of his bow and quiver? There was at least a possibility of it, and would it be anything more than natural for a young romantic girl of Miss Bartlett's age, to give the preference to a handsome gentleman of twenty-one instead of a rich merchant of forty?

Our hero was fast merging toward the shades of bachelorhood; until within a year, business and "philanthropic projects for the amelioration of the condition of his colored brethren" had so occupied his thoughts as to leave them no time to revert to matrimony. True, he had had his preferences, but had never been

sufficiently interested to feel willing to resign his solitary chamber for the trouble and expense of "an establishment." Since boyhood, until he took his trip "out west" (which event occurred fifteen years before, and to which he referred when he told Rosalie business would call him away from the city a few weeks), he had been a constant visitor at the minister's; after his return, however, the perplexities of his avocation had so absorbed his attention as to leave him but few leisure moments; for this reason, his visits at Mr. Bartlett's had been rare; and thus years passed without his knowing of the existence of such a being as Emma Bartlett. Judge, then, of his surprise, when it was rumored through the circle in which he moved that Mr. Bartlett's adopted daughter gave promise of exceeding loveliness; that she would probably be the admired of all when ushered into society. Impelled by curiosity, he renewed his acquaintance, and was welcomed as an old friend by both parents.

When first introduced to the daughter, he started with surprise; his usual self-possession left him, and as the young girl advanced to meet him, he returned her greeting with an awkwardness of manner that his friends had never before seen him exhibit.

Recovering from his embarrassment, he made a hasty apology, by assuring the minister and his wife that he was entirely ignorant of this addition to their family circle; it was somewhat of an equivocation, but, being

so suddenly thrown off his guard, it was necessary to offer some explanation, and he did not scruple to make use of the first that presented itself.

It was no wonder he turned pale, when she burst upon his sight; the striking resemblance that Emma bore to her he had betrayed, was enough to curdle the blood in his veins. Truly had Rosalie said to Lena, "My picture is all the legacy I have to leave my child." Yet, when these words were uttered, little did she dream her offspring would possess form and features so similar that those who gazed upon her, and then, after a lapse of time, upon her child, could scarcely believe they were different beings. The same soft blue eyes that had turned with such confidence to her betrayer, seemed again fixed upon his face. The same golden ringlets seemed to fall over a brow as spotlessly white as the one his perfidy had clouded with grief. The same slight, graceful form that had stood by his side when the trembling "Yes" was pronounced, seemed again to draw near. Was it marvelous, then, that his presence of mind forsook him? That he was, for an instant, entirely thrown off his guard? Or that repeatedly, during that first interview, he found himself wondering that two utter strangers, natives of different countries, should be so strangely similar? Before they had met, when the report of her wondrous beauty had reached his ear, he had inquired about her origin, and been told that a friend of Mrs. Bartlett's had consigned

the child to her keeping ; with this information, he had not the slightest clue to suspect her German descent.

The evening on which young Murphy accompanied him, was the third he had passed in her company.

After playing the pieces her father desired, Emma arose from the piano and took a seat by his side ; when the music ceased, the guests began conversing on various subjects. Mrs. Bartlett had drawn young Murphy into conversation, while Mr. Dare joined the minister and said, as he cast his eye on the daughter, " If sister Nellie had been with us, I should not have been kept in ignorance of Miss Bartlett's existence—so long as I was."

" Your sister married a gentleman from Illinois, I believe ? "

" Yes ! I visited her while passing through that State, some ten years since."

" Has she been married so long ? " asked the minister, in some surprise.

" Yes, and longer too. Don't you recollect ? It was just after my return from my first trip, over fourteen years ago."

" True ; how time flies ! Nellie is changed, no doubt, from the light-hearted girl she used to be."

" Yes, but her husband is a noble fellow, Mr. Bartlett ! a true philanthropist. He informed me that when he first emigrated he settled in Missouri, but was obliged to leave the State, merely because he was suspected of assisting

a poor, degraded, fellow-man to cast off the shackles that bound him. But it was ordered for the best, I suppose: he moved to one of our glorious free States, where no such miserable distinction as master and slave exists."

"Was it not rather strange, that he, with his peculiar views on that subject, should choose a slave State for his home?" asked the minister.

"Not at all, my dear sir! not at all! He felt that he had his mission to fulfil, and he hoped, by strewing the good seed broadcast in their midst, to see the fruit spring up and yield a plenteous harvest. But you know, my friend, that the Good Book tells us, 'None so blind as those that will not see,' and so he found it; though only receiving a small remuneration for the great work he had undertaken, he was willing to labor for a mere pittance, that posterity might reap the benefit. And how was he rewarded for his generous self-sacrifice? For straining every nerve in the cause of liberty? Why, he was seized by the ungrateful, benighted rabble, and held in custody to await a trial for negro-stealing, as they term it; and it was by the merest accident, or I should rather say a singular interposition of Providence, that he made his escape.

"But he has settled in the right place now, Mr. Bartlett; I never saw more zealous workers in the cause of freedom! Their minister is a firm, decided man! He allows no one to become a member of his church, without denouncing the whole system of slavery. An instance

occurred while I was there. A gentleman from Missouri applied for membership: a rumor that he still held an interest in a slave reached the minister's ears. He immediately called upon the applicant, and informed him that he must openly avow, that he considered it morally wrong, before he could be admitted into his church. And I tell you, sir, it is the only way, after all. Let one and all, who wish to remove this stigma from our land, take a decided stand, and we must, we *will* bring the Southerners to terms. O! Mr. Bartlett, it would have refreshed you to have heard the good Parson Bruce talk on this subject! He took such a firm stand. Why, once, on a sacramental occasion, while speaking of this curse, he raised his hands, and thanked his God that no slaveholder had ever partaken of the blessed rite at his table, or stood within his sacred desk to utter the truths of the inspired volume."

"And did he think," asked the young Emma, "that all slaveholders are excluded from the kingdom of heaven?"

Dare hesitated; he had not expected an interrogation from that quarter.

"Why does my daughter ask?" asked Mr. Bartlett. "I did not know you took an interest in such subjects."

"I don't, generally, father; but grand-mother used to talk so much about aunt Anna and uncle Charles, and I was just thinking, how unhappy such a belief would have

rendered her. Aunt Anna's name was the last word she uttered, and I am sure she had a hope of meeting her above."

"Yes, a bright hope!" exclaimed the minister, warmly carried back, by her words, to the home of his childhood. "But," he added, recalling his wandering thoughts, "you must carry on the discussion with Mr. Dare, as you were the first to object to his remarks."

"I had no thought of objecting;" she returned, coloring; "nor the least desire to aspire to so important a position; I merely asked for information."

Neither did Mr. Dare seem anxious to pursue the subject further, but adroitly turned the conversation into another channel.

"Your friend, Mr. Dare, entertains some strange views with regard to slavery, father," said Emma, after the company had dispersed.

"Yes, my dear," he replied; "he always was somewhat fanatical on that point; when he introduces the subject I seldom object to what he says, as any argument I might bring forward in favor of slavery, would only irritate him."

"And what do *you* think about it, father?" asked Emma, raising her eyes inquiringly to his face.

"It would take more time than I can spare, to-night, to tell you, dear. I have always looked upon it as a great necessary evil; one that cannot be swept from our land at once, and never will, while compulsory means are

resorted to. I have seen too much of Southern life to believe my brethren there will be *forced* to submit."

"Dear father!" said the beautiful girl, while her blue eyes kindled with animation, "I am so glad to hear you call them brethren, and not a "benighted rabble," as did Mr. Dare. You don't believe with him, that they are to be condemned for an evil entailed upon them."

"No, Emma; I think we should always remember the commands, 'Judge not,' and 'Be merciful.'"

"Wont you tell me, father," she asked with a mischievous smile, "in what part of the Bible Mr. Dare found the quotation he made: 'None so blind as those who will not see'?"

"You're just like your mother," he said, patting her cheek; "nothing escapes you. We are all liable to errors, you know, and my friend was so interested in his subject he mistook his authority."

"What did you think of Mr. Dare's young friend, Emma?" asked Mrs. Bartlett, entering the room.

"I thought him rather handsome, didn't you?"

"Yes, but with regard to his conversational powers. Should you judge he possessed any depth of character?"

"If silence be indicative of profundity, I should say yes; for I did not hear him utter a single syllable," was the laughing rejoinder.

CHAPTER XIV.

R O D E R I C.

CHANGED in form and changed in features,
Is the one before our view ;
Grief had chastened and subdued him
For the haughty spirit, too,
Bows in child-like, meek submission
To his Father's wise decree ;
Dreams he not his heart will ever
Bound again in ecstasy.

A MONTH prior to the events narrated in the preceding chapter, a person of apparently five and thirty might have been seen to enter one of the Boston reading-rooms, and seating himself by a table, pick up one of the daily papers and glance over it. His finely-cut features were full of expression, yet on the high forehead a shadow seemed to linger. It was Roderic Sundahl ; changed, greatly changed. Yet the eloquent features, where thought had set its seal, were scarcely less handsome than they had been in the dawn of his manhood. Not only had time's fingers wrought a change there, but his whole nature seemed changed. It was at Rosalie's bedside his heart had been baptized with the holy baptism of Christianity ; there he first felt inspired with a new life, a strong, earnest desire to possess more of

that spirit of meekness and forgiveness that had characterized the gentle being he had adored. It was this that prevented him, when the stunning blow fell, from becoming gloomy, morose and misanthropic. The quick flash of his dark eye plainly indicated that if not held in constant restraint, his temper might gain the mastery: for this reason he kept a strict watch over himself, and each year that hurried on to the great ocean of Eternity but strengthened the resolve he made by her dying bed to prepare to meet his spirit-bride, whom he confidently believed would be waiting at the emerald gates to receive him.

To us there is no grander sight, nor one deserving higher commendation, than to see man, created as he is in the god-like image of his Maker, and occupying the highest position in the universe, standing as it were impregnable to the shafts of the Evil One; repelling, with the sword of the spirit, all attempts to rob him of his peace, thus elevating himself above those petty weaknesses that mar the happiness of those who have not girded on the Christian's armor, and securing that pure and perfect peace the world can neither give nor take away.

Thus had it been with Roderic. Leaning on the Rock of Ages, he had stemmed the current and come off victorious. To his aged father he had devoted himself during the fourteen years succeeding Rosalie's death, and then, when he saw the cold hands folded meekly

on his bosom, and the cherished form resigned to its last resting-place, he had turned his face to the setting-sun, in order to redeem his promise to the dead—to search for the two his lost Rosalie had left behind her in America.

As he glanced from column to column, his eye was caught by an advertisement headed, "A German clerk wanted," and all applicants were requested to call at the store of Adam Dare, Jr., on — street. Roderic started as he read that name, and some of the fire that lighted his eyes in other years, flashed from beneath the dark lashes. His lips were compressed tightly, as though to crush back the exclamation that involuntarily arose.

Drawing from his pocket a case, he opened it and took therefrom a card on which were printed the words "Miss Nellie Dare," and underneath, in pencil marks, was written the name of Adam Dare, Jr.

"I had not expected to trace him so soon," he at length mused aloud. "Perhaps it would be better to apply for the situation, and through him I might get an introduction to the minister's family, for they are doubtless friends, or were, as this card testifies. But perhaps—yes, he must be the same, for does not the advertisement say Junior, too? It will probably be the best plan I can adopt to gain the information I need."

Yet the more he reflected, the harder seemed the

plan to execute. Suppose he were accepted, it would be a severe trial to be thrown daily into the presence of one, the thought of whom almost made his heart rebel against the promise he had breathed into the ear of the dying. While his bosom was thus wrung by contending emotions, he offered up a silent prayer for Divine assistance, and passed out into the street.

Well had it been for Rosalie had she been able to speak our language as well as he. She might have done so, had she made it the study of years, as her lover had done.

Mr. Sundahl was not long in finding the merchant's place of business, or in making application. A single glance at Dare's face, convinced him that he was the man Rosalie had so minutely described.

The merchant eyed him suspiciously for a moment; then, after asking him how long he had been in this country, what brought him over, and a variety of questions foreign to the point, said he wouldn't mind taking him on trial; he couldn't give the usual salary, he said, until he had tested his capabilities. His foreign customers were increasing, and in his absence he found it would be requisite to have one in his place who understood the language. If he was willing to accede to his terms, they would enter into an agreement without delay.

The applicant assented. If any doubts had lingered in his mind with regard to the merchant's identity, they

were removed when he intimated that he understood his mother tongue ; for was not that the means by which he had deceived Rosalie ?

Mr. Dare congratulated himself that he had "struck a good bargain." His gentlemanly bearing and quick perceptions were not long in attracting his notice.

"What a fine eye he has," thought Mr. Murphy, as he stood at his desk in the counting room, and returned the very polite bow of the stranger, to whom he had just been introduced.

"Porter will have his hands full, if he undertakes to 'break him in.' Perhaps he will not attempt it, as he seems his equal in both age and experience."

But Porter did make the attempt. In a variety of ways he annoyed the stranger for the first few days. He began by attempting to make himself familiar, and although he found him as unapproachable as he had Mr. Murphy, he did not desist. Supposing it did annoy him, he said in answer to a remark made by a fellow clerk, "What was he but a Dutchman?"

One morning, as the new clerk stood with his eyes fixed on the floor, apparently absorbed in deep thought, Porter approached him, and with a loud slap on the shoulder, said, "How do you feel this morning, old fellow?"

Fire flashed from the stranger's eye, as he turned his glance upon his companion ; his lips parted as

though to reply, but instead, he threw upon him a withering look, and then turning aside, resumed his meditations.

Porter felt the silent rebuke, but determined not to be thwarted ; muttering something about the arrogance of foreigners, he walked behind the counter.

On the afternoon of the same day, Porter overtook the newly-installed book-keeper on his way from dinner to the store.

"What do you think of our new acquisition, Murphy?" he asked.

"Do you refer to the new clerk?" interrogated the other.

"Yes, of course. He is very pompous and consequential, but I'm determined to see if he's got any fight in him. I'm going to make him mad this very day; see if I dont."

"What motive have you in view, Mr. Porter?"

"O, none in particular," he replied, carelessly. "It always does my soul good to torment these fresh importations; and to tell the truth, Murphy, I always hated a Dutchman as I do a rattlesnake."

"Why?" asked the other, in surprise.

"O, because—well, really I never asked myself the question," said the other, after thinking a moment. "I believe the hatred was born with me, for I can remember when I was a boy, I've followed Dutchmen a dozen squares merely for the gratification of throwing

a rock at their pates, when I thought no one was looking. I paid pretty dearly for the whistle one night, though. Had followed Mr. Dutchy a square or two, and had just aimed a brick at his head, when I was unceremoniously seized by the shirt collar, and landed in the watch-house. Ha! ha! ha!"

Mr. Porter enjoyed his laugh alone, while his companion quietly remarked, "I must say, sir, that I consider it a very silly weakness, and one you should by all means endeavor to overcome."

"By no means! not in these times!" returned the other in a significant tone. "I'm down on foreigners more than ever, now. D'ye understand? eh?"

Mr. Murphy did not.

"What! Mr. Dare has not taken you through, then? Well, I guess he will before long, so it will be no harm to forestall him a little. I have understood that you are an American, Mr. Murphy; inherit nothing from foreign nations except your name. You have every reason to be proud of your country, and no doubt are. But," he said, pausing abruptly, "perhaps I am betraying confidence, by broaching this subject. It would probably be better to wait and let Mr. Dare enlighten you. I might not have been posted so soon had it not been for him, but you see his father is a minister, and preaches—there, I won't say any more; you'll be apt to know all in the course of a few months."

"I confess I do not understand to what you allude,

but imagine, from your remarks, that our employer looks upon foreigners in the same light as yourself, and upholds you in your conduct against the German who has recently come among us. If so, I must say, I do not at all admire the principle that actuates either of you."

This was spoken in a calm, gentlemanly way, and Porter replied dryly, "Self-interest was all that prompted him to employ a foreigner, but the time will come when even that will cease to be an inducement, for Mr. Dare is a true patriot, and would not even allow self-aggrandizement to stand in the way of his country's welfare. You will have occasion to remember my words hereafter," he said, in a tone of importance.

The remainder of the way was traversed in silence; Mr. Murphy revolving in his mind what he had heard, and Mr. Porter evidently vexed with himself for having said what he did, especially as he found it met with such a cool reception. He had hoped his confidential manner would break down the barrier of reserve existing between himself and the young book-keeper, but had, as usual, met with a signal failure.

On entering the store they found it devoid of customers; only their fellow clerks were in attendance. The German sat beside the stove, reading a paper; the rest were behind the counter. Approaching his victim, Porter, with disgusting familiarity, threw himself astride his knee, remarking that he was tired. The

stranger rose to his feet in a flash, precipitating his tormentor on the floor before he had time to use his feet. A loud laugh rang from behind the counter as Porter gathered himself up and prepared to fight. The scene brought forcibly to one's mind the picture of David and Goliath; the tall six-footer, straitening up to his full height, and the man of slender proportions standing fearlessly before him.

"I'll allow no man to strike me," said the German, as the former doubled up his fists for combat; then, imitating his example, he began with inconceivable rapidity, to pass his clenched digits, with a circular movement, directly under the pompous Goliath's nose, following him closely as he receded. In vain did the baffled giant seek an opportunity to display the power of his stalwart arm; the unabated swiftness of those dexterously-turned hands, in frightful proximity to his olfactory nerves, made him beat a retreat without being able to charge upon his opponent.

"Holler enough, Porter!" cried one of the clerks, convulsed with laughter.

"I'll pay the d—d Dutchman," he began, making a desperate effort to pause in his retrograde motion, "I'll ——"

At that moment the door opened, and some ladies entered. In an instant the German desisted, and receding from the door to which he had driven his antagonist, quietly reseated himself and resumed reading.

Porter was satisfied ; never afterward was he known to attempt a quarrel with his victorious opponent ; indeed, it was remarked that from that time forward, his manner toward him changed ; if anything he treated him more respectfully than his fellow-clerks.

It was not strange that the two clerks, Murphy and Porter had never become intimate friends, for it was as impossible for natures as entirely different as were theirs to assimilate, as it is for oil and water to unite. Neither was it strange that Roderic Sundahl's and the young book-keeper's acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy. They were alike in many respects. Mr. Murphy soon learned his friend possessed a fine appreciation of the beautiful both in nature and art, was exceedingly fond of music, and an ardent admirer of painting. Although more than a half a score of years his senior, he preferred his company to those nearer his own age, and at his request they occupied the same room, in order to have the more uninterrupted intercourse.

On the evening Mr. Murphy was invited to accompany his employer to the minister's house, he longed to be permitted to ask his German friend to join them. But delicacy forbade, for Dare himself would have mentioned it had it been his desire.

Little thought the young man, as he stood tying his cravat, and arranging his chestnut locks, how intensely his room-mate desired to accompany him, or how eagerly

he waited his return, counting every moment that intervened between his departure and reappearance.

Roderic had waited patiently for an opportunity to behold the adopted member of the minister's family, but as yet none had offered. And now his young friend was going to gaze upon what he had so long desired to see. Had he not feared they would have doubted his story, or at least have imagined he had come to rob them of their child, he would at once have made himself known, but even when he asked himself in what way he could benefit her, now that he had crossed the sea for that purpose, the question remained unanswered. She had been and was still cherished with the tenderest care by her devoted guardians, and what more was needed?

Roderic sighed as he mused thus; since his father's death he had experienced that feeling that makes the heart yearning for love and sympathy, turn sick with despondency — the feeling of utter loneliness — the want of something to love and care for. Had he found Rosalie's offspring destitute, in want of a protector, how gladly would he have taken her back to the Fatherland, and devoted his remaining years to rearing and instructing the little one she had left behind.

Little one! yes, he thought of the child in no other light; he forgot years had flown by, transforming the infant to a beautiful being, just entering the first stages of womanhood. That even then she had numbered

as many years as had Rosalie, when they murmured their farewells beside the clear waters of the Main. His memory had never reverted to her, except as an infant, as often as he had wondered if the babe's eyes were of a heavenly blue, as the lost one's had been, or if the same golden ringlets rippled over its brow as had waved upon Rosalie's temples. Imagination had, at times, so vividly pictured the young creature to his view, he had felt constrained to reach forth his arms as though to fold her to his bosom; and when the vision faded, he would sigh deeply, as though something had been snatched from his embrace that his heart longed to retain.

CHAPTER XV.

RECOGNITION.

A SEARCHING look—a gleam of hope—
A pause—a sudden start—
An instant lighting of the eye—
A warming round the heart—
A quivering of the parted lips,
From whence a quick, sharp sound
Came ringing forth, told that a friend,
Long-lost, at length was found.

“How I wish you could have seen her, Mr. Sundahl! she is beautiful as a dream, and so like —”

The young man paused and pressed his hand to his forehead, as though to recall some faded remembrance.

“Who?” asked Roderic, gazing fixedly on his face, which was lit up with an enthusiasm he had never before seen his young friend exhibit. There was a dreamy softness in those full hazel eyes; a something familiar the gazer seemed for the first time to discover. The thoughtful expression that settled about the mouth seemed to share a portion of his scrutiny.

“Who is she like, my friend?” he repeated, arousing the other from the reverie into which he had fallen.

“I don’t know,” he replied, in a tone of disappointment, “some person I have seen before; one of

whom I have often dreamed of—a being who, I believe, watched over my infant years, perhaps my mother. I can remember nothing distinctly; I've tried a thousand times after the vision floated before me in slumber, to recall the original."

"Are you not a native of Boston?" asked his friend, again scanning his features narrowly.

"I have every reason to believe not. Although she who reared me, bestowed upon me the care and tenderness of a parent, I do not think I was her own child."

"Indeed!" cried the other with increasing interest, without removing his eyes from his companion's face.

"No," returned his friend, without noticing his eager look, "I have an indistinct recollection of another home, and of crossing the Ocean where something terrible happened, but I don't know what it was; then it seems as though I woke up, and some one took me away from—I don't who," he said, again pressing his hand against his temples.

Roderic started forward. "Would you know the name, if you heard it? Was it Rosalie?" he asked, breathlessly.

How the youth's eye brightened when that single word was mentioned! How his cheek flushed and his frame trembled, as, hastening toward his companion, he grasped his hand and said, "Yes; that *was* the name! Tell me more."

"Can it be possible that I have found you?" exclaimed Roderic. "Is it, can it be Karl?" he asked, pressing tightly the hand that lay within his own.

"Karl!" cried his friend, and the bewildered expression resting on his features deepened, "that name sounds familiar, too! Tell me, Mr. Sundahl, for Heaven's sake, tell me what this means!"

"Look in the mirror first, while I raise these dark locks from your temple, and if we can discover a scar directly above the right ear, why then you are Rosalie's brother, the one for whom I have been seeking."

"It is there, I have seen it often!" burst from young Murphy's lips, even before the temple was laid bare, exposing the mark to view.

Both were deeply agitated; the thoughts of the younger seemed too confused to be expressed in words. Roderic was the first to speak.

"You owe that scar to me," he said at length; "I gave you a little hatchet once, and in your childish efforts to use the tool you wounded yourself here; Rosalie tied it up; she was your sister, Karl! Don't you remember, boy?" he asked, carried back by association to his native home.

"No," said the other, musingly. "And was my name Karl?"

"Yes, we used to call you Karlchen then; Karlchen Hutten. But you've forgotten it all, I see. Why, your father was a Baron, child," he continued, addressing

him as he had in days gone by. "He was imprisoned for speaking against his sovereign; it broke your mother's heart; she died shortly after. Then I planned your father's escape; you and Rosalie accompanied him to America; no, not to America either, for he died and was buried in the sea; that was the terrible thing that happened."

"And who are you?" asked the listener, in a wondering tone.

"I am Roderic Sundahl; *was* Rosalie's lover—her betrothed," he added, in a mournful tone. "My father opposed our union after the Baron was imprisoned, and this was why I consented to have Rosalie come to America, that I might join her when I became free."

"And she was the lovely creature of whom I have so often dreamed!" he said, the cloud clearing from his brow. "Where is she now?"

"Yes, she was beautiful," said Roderic, in a tone of melting tenderness, without noticing his friend's inquiry, "even in her sorrow she was so beautiful! it was infinitely worse than ten thousand deaths to give her up," he continued, with an earnestness that startled the brother. "She spoke of you when dying; your name was linked with mine, Karl, in the last sentence that passed her lips."

"Is she dead, then?" asked the listener, with a sigh.

"Yes, Karl! she went back to the Fatherland to die; she—" The speaker paused to reflect. Should

he impart to the brother the story of his sister's shame? In case he did, what would be the result? Would not his first step be to revenge himself on her betrayer, and might not this one rash act cloud the whole after life of his young friend? Then, as his thoughts wandered back to the beautiful blighted flower—

“Who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by his side”—

the tempter whispered that a brother's hand might strike the blow his lips had once opened to swear should be dealt by his own; yet, even while he mused, a familiar voice, in soft, beseeching accents, seemed to whisper, “Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord.” “I will withhold this from him,” he exclaimed mentally, “for his own sake he shall be kept in ignorance till we both go back to the Fatherland, and then, when out of the reach of temptation, he shall learn all.”

“Your sister entrusted you to one who promised to provide a home for you, until she should be ready to take you again under her protection,” he said, at length, addressing his friend who had maintained a respectful silence, imagining the lover's thoughts had wandered back, and were dwelling on joys that were past. “That person deceived her; he never restored you to her arms, and after searching in vain for you, she was obliged to return to her native land alone, desolate, and heart

broken. She made me promise, ere her spirit took its flight, that I would come to America and continue the search. That was sixteen years ago, and now, at this late period, I have not only redeemed my promise, but my efforts have been crowned with success."

"But tell me, Karl, how am I to obtain an interview with her whom you say resembles Rosalie? I should never weary in gazing on any one who reminded me of her."

"Did you so love my sister, then?" asked the other, feelingly. "Strange that I should have forgotten her name. I remember better now since you have spoken of her. It was the new language and new faces that blotted those infant years from my memory; then began, as it were, a new era in my life. I can recollect yet something I used to say every night before I laid down to sleep. I repeated it until she whom I called mother told me there was no sense in it. It began thus: 'Vater unser! der du bist im Himmel.' What was it? I never knew what it meant."

"It is the Lord's prayer! you have preserved the accent just as it was taught you," said Roderic, deeply moved.

"How strange it all seems!" exclaimed Karl. "Had it not been for the fair face I gazed upon to-night, you might never have recognized me."

"The moment you began speaking of her," returned Roderic, "your countenance lighted up, and then for the

first time I thought I saw something familiar in your face. I can trace a resemblance to Rosalie better now," he added, regarding him attentively.

"*Her's* is far more like the face that has so often floated up from the dim and shadowy past to smile upon me in my slumbers," said the youth.

"But how am I to see her?" asked Roderic, with unwon'ted energy. "Were I in the Fatherland, it would be an easy matter to seek an acquaintance; but here it would be considered presumptuous for me, a foreigner, to obtrude myself on their notice. You had better keep the fact of your German origin concealed, Karl, unless you consent to return with me to your native shores."

"I have been too long in America for that now," was the reply.

"Karl Hutten," he continued, "I have been disappointed in the Americans; my pride has been wounded — stung to the quick by the suspicious manner with which many have regarded me. I thought they were generous, liberal and free as their boasted land of liberty."

"And so they are, my friend; that is the true Americans; a more generous, noble, warm-hearted people lives not under the face of the sun. You would do our country great injustice to take such men as Porter as an example of her sons."

"I did not refer to him, but to others who seem to avoid me — to keep aloof from my society."

“There is, I am aware, a great amount of prejudice existing in many minds against foreigners; and at the present time it seems to be on the increase. I have heard it intimated that a new party is being formed for the suppression of Jesuitism and Catholicism. We are an excitable people; easily carried to extremes, and I can readily imagine how those of my countrymen, who are inclined to be fanatical, would be so zealous in the cause they have espoused as to look upon all foreigners as belonging to one of the two sects, and consequently turn their faces against all who are not American born.

“It would not be fair to treat them thus, Karl; for we all know that Catholicism has its bitterest enemies in the old countries, where its cruelties have been the most severely felt; and it is for this very reason that many seek Columbia’s shores; ’twas this that made your father so desire to leave his native land; and for expressing his views with regard to religious proscription he was imprisoned. Now, Karl, would it not be unfair — nay, absolutely cruel for your countrymen, as you choose to term them, to combine against those persecuted ones who fly to your shores, as to an ark of safety? And if, as you say, this new movement is calculated to make them suspicious of all, will it not follow as a natural consequence?”

“It would, indeed, were the Americans to join heart and hand in this movement. But I will hope better things of them. It is only the fanatical portion of community who will attach themselves to this secret party.

Surely, the calm, deliberate, thinking portion will keep aloof ! ”

“ Secret party ! did you say ? Why, Karl, it would be impossible to get up a secret society against Jesuitism. Their oath is only binding to each other. No member of the order would perjure himself by swearing to keep the secrets of ‘ heretics ’ inviolate, and the next moment revealing all to a brother Jesuit ! And again, Karl, this using secret arms against an order that we believe to be guided by the Prince of Darkness, seems like fighting the Evil One with his own weapons. Would it not be wiser to use the ‘ two-edged sword,’ and step boldly out to combat ? To preach Christ and him crucified, and thus with the Word of God put the armies of the enemy to flight ? It is the only way, Karl ; depend upon it.”

“ I agree with you on this point, entirely, my friend ! ”

“ And even if you did not, I should not think it strange ; your preferences are doubtless for America, for upon her bosom have you found a home. Remember, Karl, my brother,” he said, laying his hand tenderly on the young man’s head, “ how muchsoever we may differ in opinion, my feelings toward you will ever be the same. We will be as brothers, Karl ; and the golden chain of remembrance that links our spirits to the departed, will wind itself around both our hearts, thus forming a pure and holy tie, that dissension can not sever, nor the iron fingers of prejudice unloose. I am not blind to the

noble qualities of the people among whom I have taken up my abode. They are, as you say, easily carried away, but not stubborn; once convince them of their error and you will not find them backward in acknowledging they were wrong. I am aware of all this, and perhaps my only reason for being disappointed in them, is because, having heard so much of their generosity and benevolence, I had expected them to receive me with open arms. And again, having been thrown in the way of some lacking refinement, I have been somewhat provoked by their coarse familiarity."

"I am as much opposed to this new movement," said Karl, after a little reflection, "as you can be. My foster-mother was a daughter of Erin, and so completely did she win my heart by her tenderness of manner, and many self-sacrifices, it kindled in my bosom a kindly feeling for the whole nation, and to this day I can not bear to hear a person speak slightly of an Irishman; it makes my blood boil in my veins, and I am always ready to defend him for her sake."

"You took her name, Karl."

"Yes. I did not know, until to-night, but that it was my own, although, as I said before, I had a faint idea of some previous life, as it were. I don't know where the good woman found me, but as far back as I can remember, she used to smooth my hair, tell me I had 'two beautiful bright eyes,' and call me her darlin'."

"Where is she now, Karl?"

"She died of Cholera last Summer. O! sir, if you could have seen how devoted she was to me all along, until she was taken; how she worked both night and day that I might be kept at school, and denied herself necessary clothing in order to keep me neat and tidy, you wouldn't wonder that I love to dwell on her memory now;" and the young man brushed the moisture from his eye as he spoke.

"That's right, Karl!" exclaimed the other, enthusiastically. "Never allow your eyes to be blinded to true, genuine worth, whether you find it in a hovel or a palace. It matters not in what form it may present itself, or what position those by whom it is possessed may occupy, keep your heart free from prejudice, and you will appreciate it all the same. For my own part, I would sooner experience the tranquil happiness that warms the breast of the humblest Christian that may be found, than to change places with one who can boast of unbounded wealth, and who, still thirsting for more, allows the milk of human kindness to be sopped up by his inordinate desires. But to return to this strange maiden, Karl! How am I to see her?"

"I'll tell you," cried his friend, after a slight pause; "let us attend her father's church, next Sunday! It will be a capital chance! I can then point her out!"

CHAPTER XVI.

ONLY A GLIMPSE.

THEN his thoughts wandered back
To the beautiful past,
To the bright, golden moments
Too joyous to last.
He was standing enraptured
Again by the side
Of the one he had worshipped—
His long-promised bride.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning in December. The golden sunbeams, as they fell upon the light frost-work that covered surrounding objects, glittered with a wild splendor that dazzled the eyes. Great multitudes of diamonds hung suspended from the branches of the trees and shrubs that decorated the mall. Scores of bells chimed the hour of worship, while hundreds of willing feet answered their call. Among the rest were our two friends, both wending their way, for the same purpose, to the sanctuary entrusted to Mr. Bartlett's care.

The elder seemed occupied with his own thoughts, as he followed his companion up the broad aisle and then into the pew that was opened to receive him.

"Would she, whom he desired to behold, indeed

resemble his lost Rosalie? Could it be possible that the similarity would seem to him as striking as it had to the brother?"

As he thus mused, the object of his thoughts sat in a side pew with her foster mother; her eyes were fixed full upon the pulpit, as though eager to catch the first glimpse of the minister as he arose, for seldom is more fervent love, or rather reverence, bestowed upon a parent, than the gentle, loving Emma felt flowing continually from her heart toward him who occupied that sacred desk. Only one other flame burned with an intenser light in her bosom; and that was the deeper and more confiding love she bore her mother. Truly had Mrs. Bartlett received four-fold for the good seed she had endeavored to sow in life's early spring on the fallow soil of that young heart. Truly had she felt the fulfillment of the words uttered by the aged one when the little stranger lay upon her knee, "Keep the babe; it may prove a blessing to you both yet."

The *petit* bonnet of velvet and lace, so unbecoming to many faces, was peculiarly adapted to her style of beauty; and revealing, as it did, the greater portion of her face, Mr. Sundahl might have been enabled to get a side view had it not been for the head directly in front of him, which boasted no ordinary proportions, and seemed to change places with every movement of Miss Bartlett. Our hero had no evil designs against said head, but could not help wishing it established in

some other part of the church. At length the head in question moved a little to one side, revealing the object of his search. Emma's face was turned at that instant toward the congregation, and, as his eye, for the first time rested on those features, so faultless in symmetry, so wondrous in beauty, he mentally ejaculated, "It is she! It is Rosalie's self!" Then, involuntarily grasping his companion's arm, he kept his gaze fixed full upon her face, while his whole frame shivered from emotion. A death-like pallor had overspread his features, while his lips were of an ashy whiteness.

"Karl," he whispered, tightening his grasp upon his young friend's arm, "I must go; come with me, and help me home." The two arose, and an observant eye might have noticed that the step of the elder was unsteady, and his lips tightly compressed, as though forcing back a something his heart would have poured into words. Their sudden movement interrupted for a moment the unbroken stillness that had reigned throughout the church; and as Emma's eye followed the retreating forms, little did the unconscious girl think that she had been the cause of the agitation that so unnerved the elder.

Roderic leaned heavily on the proffered arm of his companion as they reached the door, and together they hurried to their lodgings.

"I did not think any thing could so affect me, Karl," he said, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "but

had Rosalie risen from her grave and stood before me, I could not have been more overpowered. The long ago passed before me like a panorama, and the instant my eye fastened on that face I felt the same worship for the stranger maiden that my heart freely offered to Rosalie. I remembered then how, as we sat together one lovely evening, she said, 'You must try to forget me, Roderic; in coming years another will fill my place.' And Karl," he continued, while his eye beamed with unwonted brightness, "I remember my answer as though it were yesterday. 'Never,' I replied, 'unless I should find the counterpart of my Rosalie; a being as like her as are twin cherries to each other! One in whom the resemblance would be striking enough to deceive my eyes into the belief that it was Rosalie's self.' With fearful distinctness did those words ring in my ears when that vision burst upon my view. I felt them to be a prophesy, even then fulfilled before me. O! Karl," he continued, wringing the young man's hand as he spoke, "you loved her only as a brother, and for but a short period; but to me she was infinitely more, and I feel that this young creature, her own dear self in seeming, would have the same power to fascinate, were I permitted to approach her. You will assist me in forming her acquaintance; my only hope is through you, Karl. Speak of my proficiency in music; by that means I may be admitted to her presence."

Having spoken thus, Mr. Sundahl relapsed into silence, and now very different thoughts passed through his mind from those by which it had been occupied on the evening he had sat awaiting Karl's return. It was no longer a smiling blue-eyed infant that his heart yearned to enfold, but a bright, glorious creature, a second Rosalie, for which it kept yearning with as intense a desire as had stirred its depths in other years. As the limpid waters of the bubbling stream that flows tranquilly on through the forest whose foliage the sunlight may not penetrate, dreaming ever of the golden beams that warmed its bosom ere it entered the wilderness of shadows, will, when the gorgeous sun again bursts upon its sight, sparkle with renewed brightness and leap up for very gladness, so was it with the waves of feeling in Roderic's bosom. The flame that for long years had been smouldering, the deep abiding love he had imagined had settled down into a sweet sad memory of the departed, came bursting up in a mighty torrent that neither his habitual self-control, the voice of reason, nor iron resolution could hold in restraint. He thought not of Emma Bartlett as another being, the child he had come to watch over, but as Rosalie's second self. He no longer felt the desire that she should look to him as to a parent or guardian, but that she should become something dearer—a portion of himself—his own. And then,

too, he resolved that she should never know what had brought him to America, until he had endeavored to woo her for his bride.

There were many obstacles in his way ; of that he was well aware ; he was a foreigner, and if her adopted parents partook of the prejudice existing in the minds of many against his countrymen, that in itself might prove an insuperable barrier to even an intimate acquaintance. Beside, what reason had he to hope the young lady herself would be pleased with him. The quiet, hidden grief he had carried in his bosom, had, he knew, left its traces on his brow, and years of anxiety had robbed his step of its lightness. Involuntarily he arose and glanced in the mirror, and for the first time seemed fully to realize the change time had effected.

"All is changed," he murmured, "except my heart : that throbs just the same. Karl," he said aloud, turning suddenly to the young man, who sat revolving in his mind all that he had lately learned with regard to his early history, and thinking how passing strange it was, that one habitually so calm and collected, should so suddenly have lost all power of control—"Karl," he repeated, laying a hand on his shoulder, "you have the advantage of me ; you have youth and beauty on your side, just as I had when I won the fair enchantress of my boyish dreams."

As he spoke, the elder regarded his friend with a

searching look ; but no expression of interest arose to awake his jealousy.

"No, no," returned Karl, shaking his head and smiling ; "my feelings are not enlisted as are yours ; and even if they were," he added, with a hightening color, "*I* should never presume to the hand of Miss Bartlett. I know my position too well ; for what am I, but a poor clerk ?" he asked, with a slight bitterness of tone.

"You are not poor !" was the expression that arose to Roderic's lips ; but he crushed it back ; for the time had not come to tell him that all the possessions that had been confiscated by the government, during the reign of the tyrant Karl Ludwich, had been restored to their rightful owners, or their descendants, by the just and lenient sovereign then on the throne ; and that he had nothing to do, but to cross the Ocean, prove his identity, and assert his claim, in order to have the beautiful home of his ancestors pass into his possession.

Roderic had forborne to mention this at first, because of his great desire to accompany his friend back ; and with his mission but half fulfilled, he would not be ready to return immediately. Karl's first impulse, he thought, on learning the good fortune that awaited him, would be to go without delay and assert his claim ; and, until he had seen "the child," he would not be ready to bear him company.

And now he had seen her whom he had so desired to

gaze upon, yet still another motive kept him silent on the subject. Selfish, it might have been, but we will not censure him; true love is sometimes exacting. His only hope of becoming acquainted with the stranger maiden, was through Karl, and this was why he refrained from imparting to him, that which would send him from his presence.

"Have I wounded your feelings, my friend?" asked Karl, fearing that his companion had applied his last remark with regard to position and wealth to himself. "I did not intend what I said to be personal, I assure you," he added, misconstruing Roderic's silence.

The latter smiled. "I did not take it so; not at all. As to position we both stood as high in our native land as she does here; and as far as wealth is concerned, my mother's fortune passed into my hands years ago, and that, believe me, was a goodly inheritance."

"Then why," asked the other, in a tone of surprise, "have you sought for employment, here in America?"

Roderic bit his lip. He was not prepared for this interrogation.

"I have always felt better when engaged in some business that would divert my thoughts from the past," he said; then blushing at what sounded to himself like equivocation, he added, "I had another motive in view, Karl, which I will explain to you at some future time."

Fully aware that his own recommendation would have little weight with his new acquaintances, Mr. Murphy (Roderic had advised him to retain that name for a time,) determined to endeavor to get his friend recommended through Mr. Dare, whom he knew to be intimate with the family. Accordingly, as they sat one evening in the counting-room, the book-keeper dexterously turned the conversation upon the subject of music, a theme of which he knew the merchant was fond. In the course of his remarks he made several allusions to his friend's proficiency and excellent taste in that science.

Mr. Dare was not aware of the fact, he said, though he might have known he possessed some knowledge of it, as he seldom met educated Germans who did not.

Mr. Murphy here took occasion to say that for many years his friend had devoted a greater portion of his time to perfecting himself in his favorite pursuit, and it was his opinion, from what opportunity he had of judging, that his efforts had been crowned with success.

Mr. Dare was delighted to hear this. It set him to thinking; and after a short silence, he wondered if he could not be prevailed upon to impart instruction, if informed that he would confer a great favor by so doing.

Mr. Murphy did not know that his friend would care to change his occupation, but would mention the subject to him he said.

He was, however, informed that his employer would not, for any consideration, lose Mr. Sundahl's services. He was only thinking he would confer a great obligation on a particular friend, could he prevail on him to give his daughter farther instruction in music. "You have had an opportunity to judge of her acquirements in that branch of science," he said, "I refer to Miss Bartlett."

Mr. Murphy bowed, and said he would mention the subject to his friend, inwardly delighted that fortune had so unexpectedly favored him.

"My friend may have one objection to offer," said his employer, after a slight pause, "that is, that he is a foreigner. You are aware," he added, after several protracted ahems, "that in these times Native Americans are to be preferred in all cases."

Mr. Murphy did not see why it should be so.

Dare expressed surprise. "Why, sir, you are behind the times; decidedly so!" he repeated, with emphasis, "Have you heard nothing of the great political movement now going on? the last resort that freemen have been obliged to fly to, in order to free their beloved country from the presumptuous grasp of foreign power?"

Mr. Murphy had merely heard something of the kind intimated.

"Well, sir," continued his informant, "you will hear sooner or later. Though now only in its infancy, it will spread in its triumphant march throughout the

length and breadth of the land, trampling down, with an iron tread, whatever dare oppose."

"And what has induced the people to take such steps?" asked the younger.

"To teach all usurpers the force and beauty of that glorious motto, 'Americans shall rule America,' to keep these foreign aspirants in subjection; to wrest our republic from the threatening danger that surrounds it. It has a direct tendency to check the spurious religion that has increased to so alarming an extent within the last few years, to combat with and overthrow Catholicism, and thus, by stemming the current on one side, to increase the true religion of the Bible."

"It strikes me, Mr. Dare, that if this is their design, they had better not use force-work to execute their plans. Zealots in former ages tried the experiment, but met with little success. Cromwell gives us a striking example."

"Perhaps I touched upon a delicate point when I mentioned religion. We may not adhere to the same faith," said Dare.

"If I am to understand from that, that you wish to know whether I favor Catholicism, I answer, No, sir! I was brought up in the Presbyterian faith, but thanks to the one who reared me, I am free from the prejudices trammeling many of my brethren. I do believe with you, that danger is to be apprehended from the rapid increase of Catholicism in our midst, but can not think

that such opposition as you refer to, will check it in the least. Instead of such measures let the Protestant portion of community be as vigilant in the cause of religion as are their Catholic brethren. Let them redouble their efforts to instil into the minds of their offspring the truths of the Divine volume. Let as great exertions be made by them to build up institutions of learning, as are used by their Catholic friends to establish nunneries and convents. Let the same gentle means be used to win the hearts of those committed to their charge: the same uniform kindness and untiring devotion. This, sir, I believe to be the great secret of their success. How many instances can you recall, where a child, placed at a convent at an early age, and allowed to remain there until the age of maturity, will leave the institution from choice? And whence comes this mysterious influence? Surely it is no supernatural power, confined to the walls of the convent. No, it is the stronger influence of love; the unequalled strength of the golden band of affection, that makes them linger at the threshold, loth to pronounce the parting word. I will not take it upon myself to say, whether these sisters are sincere in their conduct, or not, but will leave that to Him who seeth not as man seeth. But allowing that they are only actuated by sinister motives, and put on the garb of sanctity to hide them, we will at least do them the justice to say, that they manifest both wisdom and forethought in their actions. It is not fully developed minds and matured

understandings that they endeavor to impress with the truths of their doctrines, nor even youths of the sterner sex, whose coarser and more unyielding natures render them less susceptible, less ready to appreciate the many kindnesses bestowed; but females, young and impressible, whose hearts readily respond to the constant care and attention lavished upon them. With such assistants they have little fear of failure, for are they not thus laying the foundation of future success? Are they not educating the wives and mothers of the future generation, who in their turn will exert an infinitely greater influence upon the male portion of community, than if the latter were themselves brought under the Papists' control? Is it anything but natural that these same mothers, impressed as they were with the influences brought to bear on their minds, should in their turn hold up to their children, as patterns of excellence, those who watched over them in youth."

Mr. Dare made no reply, and his young friend continued: "Now, instead of patronizing a system we fear will gain the ascendancy, would it not be better to establish schools of a high moral and religious tone, throughout the length and breadth of our land, appointing those to superintend them whose sincere piety and practical lives will lure those committed to their charge to follow their example? By so doing, all Protestant families could be prevailed upon to withdraw their children from the convents; and just think what a diminution of num-

ber it would make ! I tell you, Mr. Dare, it is the only way ; compulsory measures will do no better in this case than the efforts made by Northern abolitionists to force the people of the South to give up their property. They — ”

“ Hold, Mr. Murphy ! you are wrong there ! I affirm it is the only way to free our country of the stigma resting upon her ; we feel it a duty incumbent upon us to keep this point agitated, and thus keep the enormity of their sin continually before our Southern brethren. ‘None so blind as those that will not see,’ as the Good Book says.”

Mr. Murphy had unconsciously led his companion into his favorite channel ; and now as he was mounted on his pet hobby, the former had nothing to do but to keep a respectful silence, while the speaker delivered a very eloquent harangue on the crying sin of slavery.

As was usual on such occasions, the audience became weary before the speaker had reached the middle of his discourse ; but, with commendable perseverance, that individual labored untiringly, hoping by frequent repetition to impress the assertions on his single auditor’s mind, that lacked both the force of argument and the power of conviction to make them effective.

Mr. Murphy’s penetration enabled him to see at once, what Mr. Bartlett had learned by experience, viz : ‘that to enter into a discussion would only irritate Dare, who seemed to have the whole plan of redemption (as he

irreverently called it), arranged to suit his own peculiar views. For this reason the audience chose to preserve an unbroken silence, until the speaker had exhausted his subject.

“Am I to understand it is your desire that I mention the subject to my friend Sundahl?” he asked, as his employer arose to leave.

“To Mr. Sundahl!” exclaimed the other in surprise. “By no means! Why should you? He is a foreigner, and they —”

“Pardon me for interrupting you, Mr. Dare, but you did not understand me. What we first spoke of, was music; you expressed a wish Mr. Sundahl’s services might be procured —”

“Ah! certainly! yes! I remember now. That was where we started from!” exclaimed the philanthropist, passing his fingers several times rapidly through his hair, as though to brighten up his ideas. “Yes, I desire that, by all means! As I remarked at first, an American would be preferred; but as we seldom find one as far advanced in the science as Mr. Sundahl, we will for once lay aside our preference for the sake of convenience. I imagine, however, in a few years we will have to act differently, from a matter of principle; for, with all your arguments, my friend, I hold to the motto, ‘Americans shall rule America.’ The movement will, it *must* have the tendency to Americanize the whole Union, for will not each native brother feel in duty bound to support

one of his own countrymen, in preference to any other, even if that brother should not be as well qualified by education or otherwise, to fill the place assigned him?"

"Regardless of qualification or intrinsic worth! Why, my dear sir, if your movement has that tendency, I see nothing to save it from becoming a perfect oligarchy, more, even, to be dreaded than the monarchies of Europe; for in that case the authority will be vested in the 'powerful few'; and," he added, returning Mr. Dare's steadfast look, "if that 'few' should chance to evince the spirit actuating those who manifest a desire that the South should yield her rights, it strikes me it would soon assume a despotic form."

It was very evident that the philanthropist did not relish the latter remark, for with a formal bow he abruptly took his departure.

CHAPTER XVII.

MUSINGS AND MEMORIES.

WHAT was it that moved his being
With a wild, magnetic thrill,
Causing even his heart's tumultuous
Throbbing to grow strangely still?
What called up the fond, endearing
Accents to which memory clung;
Words of love, that lay, all trembling
And unuttered, on his tongue?

MR. SUNDAHL was consulted without delay, as to whether he would be willing to impart instruction to a single pupil, and his answer was in the affirmative.

"But why does Mr. Dare manifest so much interest in her improvement, Karl? Is he in any way connected with the family?"

His friend thought not.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Sundahl, and a dark cloud passed over his face as he spoke, "perhaps he is interested in the young girl, herself."

Karl thought it very probable, judging from the interest manifested in her improvement, and his frequent visits to the house.

This remark seemed to agitate Mr. Sundahl, greatly. Involuntarily he arose to his feet, exclaiming with startling earnestness, "She shall never become his, Karl! *Never!*" he repeated, with fearful emphasis.

"Why, my dear fellow, how strangely you talk! Supposing a mutual attachment should spring up, think you any effort on your part, could prevent their union.

"Perhaps not," was the cautious reply; for the speaker marked the steadfast look with which his companion regarded him. "How old should you take our employer to be?" he asked, hoping to divert the other's thoughts from his own perturbation.

"About forty, was the reply."

"I have the advantage of him in age," he said, with a forced smile, "but he has every thing else on his side. However," he added, in a lighter tone, "I wont get disheartened before I make the attempt."

It was a clear, cold morning in January. Emma Bartlett sat before the piano, moving her taper fingers listlessly over the ivory, when her father entered, accompanied by the two gentlemen, Dare and Sundahl.

"My daughter, Mr. Sundahl," he said, presenting her; then added, "This is the gentleman who is to give you further instruction in music, my dear."

Miss Bartlett bowed slightly, and then turning to

Mr. Dare, made some playful remark, referring to a previous conversation.

Although after the conversation in which Miss Bartlett expressed a difference of opinion on the subject of slavery, Mr. Dare had scrupulously avoided reverting to any thing he thought calculated to meet with her disapprobation, his efforts seemed entirely unappreciated by his fair friend. The spirit of opposition she had first manifested was not at all diminished on further acquaintance. As time passed on he became accustomed to this, and so, by mutual consent, the conversation was always opened with some sportive remark, referring to a previous dispute. Mr. Dare had several times endeavored to compliment Miss Bartlett on her personal appearance, and that entitled her to express herself unreservedly with regard to his features. His nose, particularly, seemed the object of her unbounded admiration. Now, this was rather unfortunate, as it was the only feature with which our self-complacent hero was not wholly satisfied. It had, he informed her, too much the appearance of a long slender exclamation point, turned up suddenly at the end.

Emma affirmed that she could always tell a person's most prominent traits of character by the end of his nose, and the extreme sharpness of the extremity of his olfactory, she informed him, indicated a great deal of sarcasm, combined with an extraordinary degree of shrewdness.

"Miss Bartlett is very industrious," he remarked, in reply to her first sally. "I admire to see such habits in a young lady."

"I can not imagine to what you refer," she replied.

"Why, do I not find you here, poring over your music at this early hour?"

"Mr. Dare is inclined to be complimentary, this morning," she replied, bowing. "Miss Bartlett will return it by congratulating her friend on the remarkably fine appearance of that point of his features she so admires. It seems to be enjoying a good state of health."

Mr. Dare was happy to assure her of the fact. He was glad, too, that she continued to admire that very important feature. Were it not absolutely indispensable, he would have it amputated and present it to her.

The young lady regretted exceedingly that such a thing was impossible. Could he be prevailed upon to gratify her, she would lose no time in planting it, with the hope that it would yield a plentiful harvest.

While the two carried on their railery, the minister and Mr. Sundahl sat apart, engaged in conversation.

At her father's request, Emma turned to the piano, and performed several pieces, in order that her new teacher might judge of her progress. She was succeeded by Mr. Sundahl, who swept over the keys with a master hand.

"If I could execute as he does, Father, wouldn't it

be grand?" whispered Emma, as the performer awoke a strain of deep soul-thrilling music.

"Perseverance works wonders," was the reply.

Mr. Dare remained a half hour with his friends, and then took his departure. Mr. Bartlett retired soon after, leaving the instructor and pupil alone.

Alone with his enchantress! How his heart throbbed as he approached the instrument where the young girl sat! How like the beautiful, vanished past did the present seem then! Could it be a reality? Were not all the intervening years but a dream, and was he not standing, as of old, beside his betrothed, his Rosalie? Were not those the same tresses rippling over the snowy brow? Unconsciously he moved his hand toward his bosom, as though to draw from its resting place the sacred tress that had slumbered there for years.

"What is to be my first lesson?" asked Emma; and as she turned over the leaves of her music book, she looked up inquiringly at her teacher.

Surely those soft cerulean orbs, whose glance thrilled every fibre of his frame, could be none other than those that had so often and confidently been upturned to his own! and even the fairy fingers, that fluttered through the music leaves, seemed the very counterparts of those, which, like frightened doves, had lain trembling in his hand when, for the first time, his softly breathed vows fell upon Rosalie's ear.

"Give me a song first, please!" said Emma, wondering at his protracted silence. "I like them better than gallopades or waltzes or marches," she added, as her eyes dropped beneath his steadfast gaze.

"Well!" replied the teacher, roused by her voice from his reverie, what shall it be?"

"O! I don't know," she returned; "anything that's new. I'd like to learn something I never heard before. Something you used to sing in Germany; a song everybody don't know. Father says I am full of oddities, and I presume you will indorse his opinion. Allow me to resign my seat to you that you may recall some old familiar tune. What is old to you will be new to me, remember."

Mr. Sundahl took the proffered seat, and, after running through a short prelude, began Rosalie's favorite:

Fremd bin ich hier
Und ach! nur zu Dir" etc.

The earnest pathos of his voice, added to the sad, sweet mournfulness of the tune, gave it a peculiarly touching effect. Emma thought she had never heard anything so full of tenderness as was that rich, clear, and at times tremulous voice; and though the words were perfectly unintelligible, she exclaimed, as he ended, "O! I thank you! it is so sweet! the air, I mean. But I could never learn those words," she added, with a smile.

"I will translate it and arrange the music for you," he said. "In the meantime you can practice some of these time exercises; there is little fear of your being too thoroughly drilled on them, you know."

Emma willingly assented, and after an hour spent in instruction, the teacher took his departure.

A month afterward, Miss Bartlett sat in the parlor alone. Her teacher had just left; they had been practising a duett together, and in one passage, where their arms crossed, his hand had accidentally touched her own. A sudden tremor passed through her frame at the touch; an indescribable feeling she had never before experienced; all power of execution seemed to have fled, and after making several errors, she ceased playing, and without raising her eyes said:

"Indeed, Mr. Sundahl, I can not play this morning! Please excuse me."

No reply came and she added, fearing by his silence that he was displeased, "I hope you will not be vexed with me; I made a great effort to keep the time."

As she spoke, she raised her eyes and encountered his gaze fixed full upon her; there was a strange fascination in the earnest glance of those large, eloquent orbs, a depth of feeling in his tone, as he replied,

"Vexed; O! no! We will lay the duett aside and take the song. You can sing that for me this morning, can you not?"

The pupil signified her willingness to make the attempt. Tremulous as the aspen leaf that quivers at the slightest breath was the voice that arose, and a whole stanza was sung ere the tone became more confident. Perhaps the teacher's reason for giving his pupil the following words was, because he felt them to be applicable to himself:

"Strange I am here
And thou still so near,
Thou beautiful Evening Star
My eye loves to turn
To thee while I yearn
For the country afar.

Still from on high
Beams thy friendly eye,
And when in this stranger land
Gives me no friend the hand,
Then would I rise
To thee in the skies," etc

The teacher did not join as was his wont. He stood there, gazing intently on the fair creature he so longed to clasp to his bosom, to call his own. There she sat, the very image of her who had received his heart's first homage; giving utterance to the same words that had so often burst from the lips of his own Rosalie. As the listener stood spell-bound, he felt a wild yearning within him, a strong desire to tell the lovely being before him some portions of his past life. Of the fervor with which he had adored her who brought her into existence, of the long, solitary years he had passed

since her death ; of the resolution he had formed ere he left the Fatherland, to allow himself no rest until he had searched her out ; of the fond wish he had cherished of taking herself and brother back, and, acting in the stead of parent and brother, of devoting himself to their happiness for Rosalie's dear sake. And finally of the all-absorbing desire, since the first moment he had gazed upon her, of taking her to himself, not as the child he had imagined, but even as he would have taken his heart's first idol, to be his companion, his stay, his comforter. These thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, but, with the self-control he habitually practiced, he restrained the desire and remained silent.

In the back parlor, which, during the winter season, was generally used as a sitting-room, Mrs. Bartlett was busily engaged assisting Lena in cleaning out the china-closet, a piece of work which even the careful Lena had never been trusted to perform alone, for more than one piece of old-fashioned china-ware, handed down to the son and daughter by departed loved ones, were there sacredly preserved, and valued beyond all price from the hallowed associations lingering round them.

Lena, whose good-natured face had not lost a single ray of sunshine during the many years she had labored in the good lady's services, had moved toward a table, to hand Mrs. Bartlett a pile of cups and saucers that

had just undergone a thorough ablution, when Emma began to sing.

Stopping suddenly with the dishes grasped tightly, she bent her head forward, opened her small gray eyes in wonder, and stood listening attentively.

"Hand them along," said Mrs. Bartlett, reaching down from the chair on which she stood, to the spot she supposed the servant had, by that time, reached.

But Lena neither heard nor obeyed the summons.

"What is it, Lena? What do you hear?" asked the lady of the house, changing her attitude, and regarding the girl with a look of inquiry.

Still no reply came, for as the voice increased in strength and firmness, the servant became more absorbed, and not until the last strain died away, did she arouse from her reverie. Then, turning to Mrs. Bartlett, she asked, as the pearly drops chased each other down her cheeks, "Do you remember Rosalie?"

"Yes," replied the lady, somewhat startled by the question, it being the first time she had heard Lena mention that name for many long years.

"Well," continued the girl, wiping her eyes with her sleeve, "that is the very song she sang one day when you were out. I persuaded her to come to the parlor and look out of the front window, and when she saw the piano, she sat down and sang that. I thought then I would never forget it. Miss Emma sings it just as

she did, only the words are English. The tune is precisely the same."

"Lena," asked the foster-mother, anxiously, "have you ever mentioned this subject to Emma; I mean about Rosalie?"

"No, ma'am, never!" replied the girl, truthfully, "and —"

"O mother!" cried the subject of their conversation, entering the room hastily, and hurrying to Mrs. Bartlett's side, "I did miserably this morning! I couldn't play my lesson at all; I made a great quantity of blunders, and couldn't keep the time! Mr. Sundahl had good reasons to get out of patience with me, but he didn't. I do feel provoked with myself, though!" and moved by a variety of feelings she could neither understand nor describe, she burst into tears.

Unconscious maiden! she did not know that the depths within, the waves of feeling that had hitherto moved quietly on, had at length been stirred; that the great chord of her heart had been suddenly touched, and had given forth a responsive tone!

CHAPTER XVIII.

REV. JOSIAH DARE'S INTERVIEW WITH MR. BARTLETT.

"Be ye humble, be submissive."
Thus the lowly Jesus taught;
And His words and bright example
Were with strict obedience fraught
Then if *He* and his disciples
Ne'er opposed a just decree,
Why should we, blind, erring mortals,
War against the "powers that be?"

It was a clear, sunshiny morning, a fortnight subsequent to the one on which Emma made such an utter failure with her music. Mr. Bartlett sat in his pleasant study preparing his sermon for the ensuing Sabbath, when word was brought him that the Rev. Josiah Dare wished to have a conversation of a strictly private nature with him.

"You will have to take French leave, Emma, he said, addressing his wife, who was removing the dust from the books and papers on his table. Then turning to Lena, he said, "Ask him up."

"I wish he had postponed his visit an hour later! I was just waiting for a leisure moment to say a few words myself. However, it can be deferred. Perhaps the good

Doctor has come for the purpose of introducing the self-same subject. It was with regard to Emma and his son I wished to speak. If the old gentleman mentions it, please say we will let our daughter decide for herself in this matter : won't you George ? The child seemed distressed, when she told me, this morning, of his proposal, for fear that we would not only sanction it, but urge her to accept. She likes him well enough, but I'm sure she has never thought seriously of marriage, in her life."

This was said very hurriedly, for the wife heard the measured tread of their friend approaching, and with a hasty, "It will be time enough half-a-dozen years hence to think of parting with our treasure," she closed the door leading to their chamber.

Mrs. Bartlett had been somewhat surprised on learning, an hour previous, that the evening before, Mr. Adam Dare had offered her daughter his hand, heart and fortune. True, she had observed his deepening interest in Emma, and had more than once said, laughingly, to her husband, that at some future day they might hear their child announced as Mrs. A. Dare ; but then, at that early period, the information was so sudden, so unexpected, she was not at all prepared for it. Emma, too, when she imparted it, seemed deeply distressed — and that increased her solicitude.

Knowing that her husband had always manifested a great interest in Dare, Jr., and, excepting his fanatical views, really liked him, she had mentioned this fact to

Emma, adding, at the same time, that she esteemed him highly. This, however, seemed only to annoy her the more, and she had begged her mother not to mention the subject again, as it was absolutely painful.

But the good lady had mistaken the object of the senior Dare's morning call; it was to discuss an entirely different subject.

"Good morning, brother Bartlett!" said the little clergyman, shaking his friend's hand with considerable warmth. "I have come to converse with you on a theme of the greatest importance; one that possesses the deepest interest to me at the present juncture of time," he added, depositing his cane and removing his overcoat as he spoke. Then adjusting his spectacles, (which he always wore,) he settled himself down in the comfortable rocking-chair his "brother" had drawn up to the fire for his accommodation. "About this political movement," he began in his emphatic way. "I think it high time, my brother, that we clergymen were taking this matter into serious and prayerful consideration. The time is coming when church and state united will form an impregnable barrier against the inroads of Catholicism. The people of the South seem willing to join hands with us against this common evil, and if, sir, we can gain our point in this direction, it will be of infinite service in another; for can not our people, after driving the frightful monster, Popery, from our shores, with their concentrated strength

and combined forces, carry on the warfare against slavery with renewed vigor?"

"I never approved of force work; it don't do well, particularly where matters of conscience are concerned."

"Well, but, my brother, this hideous Catholicism must be checked; prompt, active measures must be taken to arrest its prosperous career. You must take this subject into serious, prayerful consideration, as I have done. I believe, sir, after much careful and deliberate thought on the subject, that this is the only way in which the prosperity of this priest-serving people can be interrupted. We must all go earnestly to work and establish an American Church! that's the thing!" and he brought his finger down in his determined, emphatic way.

"Ah, my friend, that will never do! Never," he repeated, shaking his head. "An American Church! Why, sir," continued Mr. Bartlett, with more than usual warmth, "by the same process of reasoning, you might as consistently say, 'We must have an *American God!*' How shocking, how blasphemous it sounds! No, no, brother Dare, Heaven will never prosper such proceedings. Why, the greatest charm our earthly sanctuaries have, is that they are open to all; rich and poor, Jew and Gentile, bond and free; all may come and worship in their courts. Think you that the ear of the Most High is not as ready to hear the humble

petitions arising from the hearts of the poorest foreign paupers that wander into your church and bend the knee in devotion, as it is to listen to the prayers of our own countrymen? And even if a Catholic should venture to the portal, would there not at least be a possibility of converting him to your faith? Environ your church with the walls of prejudice, and she will cease to prosper. The Spirit of God will cease to strive with the people."

"But how, then, are we to put a stop to this widespread evil?"

"Surely not by establishing a church that would, perhaps, be more despotic in its sway than the one you endeavor to subdue, brother Dare."

"But why do you suppose this new movement will develop such traits?"

"Because I have understood that before the applicants can become members of the Order, they have to declare on oath that they have not been reared by Catholic parents or guardians. In case they can not do this, even although they may be thoroughly Protestant in their views, they are not only excluded from the organization, but, with the tendency it has, all their aspirations for honor and distinction will be crushed; for if this new movement triumph, will they not be told that it is useless for them to aspire to any prominent position in the state? Take from them this prerogative, and Columbia will cease to be the asylum for

the oppressed. To boast of the freedom of her institutions and the equity of her laws, will sound like mockery. The powerful few will develop traits of character infinitely more to be dreaded than the monarchies of the old world. In other words, it will be nothing more or less than an oligarchy. Brother Dare, we have all the germs of despotism in us, and if these are not kept in check by other and kindlier sympathies, the consequences might be fearful. You speak of the willingness of the people of the South to join hands with you in this matter. I believe you are in error there, especially if you refer to this forming an American Church. You are the second person I have heard advance that idea; your views on this point are peculiar, and I feel convinced that, generally speaking, the members of this new Order would not concur with you. If I understand their views aright, it is *they* who fear the union of church and state among those of the Catholic faith; not that they so much dread that doctrine as the increase of its votaries, who, were they ever to outnumber those of the Protestant faith, might again manifest that spirit of persecution and cruelty that characterized their forefathers. I believe there are many, very many, noble, high-minded men belonging to the organization, who have attached themselves to it with none but the purest motives, and with the hope of advancing the interests of their country. Yet this does not argue that there are not vast numbers of fanatics daily entering

the ranks ; zealots, as ready to carry it, as every thing to which they attach themselves, to extremes. And it is from this source the danger is to be apprehended ; and from such, carried headlong by their zeal, and blinded by their prejudices, little leniency toward any thing foreign may be expected."

"Ah, my brother," said Dare, shaking his head as he spoke, "you have not taken the subject into prayerful consideration, or you would not view it in the light you do. Those you choose to term fanatics are earnest workers in a good cause, allowing *conscience* to be their guide in whatever they do."

"In other words, 'Higher Law Men,' disregarding the proper authorities, simply to gratify some Will-o'-wisp of their imagination, and then with well assumed sanctity, attributing it all to the workings of their conscience ! I tell you, brother Dare, it will not do. It is the Christian's duty to yield obedience to the laws of his country. He is a citizen of that country in common with his fellow creatures, and consequently has the same obligations resting on him as other men. It is the experience of all ages that nations, countries, cities, towns and even villages must be governed by some law for their common peace, comfort and safety. God, also, in accordance with this, gave laws to our first parents, to the Jews, and indeed to all the inhabitants that then peopled our globe. This he deemed necessary to their happiness, for it is only by harmony and concert of

action that states and empires can ward off great evils and secure the peace that without these can not be maintained. The serpents upon the African desert, by instinct impressed with this truth, collect in great quantities, and by their efforts withstand their most potent enemies. The little ants, by a principle implanted in them, unite their strength and wisdom, and thus are enabled to provide for their comfort, protect themselves against danger, and promote their mutual happiness. Experience has also shown the human family that a well-regulated government, with good and wholesome laws, contributes greatly to the prosperity and happiness of mankind. In such a government, the wicked are punished, the strong kept in subjection, and the weak protected. Virtue is rewarded, while vice and immorality are punished. The arts and sciences are encouraged; the husbandman is induced to plow, and sow, and reap, and in undisturbed repose to enjoy the fruits of his labor. The man of science gladly trims the midnight lamp, in order to make some new discovery for the common benefit of all. No country under Heaven enjoys greater peace and prosperity than ours; and only when her laws are disregarded and abused, will her happiness cease."

"But, brother Bartlett, this moral law, traced on the tablet of every human heart—neither should it be disregarded, but held infinitely above all earthly codes.

“My friend,” returned the other, “I acknowledge no higher law than that declared in God’s holy Word; and there I learn that he gave laws to His children, and expected them to abide by them. He established a patriarchal government, such as Abraham’s, to which He required implicit obedience. ‘And God said unto Abraham, thou shalt keep my covenant, therefore, thou and thy seed after thee, in their generations.’ Gen. xvii, 9. And again, ‘And ye shall make no league with the inhabitants of this land; ye shall throw down their altars; but ye have not obeyed my voice. Why have ye done this?’ Judges ii, 3. Even monarchical and despotic governments are of His appointment. We are not to attribute it to chance that a Nero was permitted to ascend the throne, or a Caligula to hold tyrannic sway! Believing such dispensations to be a portion of the Divine plan that is unsearchable and past finding out, we have only to look back and learn that the people were enjoined to yield strict obedience to those who held sway over them.

“The children of Israel, too, were required by the law of God to bend their neck to the Egyptian yoke. On their return from Egypt, they were enjoined to obey the law of Moses, and by that law they were even to shed the blood of their enemies. They were told to exterminate the inhabitants of the Promised Land, not even sparing women or helpless children. In this land God governed Israel by priests, judges and kings, who

declared war, established peace, made treaties and leagues, to all of which the great Ruler enforced obedience on the part of the people, on pain of death. 'Whosoever be he that doth rebel against thy commandment, and will not hearken unto thy words in all that thou commandest him, he shall be put to death.' Joshua i, 18.

"When Nebuchadnezzar took the Jews captive, and carried them to Babylon, even of the captive king he required obedience to the heathen laws. He said, 'Bring your neck under the yoke of the king of Babylon, and serve him and his people, and live.'—Jer. xxvii, 12. Again, Joseph, who was the servant of the true God, ruled over Egypt according to the decrees of a *heathen king*.

"Brother Bartlett," said the other, leaning forward, while a self-complacent smile flitted over his face, "you forget that those were *Jews*, and all this of which you have spoken was in the olden time, under the Old Dispensation; we live in a more enlightened period, under a New Dispensation, and need not, as did they, subject ourselves to judges, kings and potentates."

"And with what, let me ask you, does the New Testament or New Dispensation begin? Is it not with a beautiful evidence of obedience to the laws of a heathen tyrant on the part of Joseph and Mary? And did not Jesus, during his sojourn on earth, manifest the same spirit? What said he, when asked, Is it lawful to give

tribute unto Cæsar or not? 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's,' was the reply. Paul presents the whole subject in a clear light; he knew no higher law religion, when he said, 'Let every soul be subject to the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; *the powers that be are ordained of God.* Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, *resisteth the ordinance of God*, and they that resist, shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works but to evil. Will thou then not be afraid of the power? Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise for the same.' To me, brother Dare, it sounds perfectly absurd, to talk of being guided by conscience, instead of quietly acquiescing in what our laws, enacted as they are by a free, independent people, exact. It is admitted that every one has a conscience, and that this silent monitor is capable of being trained, as are the other faculties. The heathen mother, reared as she is in the school of idolatry, obeys the dictates of her conscience, when she allows the infant that nestles on her bosom to pass from her arms, and be crushed by the fearful wheels of Juggernaut; or consigns the helpless innocent to the rushing waters of the Ganges, as a sacrifice to dumb idols.

"But, brother Bartlett," interposed the other, "there is little danger of *our* going to such extremes; they are in heathen darkness, without the blessed light of the Word to guide them."

"True, but your 'higher law men' propose to adopt the self-same principles; and by so doing to disregard the teachings of the inspired volume, which, as you say, should be a 'light to their feet, and a lamp to their path.' My brother, we need not go so far as Heathendom to see this principle put in practice; even in our own enlightened land, where you seem to think there is little danger of extremes, innumerable instances may be found. Take, for instance, a disciple of the late Joe Smith, as he is familiarly called. Ask the Mormon his reasons for adhering to the faith he has adopted, and he will profess to be guided by a *sense of duty*; he will tell you, also, that he had no conscientious scruples when he made choice of a score of wives, instead of one. *He acts on the higher law principle*, and one has only to visit the spot where these deluded people have resided for years, to learn to what outrages such perverted views, when put into practice, will lead. How all law was disregarded, until their depredations were carried to such an extent; the incensed populace, by which they were surrounded, were obliged to rise *en masse*, and drive them from their midst. It is my humble prayer, that such sentiments may never gain ground among my countrymen, for it is my firm conviction, that they would be prolific of nothing but confusion, anarchy, and strife."

"Yet they *are* gaining ground," stubbornly persisted the other, "and that too by rapid strides. The South is not so willing to join hands with us on this point, it is

true, and to me the reason is very plain ; the consciences of her sons have so long been seared, so long been buried in trespasses and sins, it will take time to arouse them from their slumber, and awaken them to active vigor. I tell you, brother Bartlett," he continued, waxing eloquent in his turn, "there will be no redemption for those who barter in flesh and blood, unless the enormity of their transgressions is impressed upon their minds, until they are persuaded to turn from the error of their ways ; this is the very thing they need ; that their consciences should speak right out, and warn them to wash their hands of the awful curse."

"Brother Dare," returned his friend, smiling at his increasing warmth ; "you should have been a politician ; I've thought so more than once ; and supposing you were," he added, "and filled the most prominent office in our Union, what great evil would your conscience first 'speak out against,' as you choose to term it ? Would it not be slavery ?"

"It would, indeed," was the reply. "I should feel in duty bound to put forth every effort for its abolition ; and if it were in my power, compulsory means should be resorted to, when all else failed. I should feel conscientiously right in taking such a step—for in such extreme cases I hold that the end justifies the means."

"And yet, my brother, would not such an act be a species of despotism ? Would it not be developing one of the very traits you so detested in your Catholic brethren.

Were not many of the early Christians persecuted and tortured by them, with the hope of forcing those heroic martyrs into their way of thinking? I repeat what I said before: this force-work will never do. Why not, instead of 'keeping the subject agitated,' as you feel in duty bound to do, propose some reasonable plan for the gradual emancipation of the blacks — something to which you think the Southerners will be likely to accede. Why continually probe the wound, without attempting to apply a remedy?"

"Because, brother Bartlett, we feel it is our *bounden duty* to rid our country of this curse in the shortest possible period."

"'Higher Law' again, brother Dare. Did you ever think," he asked, after a few moments' reflection, "what a beautiful example of personal obedience to law Socrates has given us? How—when condemned by a most unjust sentence to die, when urged for his children's sake to avail himself of the proffered assistance of his numerous friends; when reminded what Athens and his country would lose by his death—how gently, yet firmly he replied to their entreaties by saying simply, that the *laws must be obeyed*."

"Well, but, brother Bartlett, it was not intended by the framers of the Constitution that slavery should spread; hence we need not consider that portion of it relating to slavery binding."

"That is your understanding of it, but recollect

others may think differently. But to speak plainly, brother Dafe, I really think I have enough to do to preach the religion of the Gospel, and let politics alone. We can read for ourselves, and draw our own conclusions; but let us neither drag politics *up* to the pulpit, nor religion *down* to politics. Depend upon it, my brother, our manner of proceeding must, in some respects, seem strangely inconsistent to our Southern friends. I was reading this morning some remarks in the *Tribune* with regard to white labor among us. Just let me read it to you, to show how grossly inconsistent it sounds for a person like Horace Greeley, who so denounces the practical operations of slavery in the South, to calumniate the institution as he does, and then publicly make this acknowledgment."

Having said this, Mr. Bartlett proceeded to read the following:

"We have a word to say to you, Messrs. Farmers, for which we ask your very earnest attention. We ask it both for your own interest and the interest of our over-burdened, pauper-ridden city. You are in the regular practice of hiring, in Summer, laborers from the city, both men and women, at such wages as you may, and of this we do not complain; it is your right. But it is not right that you should employ them at such wages as only serve to feed and clothe their families during the warm weather, and as soon as Winter approaches, send them back for us to feed here in the

city until Spring. Such is the case, and ever has been since the great influx of foreign immigration has centered in New York. We have no doubt that *ten thousand persons* who have labored in the country the past Summer, will return here to winter—to freeze or starve, or live as best they can on charity, soup, and ward reliefs. Many of them must so live or die.”

“Now, my friend,” said Mr. Bartlett, laying the *Tribune* aside and picking up another paper, “is it any wonder that Mr. Prentice, of the *Journal*, after quoting the above paragraph, asks:

“ ‘ With what color of fairness, with what possible show of candor or justice, can that editor, while exhorting the farmers of the North to mitigate their habitual and notorious cruelty to white laborers, denounce the cruelty of the farmers of the South, who, he well knows, would spurn such inhuman treatment of their slaves with indignant and manly scorn? The aged, sick or infirm slave is released from labor, provided with every thing that can relieve or gratify his wants; and cared for long after all hope or chance of service is over, with the most watchful and beautiful tenderness and fidelity by both old and young. The slaveholder who, having used his negroes as long as they were usable, should turn them out to freeze or starve, or live as best they could upon the charities of the benevolent, would unquestionably have the finger of contempt pointed at him wherever he should go, and would be

promptly kicked out of respectable company, if he should ever have the impudence to enter it. He would be an object of universal disdain and execration. The whole South would be too narrow and too hot with scorn to hold him. And yet, here is a Northern editor, a deadly enemy of the South, who imputes a like degree of heartlessness to the farmers of the North, and who, nevertheless, in the blindness of his bitterness, talks and even raves at the cold-blooded *inhumanities* of slavery.'

"There, brother Dare, I have ventured to read the article through without your permission, because I think it worth a hearing."

"But you can't deny," returned the other, promptly, "that there is inhumanity practiced in the South; that such masters as Legree are to be found."

"I doubt it, my friend, or if so, they are rare exceptions, instead of true representatives of masters in general. I do not pretend to deny that cruel masters may be found; exacting, selfish men, who allow passion to gain the mastery; who sometimes, when enraged, commit acts of violence which they afterward regret. But are such individuals confined to the *South*? Is not human nature the same the world over? Would a *bad man* in the South become entirely transformed, if transported to the North, or *vice versa*? Did you never hear of *cruel husbands* in free states abusing, nay, even *whipping* their wives? Depend upon it, brother

Dare, a bad man is the same everywhere. Wherever he is, he will find something upon which to vent his rage. Did you ever think of the difference in social relations, North and South? I believe I can safely say, if you examine the statistics, you will find there are ten divorces annually in a free state, to one in a slave state, and it is a fact worthy of notice, that since she has been admitted into the Union as a state, Louisiana has had few if any divorces placed upon her records. With regard to exceptions of cruelty, as I said before, they may be found. While visiting a friend in Maryland, years ago, a report was circulated that a man on an adjoining plantation had *whipped a servant to death*; the other negroes said he had sworn he would whip her if she did not perform some required duty during his absence; that he had returned in the evening, and, on learning she had disregarded his authority, had sent for her, at the same time ordering a large stick to be given him; that he had appeared very angry when it was handed to him, and had commanded the rest of the servants 'to go and attend to their business.' The servant girl died that night, and was buried on the plantation next day, and the current report was that she was *whipped to death*. The whole neighborhood was aroused, and with the proper authorities they sought the grave, disinterred the body, but found no marks of violence upon her person, except in one place, on the side of the head. The coroner's verdict was that she

came to her death by a blow dealt upon the head, and the master was sent to the State's Prison. Now, what does this argue? That he was a violent, passionate man, and, provoked by a disregard of his authority, in the heat of anger struck her a blow which deprived her of life, instead of *calmly and deliberately whipping her to death*. You may say that this was terrible, and I grant it, but how far from Boston need we go for a similar instance of passionate violence? Was this more criminal in the master to whom I refer than for Professor Webster to take the life of Parkman, and deliberately butcher him afterward? And now that I have given you an example of extreme violence, let me cite to you one of excessive indulgence.

The friend whom I visited in Maryland had a maiden sister, who had been an invalid all her life. She herself owned quite a number of servants, among whom was a girl some twelve years old. Now, this child she had taken the entire charge of from the time of its birth, and so attached had she become to it, she would scarcely allow it to leave her presence. It slept with her, sat on her knee, kissed her, and seemed to regard her as its mother. You may say this was foolish, as did many who witnessed her attachment to her charge, and assert that such instances of indulgence are exceedingly rare. So was the example of rashness I mentioned; and yet both are equally true, for I was an eye-witness of these facts. Now, here was a severe,

passionate master, who, led away by his resentment, imbued his hands in the blood of a fellow-being; and, on the other hand, a weak, imbecile woman taking a negro child to her bosom, and watching over it as if it were her own, simply because her heart yearned for something to love and care for. Now, brother Dare, let me ask you, do you consider it just that either of these should be held up as a fair representative of the owners of slaves through the South generally? No more than a common drunkard, or a silly, romantic girl would do justice to the *true men and women* of America, were they sent as representatives of our nation to a foreign Court."

Mr. Bartlett paused to hear what his "brother" had to say in reply, but that gentleman would neither admit the truth of his remarks, nor offer any arguments against them. Suddenly referring to his watch, he declared he had oversteaid his time, and hurriedly took his departure.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW MISS BARTLETT INTRODUCES MR. DARE
TO HER COUSIN.

As she mused, o'er her features
A roguish smile broke,
And she cried, as she planned it,
"A capital joke."

"STUDYING the notes love?" asked Mrs. Bartlett one morning, as she entered the parlor where Emma sat with eyes fixed on her music book.

The latter looked up with a smile. "No mother," she replied, frankly; "I was thinking."

"And may I inquire, what all-absorbing subject engrosses my daughter's thoughts, this morning?"

"I was just thinking of Mr. Dare: what an odd creature he is! He talks so strangely at times. I have learned to look upon him as a medley of contradictions. I wish you would allow me to test him on one point, mother. I want to see whether he can take a joke, without losing his temper, and will have a capital opportunity when cousin Kate arrives! I have not intimated to him that we are expecting friends."

"I should think you had tested him sufficiently, on that score, for you seem always to be teasing him."

"Of course politeness forbids his resenting my playful remarks, but I wish to try him with a real, practical joke. I can carry it out charmingly, if you will just say I may."

"I must hear first, Emma, before I decide."

"Nay, nay mother! that would be letting you into the joke, as the saying is; then you would be as culpable as myself; you'll have to give me *carte blanche* in this instance, and rely on my judgement."

"Well, my dear, I have only to reply to you in the words of a cant saying, that you must remember 'there is such a thing as carrying the joke too far.'"

Had the same person gazed on Mr. Mitchell sixteen years before, as he sat in the reading-room, on ——— street, and then again on his open, manly countenance as he followed his wife and daughter into the minister's dwelling, and was ushered into the parlor by the ever-smiling Lena, he would have been led to remark that time had dealt lightly with the Southerner. An intimate friend might have observed a more perceptible change in her who had left her native home as his bride. Not so much in her looks, as in her manners and ways of thinking; for her sojourn in the South had made her decidedly Southern in feeling, and Mrs. Bartlett soon

found she could no longer keep up even a playful discussion with her, who in former days, had brought all the arguments she could advance, against slavery.

And the little Katie, aunt Milly's pet, the cherished bud that had given promise of such rare beauty, had expanded to a perfect blossom.

It was a pleasant sight to behold the cousins, an hour after the arrival of the Mitchells, as they stood in Emma's room with their arms twined lovingly around each other, as though they had been acquainted for years. There was a fascinating brilliancy in the dark lustrous eye of the Southern beauty, a conscious superiority in her dignified bearing, and, in the expression of the full pouting lips, a something bordering on hauteur. As they stood there, the ethereal beauty of Emma seemed heightened by the contrast. It had caught Mr. Mitchell's eye as they ascended the stairs together; and when those soft blue orbs had been turned to his face, an old memory, aroused as it were from the buried past, had come floating up, but so dimmed had it been by intervening years, it seemed almost indistinct, and all he could recall was, that those features reminded him of some one he had seen before, but of whom he could not tell.

Mr. Mitchell had been elected as Representative to Congress and was then on his way to the Capitol. Business of importance at home had prevented him from being punctual to his appointment, and only a week before he started, Kate had been suddenly seized with a

desire to visit the North; she was urged to postpone her trip till Spring, but she would hear to nothing; she would go then, and experience for herself a real Northern winter; hear the merry jingling of the sleigh-bells, attend the opera, and take advantage of various other amusements, such as could not be enjoyed in the South. Accordingly, after persuading her mother to accompany them, they had started without further delay, and on reaching a Southern sea-port had coasted it round.

It had been arranged that Mrs. Mitchell and Kate should remain in Boston, and when Congress adjourned, Mr. Mitchell would rejoin them. Scarcely had the latter allowed himself time to exchange greetings with his relatives before he was off to Washington City, leaving his wife and daughter behind.

"You don't seem a bit strange to me cousin Kate," said Emma, one evening some three days after her friend's arrival. "I feel as though I had known you all my life. We will learn to love each other dearly. I'll share everything with you, even to my beau, Mr. Dare."

"Generous!" exclaimed Kate, laughing. "Who is Mr. Dare?"

"He is a merchant, and an old friend of father's. He'll be here to-night, and that will give you an opportunity of judging whether he is handsome or not. He is very agreeable and all that, but unfortunately has one failing, which —"

Emma hesitated as though dubious about perpetrating

her joke. What if Kate should get angry ! She would not like to encounter an angry glance from those flashing eyes. Yet she did so want to carry out the joke.

"What is the failing, Emma ? I am anxious to know ; you had better put me on my guard, and then I'll be prepared for it."

"Well," returned her cousin, without further hesitation, "all you have to do, when thrown into his company, is to speak tolerably loud." And Emma withdrew her arm from her cousin's as she said this, pretending to busy herself in another direction, to conceal the blush that these words, which sounded so like equivocation, had painted on her cheek. What if it were only a joke ? It seemed to her like a falsehood, and something within told her she had done wrong.

"Deaf ! is he ?" exclaimed Kate, not noticing her embarrassment, "poor fellow ! I pity him. I'll certainly endeavor to raise my voice to a hearing key."

The afternoon passed away, and with the evening came the expected beau. Mr. Bartlett, his wife and sister, sat talking about "auld lang syne," while Kate was giving Emma a history of her old nurse, aunt Milly, on whose many excellencies the young lady dwelt with considerable warmth. While thus engaged the front-door bell rang, and the next moment Lena appeared announcing Mr. Dare. There was a peculiar expression on the servant's face as she pronounced that name ; Emma had observed it more than once, and wondered

what it meant. That the girl disliked him, she was certain, for not long before, when he had called and asked for "Miss Bartlett," Emma, who had just ascended the front stairs, heard her tell the gentleman, that "Miss Bartlett was not at home." Now, this was remarkable for Lena, for she had always been proverbial for her strict adherence to truth; and when Emma interrogated her concerning it, the girl had seemed greatly agitated, and burst into tears, but refused to explain her conduct. Emma had attributed her emotion to the fear and shame that had overpowered her on being detected in a falsehood, and for this reason she had forbore to mention the circumstance to her parents. But on this particular evening, Emma thought it seemed absolutely painful for the servant to give utterance to the word that passed her lips.

"Excuse me a minute, Kate," she said, and then entering the front parlor, she met her guest with a pleasant "Good evening."

After interchanging a few remarks, she informed him her friends had come, and before introducing her cousin to him she wished to request him to raise his voice, and speak very distinctly when he addressed her; adding that he would find her intelligent and agreeable if he could succeed in making her understand. With this, she begged him to be seated, and seeking her cousin, requested her to return with her.

"What a superb figure! such splendid eyes! It is

a terrible misfortune that she is deaf!" were the thoughts that passed with lightning speed through Dare's brain, as the fair girl entered with a queenly step.

"Poor soul! how unfortunate that his hearing is imperfect!" was the exclamation that passed, at the same instant, through Kate's mind.

"Mr. Dare," said Emma, elevating her voice to a high pitch, "allow me to introduce to you my cousin, Miss Mitchell."

"Am happy to make your acquaintance," said Kate, pitching her voice some two notes above her cousin's.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," said the gentleman, in a still higher key than either of the ladies. "I was not aware Miss Bartlett expected a visit from a friend," raising his voice still higher as he proceeded.

"I thought I would take you by surprise," said Emma, in the same tone in which she had first spoken, and with this she suddenly disappeared from the room.

"Mother," she said, repressing her merriment with a great effort, "my friends in the next room are laboring under a slight mistake; each imagines the other is troubled with deafness. Do listen! they are almost screaming at each other."

Mrs. Bartlett laughed, patted her cheek, and called her a mischief. Mrs. Mitchell, too, seemed to enjoy the joke, but Emma thought her father looked rather serious, which, added to the scruples she had felt

about putting it into execution, made her feel uncomfortable.

"Was it wrong, Father?" she asked, moving quickly to his side, and laying her hand on his shoulder.

"Yes," he replied gravely, "for although you had nothing in view but amusement, you should have recollected that it was a species of deception; and beside, you have laid yourself liable to forfeit the friendship of both your friends, or at least to incur their displeasure. How do you intend to undeceive them?"

Emma did not know; she had not thought of that, and now began to be seriously alarmed about the result.

"You needn't worry yourself about Kate," said Mrs. Mitchell, coming to her relief. "She'll relish it, and no doubt retaliate the first opportunity that offers."

"You had better spend no further time in considering, Emma, for it only makes the matter worse. Hark! they are talking at the top of their voices yet."

The young girl now seemed really frightened, and turning with a beseeching look to her father, she said, imploringly, "Do, Father, please help me out of this, and I'll promise hereafter to have done with jokes."

As the minister arose to acquiesce, he could hardly repress a smile. The noisy occupants of the adjoining room seemed equally desirous of demonstrating to each other the unlimited compass of their respective voices.

The conversation ceased when the father and daughter entered. Both parties appeared utterly exhausted by the efforts they had made.

Mr. Bartlett explained immediately, chiding Emma at the same time for perpetrating her jokes without first consulting either himself or her mother.

Kate looked perplexed for a moment, then laughing heartily, and shaking her finger at her cousin, she promised to pay her up with interest.

It was quite amusing to watch the various expressions of Mr. Dare's countenance. First a flush of anger passed over his face; this was quickly supplanted by a look of indignation, which said as plainly as words, "How dare you trifle with as august a personage as myself." And then succeeded an attempt at a smile, while from his lips he forced the words, "An excellent joke!" Emma watched all this narrowly, and ventured to hope Mr. Dare would pardon her; they were so in the habit of jesting, she had little fear that he would take it seriously.

"O, not at all! not at all, Miss Bartlett; it was managed in a capital way!"

"Just to think, cousin Emma," said Kate, with a fresh burst of merriment, "that you have kept us hollowing at the top of our voices for the last ten minutes, and I fearing all the time I was not speaking loud enough. It was so perfectly ridiculous." And the fair girl laughed till the tears came.

Mr. Dare made his "evening call" an hour shorter than was his wont, and after his departure, Mr. Bartlett sought an opportunity of cautioning his daughter against any such jesting in future, especially with him, for he esteemed his friend Dare too highly to allow him to be placed in so ridiculous a position. It was evident, he said, that he had not relished the joke.

"What do you think of Mr. Dare?" asked Emma, when the two were left alone in the parlor.

"I hardly know," said Kate, laughing. "He did not make a very favorable impression, but that was your fault, for you know I thought the poor man was deaf."

"I'm really sorry I acted as I did; first, because it was wrong, and then it seemed to trouble Father so. He has a very high opinion of Mr. Dare, and I saw in an instant that he thought I was not treating him with the respect due to him."

"Does he come often," asked Kate, running her fingers lightly over the keys of the instrument near which she stood.

"Yes, sometimes."

"A devoted beau?" questioned the cousin, looking up inquisitively. "Then I must learn to like him for your sake," she said, significantly.

"If you had said in my stead, you would have pleased me better," she replied, without the least embarrassment. "I have wished more than once, for Father's

sake, I could entertain a somewhat higher regard for his friend."

"You are like me, Emma, I expect; it would take an entirely different looking person to strike your fancy. One with soft hazel eyes and a wealth of chestnut hair, with a slight inclination to curl. Ma often laughs at me, and says the original of my beau ideal would be an effeminate creature, whose girlish appearance would fail to command my admiration. She calls it a romantic freak, not at all in keeping with my ideas of pomp and grandeur. But why do you smile, Emma?"

"Because I was just thinking I knew of a gentleman who exactly suits your description. He is any thing but pompous, though! On the contrary, he is entirely unassuming, both in manners and conversation."

"Well, Emma, I do admire a haughty bearing, when it sits gracefully on a person. But who is this original of my beau ideal? I am crazy to know."

"A young gentleman by the name of Murphy, who ——"

"What a shocking name!" interrupted Kate. "Decidedly low, and Irish too! Pshaw, Emma; you don't suppose I could fancy a person bearing such a cognomen?" and before her cousin had time to reply, Kate swept her fingers over the piano keys, and as though carried off to the Emerald isle by the mention of that name, she struck up the tune of Rory O'More:

"I have a queer way of associating things in my mind," she said, as the last strain died away. "Potatoes and Rory O'More came into my mind as soon as you said Murphy."

"Play some more, Kate, do," said Emma, approaching nearer where she sat, "you execute with so much ease. I wish my fingers would move over the keys so."

"You must remember, Emma, that I have over two years the start of you. Have you a good teacher?"

"Yes, an excellent teacher! He is so patient, and encourages me so gently." And as she spoke she averted her face, to hide the scarlet tinge that arose to her cheek at the sound of her own words.

"I had just such an one, Emma. I must defer complying with your request to tell you about him. He was the most perfect gentleman I ever saw, and had he not been a German, I really believe I might have lost my heart. I laughingly made this remark to Ma, one morning, after taking a lesson, and she was silly enough to believe there was a possibility of such a thing. She accordingly communicated her apprehensions to Pa, and before I dreamed of such a movement, my teacher was informed that I had no further need of his services. It was really provoking when I was getting along so famously; and so preposterous, so *perfectly absurd* that she should construe my joke into earnest. The idea of my marrying a German!" and Kate's lip curled scornfully as she gave utterance

to the last remark. "So, Emma," she continued, turning to her cousin, "let me give you a piece of advice. It matters not how good an opinion you have of your teacher, be very sure you don't mention it; for uncle and aunt might anticipate, as in my case, and thus unnecessarily deprive you of his instruction."

"I did not think of that, and am always telling mother how kind and patient he is," returned Emma, ingenuously.

CHAPTER XX.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

As she breathed his name, from her breast there came
A sigh for the fate before her;
And she bent her ear, for she longed to hear
What her heart would say to the sudden fear
That had swept like a tempest o'er her.

It was the hour for her teacher's arrival; Emma sat waiting impatiently for the well-known step. What if he should not come that morning? how disappointed she would feel! True, she had her cousin with her to while away the time, but, strange to say, her heart yearned for something more. Presently a step sounded in the hall, and she heard Lena, who stood polishing the knobs adorning the iron railing, invite some one to walk in.

"That's he," she exclaimed, starting at the sound. Then advancing to the door, she opened it, saying, as she did so, "Good morning, Mr. Sun—— O! Mr. Murphy! I thought it was my teacher."

"I came in his stead," said that gentleman, bowing, "or rather, to say that indisposition renders it impossible for him to fulfil his engagement."

Emma looked disappointed, and her informant did not fail to notice the shade of anxiety that flitted over her countenance.

He remained but a few moments; as he arose to go she ventured to ask, "Do you think he will be sick long? I will not know when to expect him."

"I will keep you advised of his state of health; in the mean time, he hopes you will not neglect your practicing. Good morning." And he turned to depart.

"Mr. Murphy, —" Emma hesitated an instant, and then added, "If Mr. Sundahl should be sick long, and want anything mother or myself could prepare — nourishment of any kind, it would gratify us to do it. He is, I believe, a stranger here, and might need such little attentions."

This was said with some trepidation, and the person addressed marked her heightened color as she spoke.

Thanking her in his friend's name, he promised to call on her if necessary, and took his departure.

Throwing herself on the sofa, Emma gave vent to her surcharged feelings by sobbing convulsively; her agitation seemed painful in the extreme, and not until a half-hour had elapsed did she, in any degree, regain her composure. Then, although the tears had vanished, an ashy paleness overspread her features; and, as she sat, with her hands clasped convulsively, the wan despair pictured on her countenance told that the deep waters of her heart had been troubled, and though the waves of

feeling had ceased their commotion, the calm that followed was even more fearful than their sudden out-burst had been.

"What did all this mean?" she thought. "Did she love Mr. Sundahl, and he a German?" And then the haughty curl of her cousin's lip was recalled. Could it be love? She did not know, for never before had she experienced such emotions. What would her parents say, were they aware of it? For the first time she felt that she could not go to her mother and make confession: heretofore, all her petty joys and griefs had been poured into that ear, but now, to unburden her heart would be to banish the object, toward which it yearned, forever from her presence. Never until that morning had she fully realized the depth of her attachment; the intense pain occasioned by the fear that he might not recover, had first convinced her of the depth of her feelings. Her thoughts again reverted to Kate; could she only confide in her it might lighten the load; but then the words, "preposterous, perfectly absurd," rang in her ears, and she abandoned the idea.

Day after day did Emma endeavor to subdue her feelings, and, although she succeeded in a measure, the inward struggle made very perceptible inroads upon her health. The lustre of her eye was diminished, the bloom faded from her cheek, her step lost its lightness, and the merry tones that were wont to fall like glad music on her parent's ear, were seldom heard.

A week flew by, and although indisposition prevented her from receiving the word Mr. Murphy brought, she learned from Kate's lips that her teacher was growing worse daily. Kate had made the acquaintance of the former gentleman accidentally, which suited her all the better with her romantic views. Lena had ushered him into the parlor one morning when Miss Mitchell was the only occupant; from Emma's description she surmised instantly who it was, and with her habitual ease of manner introduced herself. Mr. Murphy was charmed both with her dazzling beauty, and sparkling conversation, and had made his friend's illness a pretext for calling oftener than he might have done had it not been for this accidental meeting.

"Mr. Murphy just stepped in a minute, while you were out with uncle, Emma; he said he wished to see your father; he will call round again this evening; he wants to speak to him."

"About what?" asked the cousin, anxiously

"How should I know, child? Didn't really think to ask him: I only promised myself the exquisite pleasure of seeing him again. But how white you are! You have over-taxed your strength by accompanying uncle on his visits of charity, to-day. I thought you were not well enough when you started. Come up stairs, and lie down."

"How was Mr. Sundahl, did he say?" Emma tried to make the inquiry in a careless tone; she could not

refrain from asking, for when informed that young Murphy had wished to see her father, the thought had forced itself on her mind, that perhaps it was to perform those last offices for her friend, that the minister so often discharged for his fellow-man, when life's sands were well-nigh wasted. Her anxiety was in no way relieved by Kate's reply, "Well really, Emma, I forgot to ask."

"Mr. Dare, too, is coming round to-night," said Emma, endeavoring to smile, "father and I met him on the street."

"Indeed! well, do get rested and cheer up, Emma! You have looked dolefully for a few days, and it is my firm conviction, it is because you exact too many duties of yourself. Surely there are others in the city stronger and more able to supply the wants of the needy this cold weather. You are too zealous in good works, coz."

"If Mr. Murphy does come for father he will not see him. He met a messenger at the front door, who came to take him to Charlestown, and he said he would probably not be back until very late, if at all to-night."

"Well, to-morrow will do as well I suppose, Emma."

Mr. Dare was conversing in an animated style that evening, when the young book-keeper called.

"How does your friend seem now?" asked the merchant, with great apparent concern.

"He is no better," was the reply.

"Did you say he was no better?" asked Miss Bart-

lett, who, although she had listened attentively, failed to catch the words.

"I consider him much worse this evening; he is entirely delirious, and I called to say that it will not be necessary to have Mr. Bartlett come round, as he is now incapable of talking rationally, and could not communicate what he wished to."

"Father would have gone round immediately, had he been in the city. He will regret it when he returns, I am sure."

"I must call round and see him," said Dare, "have been intending to for several days past, but business was pressing, and I could not possibly get away."

Fearing to trust his friend long in any other hands than his own, Mr. Murphy hastened back.

"Your teacher's illness interferes with your music," said Dare, observing Emma's abstracted manner after his clerk's departure. "From what Dr. Graham tells me, there is little hope of his recovery," he added, fixing his gaze on her.

The young girl started slightly; those words seemed but the utterance of the fears that took possession of her when Kate mentioned the object of young Murphy's visit.

"You liked him as a teacher?" continued the merchant, still regarding her attentively.

"Very much," she returned, "I admire him, too, as a gentleman," she added, without appearing to notice his searching scrutiny.

A flush passed over Dare's face at these words, then compressing his lips after the fashion of his father, when he determined to carry out some design, he remained silent.

In fact, Mr. Dare had at that moment resolved on something, the execution of which he concluded, after thinking the matter over, might not result beneficially to himself. When Emma spoke in such high terms of her teacher, the thought had occurred to him that there was at least a possibility of her becoming interested in him, and he had come to a sudden determination to inform her father of his suspicions. But Emma was far-seeing; she had evinced that on several occasions, and should she suspect his motive, all his hopes for the future would be blasted; therefore he wisely chose to desist. True, his first advances had been met coldly, but what of that? he had been too hasty in his avowal, and he flattered himself that when his hand and fortune were again offered, it would not be in vain. True, her manner toward him had undergone a perceptible change; she was more reserved in his presence, had ceased her playful badinage and quick repartee, and often when he addressed her, she had seemed painfully embarrassed. Did not all this argue in his favor? Had not his professed attachment awakened a responsive cord in her bosom, and was it not the deepening of this new, mysterious feeling to which she had hitherto been a stranger, that sealed her lips in his

presence? Thus he had chosen to interpret it, and not until he heard her earnest inquiry after another's welfare, did a cloud of doubt arise to mar his tranquillity. The girls had retired that night long before the minister returned. Kate was slumbering sweetly as he ascended the stairs, but Emma's ear caught his foot-fall, for her eyes had not closed, nor did they through the long, weary watches of the night. Very quietly she lay, for she did not wish to disturb the sleeper at her side; yet despite her efforts, she could not still the tumultuous throbbing of her heart, nor check the sigh that arose involuntarily to her lips. The golden chariot of Aurora had just begun to climb the amarynthine steeps, when, feverish and unrefreshed, the young girl arose, and after gazing for an instant on her cousin's features, beautiful even in repose, she hastily completed her toilet and glided from the room.

"Why, daughter, are you up so early?" exclaimed her father, whom she met ascending the steps on his way from the kitchen.

"Yes," she replied, smiling, "you know we promised each other yesterday to continue our round of visiting, and I have arisen to prepare for an early start. You did not get much sleep, did you, father? You had not returned when I retired."

"Not a great deal last night, Emma, and I could have prolonged my morning's nap without any compunctions, had I not been compelled to arise and attend

to the *solid* comforts ;” and he pointed to the basket on his arm, as he spoke.

“Going to market, aint you? I believe the walk would do me good ; have a good mind to go along, just for a freak.”

“Well, get your bonnet and shawl. I’ll wait.”

Emma flew back to her room, and soon returned, equipped for the walk.

“Mr. Murphy called round twice to see you yesterday, father,” she ventured to say, as they walked along.

“I should rather imagine his visits were intended for the young ladies,” he said, pleasantly.

“No, father, you’re mistaken. Mr. Sundahl is very sick, and it is he who wanted you.”

“Mr. Sundahl! your teacher? I was not aware of that. What’s the matter?”

“Fever, I believe he said. Why, he has been sick these two weeks, father. I have not taken a lesson for that length of time.”

“Indeed! My absence from home has kept me in ignorance of the fact. If you had just thought to have spoken of it yesterday, I would have called ; however, it is not yet, I trust, too late.”

“I told Mr. Murphy I thought you would call to-day. It must be hard to be sick in a strange land, away from kindred and friends.”

“Yes, my dear ; but I trust he has learned to lean

on his truest Friend in his affliction. Did his young friend leave his address?"

"Yes, and I slipped it into my pocket. Here it is, No. 44 — street."

"Wait a moment, Emma; it must be in this direction. No. 44. Why, there is the very boarding-house itself! We are directly in front of it; how strange!"

"Suppose you stop and inquire how he feels this morning, father. You could make a longer visit at a later period."

Emma waited breathlessly for her father's reply, and when he said, in his quiet, gentle way, "I think we had better, love, it might gratify him to see his pupil as much as myself;" he did not know how that young heart leapt up at his words, or what a mighty effort she made to still its tumultuous beatings.

On entering the sick-chamber they found young Murphy bending over his friend's couch. Flushed with fever, Mr. Sundahl lay upon the bed, gazing wildly around. Surprise was depicted on the minister's face as he gazed at the prostrate form; it was evident he had not expected to find him so low. He laid his hand gently upon the burning temples, and breathed the sufferer's name; but no look of recognition came as a reply. The vacant eye rested for a moment on the good man's countenance, then wandering away to where Emma stood, it seemed riveted on her face.

"Come hither, my daughter; he recognizes you, I think," said Mr. Bartlett, observing the glance.

The young girl tremblingly approached.

Still the fixed glare seemed riveted on her face, and as she reached her father's side, the parched lips opened suddenly, and in a dry, husky voice the sick man murmured, "*Rosalie, meine Rosalie!*" Then outstretching his arms, in a tone of mournful tenderness he added, "*Ist meine Rosalie zurich gekommen? Wo bist du so lange geweson, meine seuszes maedchen?*" A faint, sickening feeling crept to Emma's heart, as she heard him, in his delirium, call her by another name. The other words were in a foreign tongue, yet, though unintelligible to her, she knew from the tone that they were endearing accents. And who was Rosalie? She knew not; cared not to know then; it was agony enough to learn that he, to whom she had given her heart unasked, bowed at another shrine, and even then, in her presence was repeating the name of the adored one. We may not pause to describe the intense torture of that brief period, when the truth first flashed upon her mind, nor to portray her thoughts when she recalled the deep interest he had manifested in her progress, the approving smiles he had given her, the softly breathed words that had fallen on her ear, all of which she had attributed to a deeper feeling than mere regard, but which she now was forced to believe was nothing more.

As she thus mused her teacher again repeated the name that sent a pang through her bosom, and he once more held out his hands imploringly. But Emma moved not; the vacant stare of those midnight orbs, appalled her, and grasping her father's arm convulsively, she said, in a scarcely articulate whisper, "Take me away; I am afraid."

Mr. Bartlett aroused himself, for he, too, had been thinking — thinking back to the days of other years; that name had called up a host of memories that long had slumbered. The orphan that he had protected in the years ago, seemed to rise before his mental view; pale, attenuated, and care-worn, were the features; yet the resemblance to his Emma was startlingly striking. He had thought of it often as his daughter approached the age of womanhood: and now, as she stood by his side, and a stranger a native of the same land as was Rosalie, was, in the delirium of fever, repeating the very name the orphan bore, a sudden fear took possession of him, a painful suspicion that he who lay there, prostrated by sickness, had left his native shores in order to seek for the child, and perhaps rob him of his treasure. Perhaps Rosalie, herself, had sent him; and as the latter idea suggested itself to his mind, he involuntarily passed his arm around the fair being who trembled beside him, as though he feared that even then she might be snatched from his embrace.

Mr. Murphy, who had watched them both in silence,

now advanced, and begged Miss Bartlett not to be alarmed; he meant nothing by his incoherent ravings.

But Emma seemed deaf to every sound, save the soft, persuasive tone that kept pleading for her to approach. She did not hear her father's whispered inquiry, "To whom belongs the name he keeps repeating?" nor note young Murphy's manner as he gave the laconic answer, "A sister."

Had her ear caught that last word, the keen anguish she then suffered might have vanished instantly, and many a long, weary hour passed in fearful solicitude, have been spared her. Neither did she observe the shade deepen on the minister's brow, when that reply was given; his worst fears seemed confirmed; a brother had been sent to reclaim the charge consigned to their keeping. The mother's heart had yearned toward her offspring, and forgetful of her promise, she had sent to demand her child. And what would his wife say; his Emma, who had been so devoted to the one entrusted to her care? How would her heart bleed if the caressing tendrils that had twined around it until they had become, as it were, a portion of itself, were ruthlessly torn asunder? And he, steadfast as he was in the faith that had supported him thus far through every trial, and bowing submissively, as he ever had done, to his Maker's will, how would he endure the blow? Emma felt the circling arm against which she leaned

quiver with agitation, and, as she could think of nothing save sympathy for the sufferer that could disturb her father's habitual serenity, she again repeated, "Take me away."

"Yes, love, instantly," he replied, and then promising Mr. Murphy to call again, he turned his steps to the door.

"Fort, fort ! meine Rosalie ist fort !" said the sick man, in a mournful tone, as his eye followed the receding figures.

On reaching the street, the two traversed several squares in silence, both fully occupied with their own thoughts. The minister's musings seemed to perplex him, and several times he turned abruptly, as though to speak to his daughter. It would be but natural, he thought, for her to mention to her mother the name she had heard her teacher repeat, and nothing more than probable that his wife's worst fears would be aroused, as had been his own, were she to associate that name with the German who had frequented their house. This suspicion might be groundless, and unless it was absolutely necessary that his wife should share them, he would rather not awaken her anxiety by mentioning the interview. He wished, for this reason, to request his daughter not to speak of the call they had made ; yet being unable to give her a reason for so doing, he hesitated.

"Emma," he at length said, "cousin Kate will

tease you, if you tell her you commenced your labors of charity, as she terms them, before breakfast. Suppose we become selfish for once, and keep our morning visit secret from mother and her. What say, daughter?" he asked, smiling.

"If you mean by that to test my capacity for keeping a secret, I am very willing to prove to you that the common adage with regard to my sex will not apply to me. Shall I convince you by playing mum, father?"

"Yes, just by way of an experiment. How long, think you, can you refrain from divulging?"

"*You* may specify the time, as you made the request."

"Well, then, say until I give you permission to communicate."

"A rather indefinite period," she said, laughing. "However, I accede, providing you promise to remind me of the circumstance, should it, in the mean time entirely slip my memory."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DECLARATION.

THOUGH the hopes he ne'er had uttered
In his heaving breast had fluttered,
Like a timid, frightened bird,
Still he had not dared to breathe them,
Or with smiles of love to wreath them
Till the depths within were stirred.

By the fear that flitted o'er him,
When he thought the gem before him
Might be hidden from his view;
This impelled him to endeavor
Ere he left her side forever,
The enchanting maid to woo

"You are surely not going to venture out this morning, Mr. Sundahl!" exclaimed his room-mate, some three weeks after the minister's morning call.

"Call me Roderic, Karl," said his companion, laying his hand on the shoulder of the person addressed; "no matter if I am your senior by half a score of years or more. Are we not brothers?"

"Well, then, my brother, you will not be so imprudent as to risk your health, nay, perhaps your life, by such a step."

"This torture, this harrowing suspense, will be far more apt to give me a relapse than the effort I am about to make. You did not know that during your absence, the other evening, I had a visitor. I did not tell you, my friend, for you would, I knew, be vexed when the object of his call was made known to you. It was our employer who bestowed upon me the honor of his presence," he went on in a sarcastic tone. "He came to say that my services would no longer be required at Mr. Bartlett's; that gentleman himself had requested him to say so. He gave no reason for this unceremonious dismissal; but, as he offered me wages in compensation for my services, I saw a gleam of triumph in his eye, and I believed then, as I do now, that he was the instigator of this movement. He suspects the truth, perhaps, as I have evinced a more than ordinary interest in my pupil, and is determined to baffle me in the outset. But, Karl," he added, in the same fearfully earnest voice that had once before startled his friend, "I may be mistaken; the maiden may not return my affection, but as true as there is a Heaven above us, she shall never be his; *never, never*," and a livid whiteness overspread the pale features of the speaker. "I told him so, Karl," he continued, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "but he only smiled a contemptuous, satirical smile, and turned from me with a look of contempt, muttering something about arrogance as he left the apartment. This was why you

found me so nervous on your return that night, Karl, and this is why I am resolved to seek an interview with the minister, and acquaint him with some facts I have in my possession concerning this same Dare. I understand your look of inquiry, Karl; you would know what they are. I can not tell you now; wait patiently, and when the time comes you shall hear all."

"Then it is not with the fair girl you intend to plead. It strikes me I should first attempt to ascertain the state of *her* feelings," said his friend, unable to comprehend how any information he might impart against the merchant could in any way favor his own suit.

"That shall be my first step, Karl, provided I have an opportunity; and if assured by herself that she reciprocates my attachment, why then there will be no necessity of informing against my rival; for, once possessed of her love, I ask no more."

"She *does* love you, Roderic," returned the other, emphatically. "I am sure of it."

"And what reason have you to speak so positively?" asked his friend, eagerly.

"You have just informed me of a visitor I was not aware had been here, and now let me return the favor by telling you that Miss Bartlett herself came to see you during your sickness."

"Impossible!" cried his friend, grasping the speaker's arm. "Tell me more, Karl; did she come alone?"

"I have refrained until now from mentioning this, fearing it might make you impatient; but as you have resolved to go, there is no need of keeping silence longer. No, she did not come alone; her father accompanied her."

Mr. Sundahl's countenance fell. "It might not have been at her suggestion, after all," he said, musingly; "they are in the habit of visiting the sick and the needy together. Did they come more than once?"

"No, *she* did not; the minister made several short calls before you took a turn for the better. You frightened the poor girl so, I expect she was afraid to repeat her visit. You were delirious, and kept calling for Rosalie all the time she stayed."

"For Rosalie!" said the other dreamily; "well, no wonder. But what led you to think she cares for me?"

"I thought when you mentioned that name she seemed pained, and I imagined a cloud of jealousy flitted over her face. However, my fancy may have deceived me. But if she has any deep regard for you, her worst fears would be aroused when she heard you call upon another in your delirium."

His companion was silent for a few minutes; then, shaking his head doubtingly, he said, "I am almost afraid to hope, Karl; the disappointment will be bitter enough, but I must know the worst! Help me to protect myself against the weather, and I will go without further delay."

His friend did as was desired, and a quarter of an hour later found Mr. Sundahl at the minister's door.

"Is Mr. Bartlett at home?" he asked of Lena, having resolved to see that gentleman, and inquire whether he had been correctly informed by his employer; for once his suspicions of Dare were wrong, for, though nothing but the fear of detection had prevented the merchant from intimating that the German's assistance was bestowed from interested motives, still, as we have seen, he was innocent of that with which Mr. Sundahl charged him. He himself was as much surprised as the teacher had been when Mr. Bartlett took him aside, and, without assigning any reason for his conduct, had requested him to deliver the message to his clerk.

"No, sir," was the servant's reply; "he went to ——— early this morning, and will not be back till night."

"Miss Bartlett, then, can I see her?" he asked, with some trepidation.

"I will inquire. Walk in."

Emma sat in her mother's chamber, busily engaged on a coarse garment for a poor child she had learned was needing such an article. Kate was reclining listlessly on a lounge, wondering how her cousin could interest herself in such work; while the two ladies, Mrs. Bartlett and Mrs. Mitchell, were poring over a speech said to have been made by the husband and brother-in-law.

Emma had once heard a young friend of hers whose

betrothed died only a fortnight before the evening their marriage was to have been consummated, say, that the best mode of deadening these heart-aches was to employ both hands and thoughts in something that would be useful to others. "Keep busy," had been her motto, and when Emma recollected that by this means she had appeared uniformly happy, she had resolved to endeavor to imitate her. Still as her eye was fixed on the needle she plied so industriously, more than once she found herself wondering who Rosalie was. "Does she live away over the blue ocean, in his native land? Is she very beautiful? Does she love him devotedly? Will the days of his absence drag wearily on to her, and will she count the moments till he returns? When he reaches her side, will that dear familiar voice make her spirit leap up within her, and will the sound of his approaching footstep send the blood tingling through her veins?"

"Mr. Sundahl wishes to know if he can see Miss Bartlett," said Lena, appearing at the chamber door.

"Mr. Sundahl?" said Emma, starting, then recovering her self-possession, she added, "is it possible he is able to be out so soon?"

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Bartlett, looking up from the paper that had so entirely absorbed her attention.

"Mr. Sundahl, my teacher, is down stairs and wishes to see me. I suppose there is no need of asking to be excused, for you and aunt are so fully occupied you

won't miss me, and Kate has paid my powers of entertainment a high compliment by falling asleep," said Emma, rising to go.

"Ask him when he will be able to resume his instructions, dear," said the mother, as she left the apartment.

It was well for him the minister was not at home, for had that been the case, this interview might not have been granted. As it was, Mr. Bartlett had not as yet told his wife and daughter of his determination to dispense with the German's services; not wishing to give his reasons he had refrained from broaching the subject, believing it would be time enough to speak of his design at any time before the invalid's recovery, and that, judging from the severity of the attack, would not probably be effected for a fortnight to come.

Emma was, therefore, entirely ignorant of the message her teacher had received when she entered the parlor, and extending her hand congratulated him on his recovery. "My manner toward him shall not change," she thought, "because another's image is enshrined in his heart. Neither shall he suspect what an effort it has cost me to subdue my feelings."

But if Roderic did not suspect, he knew by the pallid features of her who stood before him, that something had wrought a change in the young being who had heretofore been so full of buoyancy and life. He felt the waxen fingers, as they touched his emaciated palm, tremble, and as with a nervous grasp he involuntarily

retained her hand, he marked the heightened color of her cheek.

“ Mr. Sundahl ! ” burst from Emma’s lips, while a look of displeasure darkened her face. The thought that he suspected her feelings, and was attempting to trifle with her love, rushed through her mind ; for what other motive had he, could he have ? Was not Rosalie the idol before which his heart did homage ? Drawing herself proudly back, as these thoughts suggested themselves to her mind, she stood with her eyes bent upon the floor ; for, although she had endeavored to meet the glance bent upon her, the mantling flush that she *felt* had suffused her temples, told her the repetition of such an attempt might betray what she most wished to conceal. Roderic stood as though transfixed, gazing admiringly upon those faultless features, which, at that moment, seemed more transcendently beautiful than ever before. He had been unprepared for this sudden rebuff, and, had not Dare’s words been recalled, and with them the thought that this might be his last opportunity of unburdening himself, he might have desisted, for the proud manner in which she had turned from him, gave him but little hope. However, he *must* speak, let the consequences be what they might. While wending his way to the minister’s dwelling he had arranged methodically his manner of proceeding ; had repeated to himself more than a score of times, just what he intended to say. He would begin by giving her a description of his home in

the Fatherland, and then tell her how lonely he found it without a gentle being to share it with him; and from this he would go on to mention his hopes and fears, and finally end with an eloquent, touching appeal to her to become his wife.

Poor Roderic! mistaken man! with him it was as with thousands of his fellows. He forgot every word of his studied oration; did not even once refer to his wealth or possessions, and, worst of all, began at the very point he intended to leave for his closing remarks.

"Emma Bartlett," he began in a quivering tone, "I love you; from the first moment my eyes rested on you I have felt a wild worship for you; a great, yearning desire to call you my own. I am a foreigner, and am aware of the prejudices existing in the minds of your countrymen against us, as a nation; your parents probably share this national trait; and you, perhaps, are possessed of the same feelings. Be that as it may, you have become indescribably dear to me, and something here," pointing to his bosom, "tells me I may not return to the Fatherland, without first removing the screen from my heart, and asking you to examine its secret workings; without entreating you, first to behold whose image is indelibly engraved there?"

As the speaker paused to mark the effect of his words, the fair girl raised her soft, full orbs to his, while from her parted lips came the question, "And Rosalie — what will become of her?"

"Rosalie?" repeated the other, with a smile of mournful tenderness; "you do not know who Rosalie was!"

"Was!" exclaimed Emma, in undisguised astonishment, a sudden light overspreading her features, "is she not yet alive?"

"No," he returned, looking fondly into her upturned face. O! how like the glorious creature of his youthful days did she then seem! how he longed to clasp her to his bosom! Only venturing to take the snowy hand that was now allowed to lay passively in his, he leaned against a chair for support, and said, as he watched the various expressions that flitted over the face of the wondering girl, "Rosalie was what Emma is; she was just like your own dear self, wondrous fair, and I loved her with all the fervor of an ardent nature. She was the guiding star of my youth, and when she was taken, a starless night followed. Life seemed a dreary waste, a gloomy, barren wilderness. For fifteen years I struggled on in the path of duty, and when my aged father was called to go, and I alone remained of the whole family, I left my native land, and here, in a foreign clime, among strangers, have I been sojourning for months. It seems strange to myself that I linger away from my home, especially when I find America so different from what I supposed. It took me but a short time to learn that I was looked on suspiciously because I am a foreigner. They say it has not always been thus; that a new party is being formed to keep usurp-

ers in their proper places; to draw a line of demarcation between Americans and all such as may settle on their shores. The result I can plainly foresee, and my hope is that the ocean may roll between me and Columbia before such a state of things is brought about. Yes, Emma," he went on, "you are all the one that binds me here now. From the time I first gazed upon that brow, the old flame that had been crushed for years burst forth with renewed brightness, my boyhood's dreams have all come back. I almost fear to ask whether you return my love. You are so like the gentle being I once hoped to call mine, that an assurance from your lips that this love is unrequited, would send a death-like chill to my heart, and almost make me believe that she had arisen from her grave to say the vows she once breathed were false. No, no, Emma," and he wiped the moisture from his eye as he spoke, "if you can not return what I offer, do not tell me so; keep silence. Cold words from you would freeze the life-blood in my veins." And, overpowered by his emotions, he sank into a chair.

Emma, who had not moved, scarce breathed, during his recital, now raised her eyes, dewy with tear-drops, to his face, and as her slight frame quivered, she replied, in a deep, earnest voice, "I can not keep silence."

Dear girl! she made a narrow escape, for though her heart prompted a whole volume of words, her lips

refused to give them utterance. She longed to tell him how fully she returned his heart's free offering. Yet, though the ruby portals unclosed, and the ivory gates flew back at her command, her voice, overwhelmed as it were by the great waves of feeling within, refused to do its office.

Yes, she did keep silence, but the absence of words did not deceive the dark orbs bent upon her, or prevent the hand that clasped her own from pressing the treasure it held to lips whose crimson tips were all ready to syllable the endearing terms that a moment afterward fell upon her ear; nor prevent him from drawing that fair head to his bosom, and laying his cheek to hers. The tenderness of a father and the rapture of a lover were mingled in that first embrace. Was she not Rosalie's child, and had she not tacitly assured him his love was reciprocated? With him it was a second attachment, but with her, affection's waters had for the first time bubbled up, and drowned remembrance in a flood of ecstasy. She forgot, in that moment of rapture, that innumerable barriers divided their destinies. It mattered not to her then that another land had given him birth. Love is no respecter of persons; it is an emanation from the Throne of the great common Father, who has placed the influence of this sacred, undying principle as far beyond the control of short-sighted mortals as he has his holy religion, whose purifying influences and harmonious tendency are as

beautifully exemplified in the peasant's lowly hut as in the Christian households of the wealthy and the great. Yes, thanks be to Him, that this great mover of the Heart is no more exclusive than are the Divine truths of the inspired volume; that it is so ordered that when kindred spirits are thrown together, the silken chord of love will invisibly twine itself around their hearts, and thus resolve them into one. Party factions can no more dis sever this great common tie than they can chain the influence of the spirit to any one church; no more than they can prevent sincere, trusting believers from all the congregations of the earth, from calling on his name.

To us it has always been a beautiful thought, that myriads of voices from unnumbered worlds are hourly raised in supplication to the Most High, and that not even the faintest cry for help falls unheeded on his ear.

But we have wandered from our subject; do not understand us to mean by this that we do not consider the two influences of which we have spoken as closely allied; so long as we are told "God is love," who can deny their intimate relation? But our first theme was the lovers whom we unceremoniously left alone. Dear reader, we meant to. There are little scenes in these affairs of the heart too sacred for intrusion, and such we deem it best to leave untouched. We can write of the first permitted kiss, of the first time the ear was greeted with endearing accents, but all who have had

any experience in such matters know how tame, how weak such descriptions are. Words in such cases are intruders upon hallowed ground; it is far better to let fancy supply the scene; to send your thoughts off to the past, when some one half doubtingly took *your* hand; when, with the softest touch and in the gentlest manner, the tresses were smoothed from your brow, and a low, eloquent voice breathed in accents you can never forget, a simple story of the heart. You remember it, reader, don't you? Or if not, if that blissful period has not yet arrived, we have only to say, with Dickens, "There's a good time coming. Wait a little longer."

CHAPTER XXII.

KATE'S CONFESSION.

AND, as that soft breath fanned her cheek,
Those arms confidingly,
Twined round her neck, the maiden felt
How sweet was sympathy.

"AND so you prefer the Southern beauty, Karl?"

"Yes," was the quick rejoinder, "but of what avail are my preferences? Poor, and with nothing to recommend me, how can I ever aspire to her hand?"

"You have more to favor your suit than I had, and yet how can I despair when her own lips have assured me that she loves me?"

"Had I such encouragement, I might be more hopeful, but I fear I can never summon courage to confess my attachment."

"And why not, Karl? They think you an American, so you will not have the prejudice against your native land to overcome." Roderic regarded his companion attentively as he said this; he had a secret desire to discover whether his friend had become so thoroughly Americanized as to be willing to deny or rather conceal his origin.

"No, no, my friend," he replied, "not that I feel any partiality for Germany, for I was a mere child when I left, and America has always been the land of my choice, but because I have a principle above presenting myself to any one under false colors. The woman who accepts my hand must know as much of my early history as I do myself."

"Your father was a proud man, Karl Hutten; he was a baron, and you have good reasons to be proud of your ancestry," said Roderic, not wholly satisfied with his answer. The Fatherland, too, is beautiful, my friend. No portion of America that I have seen can compare with it."

"You have had little opportunity of judging of the rich and varied scenery in many parts of the Union; her sparkling waterfalls and vast rolling prairies," returned his young friend, with animation.

"And you, Karl, can form but a faint conception of the picturesque beauty of our rural districts. Come back with me, Karl, and I'll take you to the top of one of those old fortresses, and there you may feast your eyes upon scenes it is impossible to behold in so new a country as this. Scores of cities, whose spires glitter in the sunlight, streamlets winding through verdant meadows, like threads of silver interwoven with a network of emerald, and hiding themselves in the shady vales below; mountains in the distance, whose blue tops seem piercing the clouds, as though searching for

something fairer beyond. It is all beautiful beyond description."

"It must be surpassingly lovely," said his friend, his interest awakened by Roderic's glowing words.

"You must go and see for yourself, Karl. I have something to communicate, and the time has come for me to speak. You are not poor, my friend. If your identity can be proved, you may boast an inheritance there, only in a few respects inferior to my own; the homestead in which you drew your first breath."

"What mean you?" cried the other, in astonishment.

Mr. Sundahl went on to explain in a few words, and then added, "I had a reason for withholding this information until now, which I will explain when we reach our native land."

"Then will you indeed accompany me?" cried Karl, grasping his hand. "This is proffering much."

"You might have difficulty in proving your identity without me; and even without taking this into consideration, did I not promise the lost one to be to you as a brother? This alone, aside from the love I bear you, would urge me to attend your steps."

"But your —— second Rosalie?" he suggested, for an instant at a loss how to mention the fair girl's name.

"The separation will be brief, and we must endure it."

"Why not urge her to accompany you?" asked the other.

"It would not be right," was the prompt reply. "I would not steal her from the home that has sheltered her so long, or the parents who have devoted themselves to her happiness. No, Karl, we have only to wait. If, on my return, her feelings toward me are unchanged, I shall openly ask their consent, and if they refuse, why, then Emma shall decide for herself. We will do nothing hastily, and I trust will have no cause to repent. My motto has always been, Karl, 'do your duty and leave the rest to Providence,' and although I believe the dear girl loves me devotedly, her parents are very near to her, and she thinks, with me, it will be better to wait."

"But Dare—what advances may he not make during your absence?"

"None, I am satisfied, that will meet with any encouragement from her, and their child's happiness is too dear to her parents for them to urge an alliance with one she does not fancy. I will not be absent over two months, and will hope that nothing serious, in the mean time, will occur. But you do not seem to be rejoiced at the news I have imparted, Karl."

"Say, rather, that your disinterestedness was contagious, and for a time banished all thoughts of self. I might almost venture to speak to *her* of my feelings,

now that I have wealth in prospect," he said, musingly, "*that* would certainly have some weight. Perhaps the friends would not urge any very serious objections, as they have all shown me marked attention, the minister especially; I do really think he likes me."

"You had better adopt my plan, Karl, and learn how it is with the maiden; that is the most important item, you know."

"Would you advise me to mention it before we start?"

"Yes, surely; there is nothing more unpleasant than suspense. The minister, as you say, looks favorably on you; he has not sent you word that your visits at the house are no longer required. As for me, I may not indulge in the hope of seeing Emma more than once till I return. She told me at our last interview that she thought her father suspected an interest had sprung up between us, for he had inquired if I had been there since my sickness, and on being answered in the affirmative, had expressed dissatisfaction, and hoped my visits would not be renewed. You will probably call on your divinity this evening, Karl," he added, smiling, "do me the favor to bear a note to mine, and keep in mind that next week we must sail. Don't object, my friend, these magnets will hasten our return. 'Twill be but natural to leave our hearts in their keeping, 'for where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.'"

"What's the matter, Katie?" asked Emma, on the morning following the afternoon on which the above conversation occurred. "You've been sitting there a whole hour, looking admiringly at — nothing;" and Emma knelt down by her cousin's side, and passed her arm lovingly around her waist.

"O! Emma," she said, laying her head on her shoulder, "I don't know what will become of me. I am very miserable."

"Why how you talk, dear Kate. Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothing, unless you can give some 'remedy for a mind diseased,' as Shakspeare says."

"Is it your mind, coz., or this fluttering, palpitating thing, here?" inquired Emma, laying her hand on her companion's heart; "*It* sometimes gives trouble."

"And what has caused you to surmise that mine is affected?" asked Kate, smiling faintly.

"Well, I hardly know; you like Mr. Dare better than you did, don't you?" and Emma averted her face, to hide the roguish smile that dimpled her cheek.

"What ever possessed you to think I could care for him?" exclaimed Kate, in surprise.

"Why, coz., he's quite a beau!"

"Yes, yes; but people have their fancies, you know."

"So they have; and what curious freaks they do take, sometimes. How do you like Mr. Murphy, Kate?"

The head resting on her shoulder moved a little, and

without raising her eyes from the floor Kate inquired, "Why do you ask, Emma?"

"For the best of reasons, my dear; because I wish to know; father always told me, never to be ashamed to ask for information."

"You're a provoking witch, Emma; but wont you tell me how it happens that you can read one's heart so well, having no experimental knowledge?"

"Why, Katie dear, I don't profess to be gifted with the faculty of reading hearts; how could you imagine such a thing?"

"There's no use, Emma; you *do* surmise the truth, and I might as well confess, at once. They say, that sympathy sometimes assuages grief, and I'll try the experiment by confiding all. It is scarcely necessary for me to enjoin secrecy upon you, for you can readily imagine that if my parents were informed of the state of my feelings, they would insist on my return home, immediately. You know Mr. Murphy makes no great pretensions, and pa has such an exalted opinion of his daughter, he thinks her worthy of the greatest in the land."

"And so do I," interposed Emma, twining her arms around her cousin's neck. "It seems strange, though, to hear our proud, haughty Kate, acknowledge that she loves the humble clerk."

It is as much of an enigma to myself as it can be to you; I have listened to avowals of affection from more than one, but never until now, felt that I returned it."

"Has he spoken to you on the subject?"

"Yes, last night; and, Emma, he told me something, which, if it reached pa's ears, would of itself form an insuperable barrier to our union."

"What could it have been?" asked the other, wonderingly.

"I need have no fears, whatever, of your betraying confidence?"

"None."

"I never would have mistrusted such a thing; and had he not assured me with his own lips, I should still feel inclined to doubt."

"What is it? What can it be?" asked Emma, impatiently.

"Why," returned the other, sinking her voice to a low whisper, as though afraid of being overheard, "he is a *German; a native born German!*" she repeated, emphatically.

"Impossible! Why I thought he was brought up right here, in Boston."

"So he was from the time he was six years old; but prior to that his home was in Germany."

"Well, if he was so young when he came over, I should think he would feel pretty much as Americans do."

"And so he does; but that don't mend the matter a whit; he has some property, left by his father in Germany, or rather redeemed — no, that's not it, either; it

will be his if he goes over and proves himself the heir ; and by so doing he will proclaim his origin."

"And you — I thought you couldn't love a German ! couldn't think of anything so preposterous — so perfectly absurd ! Ah, Katie, Katie, you didn't know your heart then, did you dear ?" and Emma folded the crimsoned face to her bosom, and pressed her lips on the burning brow. And then, too, as Kate's head rested on her breast, Emma placed her lips close to her cousin's ear, and whispered a full confession of her own hopes and fears. Then, for the first time, did they both truly feel that sympathy was sweet ; and, as their hearts kept beating with the same tumultuous throbs, a new link seemed added to the love-chain that before united them.

"O ! Emma, Emma !" said Kate, raising her head as though suddenly recollecting something, "I forgot to tell you ; it is the best of all, too ! his name isn't Murphy ! That name I always did think was so horrid."

"Indeed ! what is it then ?"

"Why — let me think : upon my word I've forgotten."

"That is a joke," said Emma, laughing ; "forgotten the name of your enchanter !"

"Why, pshaw ! how dull I am. It is something like beef, or mutton, I really believe."

"I can not discover any more euphony in either of those than in Murphy."

"There ! I have it now : it's Hutten ! that's it. But there's no use, Emma," she continued, hopelessly. "I

might as well try to break the spell at once. Pa would never give his consent."

"Don't be so despairing, Kate. Just do your duty, and leave the rest to Providence, and it will all come right by and by, as Roderic says." A soft carnation stole into Emma's cheek, when, for the first time, she heard herself breathe that name aloud.

"It may be so in your case, for uncle is more liberal in his views than pa; he might be wrought upon and finally persuaded to give his consent; but I've heard pa express himself with regard to foreigners too often; he absolutely dislikes them."

"Why?" asked Emma "Have they ever injured him in any way?"

"No: but it is the way with many in the South; they never put foreigners on an equal footing with Americans; always seem to consider them a step below."

"That's ungenerous, Kate."

"Yes, I know; and yet I have imbibed many of their notions. It is really inexplicable! perfectly marvelous that my heart should have chosen one of these same people, above all others."

"Love exerts a Divine influence, cousin; it has often been known to expand the heart, and I shouldn't wonder if it caused the scales of prejudice to fall from your eyes. What did you say, Katie, when he asked you?"

"Nothing, at first."

"Well, but after a while ; when you did speak ?" persisted her interrogator.

"I can't remember, to save my life, Emma ; I tried a dozen times to recall my answer, last night, after he left, but it was no use. Something frightened the words away, and I'm afraid they'll never venture back.

"They will both leave us next week ; his absence will test whether you can break the spell or not. Maybe, after all, uncle will not be so violently opposed. With his warm, generous nature, and kindly impulses, I hardly think he would allow his prejudices to stand in the way of his daughter's happiness."

"You must consider the effects of education, and the influence of those by whom he has always been surrounded. Pa is not often unreasonable, but I verily believe he would be even stubborn in such a case."

"Where now, Karl ?" asked his room-mate, as the former donned his over-coat and took his hat from its accustomed place.

"Round to settle with Mr. Dare."

"If he were not so penurious, I shouldn't allow you to touch a cent of his money ; but as he is so scrupulously exact in discharging all his just dues, it might trouble that conscience of his that he is forever harping about, to leave the debt unpaid ; and now it just strikes me, in consideration of his strict sense of justice, I had

better accompany you, and let him 'fork over,' as you Americans say, for my services. He left me somewhat out of temper that night I spoke so plainly to him, but I guess it will do no harm to give him a parting call."

The two went round and found the merchant alone in the counting-room. He regretted exceedingly the loss of Mr. Murphy's services; had flattered himself that he had given entire satisfaction.

The ex-book-keeper had nothing to complain of; he was about to leave the city, to be absent some months, and on his return might not want a situation.

"So you have lost your pupil!" said the merchant, turning to Mr. Sundahl, with a malicious smile.

The person addressed colored slightly, as he bowed assent, and then informed Dare that he hoped to resume his instructions at some future period.

"Then you have forgotten the message I brought. Let me assure you that such an attempt would incur the displeasure of the family," said Dare, without endeavoring to conceal the irritation his words had occasioned.

"But not of the fair pupil herself," suggested the German, with a provoking smile.

This was the one drop too much. Dare's indignation seemed unbounded. "Sir," he said, in a voice trembling with rage and excitement, "you forget who you are. Like many of your countrymen, you come to our shores and aspire to be equal to any in the land. This will not do, sir; although 'free and equal' is our motto,

Americans are always considered greatly superior to foreigners here, and even they must possess both wealth and position, before they can aspire to the hand of such a being as Emma Bartlett;" and Dare drew himself up proudly as he spoke.

Mr. Sundahl measured him with his eye, and then said, with a profound bow, "both of which my fascinating employer imagines renders him irresistible."

Dare was entirely unprepared for this. It made him perfectly furious. Such impudence, and from a Dutchman, was not to be borne! Yet, how could he resent it? With as great an antipathy as he had for single combat, he could not think of fighting. He had always been too careful of his precious life to risk it in a scuffle; and even in his boyhood had chosen to endure the jeers of his companions, rather than make any pugnacious display of his strength. He was equally opposed to using weapons of defense, and often was heard to hold forth on the "terrible state of things in the South, where men shot each other down like wild beasts, if they dared to address one another in language other than respectful."

We agree with Mr. Dare, that it is certainly unfortunate and much to be regretted, that our Southern brethren are so hasty and passionate as in an unguarded moment to take the lives of their fellow men merely for a trifling misunderstanding, but we must confess that we would infinitely prefer to live in a community

where men feel that they are not allowed to use those low, contemptible innuendoes that frequently arouse the worst passions of our nature; where one man can openly insult another, often with the design of provoking his victim to make a personal attack on him, which he leaves unresented, and then goes to law about it, with the hope of recovering the pitiful sum of a few dollars, and afterward secretly congratulates himself on his cuteness.

But we left Mr. Dare in a dilemma, from which there seemed little hope of his extricating himself.

All at once a thought struck him. He could not resent the insult offered to his dignity, but Porter, that great six-footer, could. Beside, it would do his soul good to devil the Dutchman, for he (Porter), had often told him he hated the whole set, like rattlesnakes. He'd call on the clerk for assistance, and he'd pretty quick show his opponent, who stood there calmly awaiting his answer, where the door was. Accordingly he summoned the giant to his aid.

"Mr. Porter," he said, in the same angry tone, "do me the favor to show this gentleman the way out, without any ceremony. He has insulted me."

"Excuse me, Mr. Dare," said the summoned assistant, a sudden vision of two tightly clenched hands, threatening instant destruction to his proboscis if he offered the least resistance, bursting quickly on his mental view. "Excuse me," he repeated, as his employer looked the

picture of offended dignity ; " Mr. Sundahl and myself are upon the most amicable terms ; it is out of my power to comply with your request," and bowing politely he took leave of the trio. The merchant was discomfited ; overwhelmed with chagrin.

" The least intimation that my company was not agreeable, would have caused me to withdraw instantly," said Mr. Sundahl, turning to depart. " I will seek an interview with you on my return. *We will meet again,*" he said, accenting every word clearly, and with a peculiar emphasis ; " good morning," and he passed into the store, answered one of the clerk's interrogation as to how long he would be absent, and passed out, followed by Karl.

" Two months," soliloquized Dare, who had heard his reply. " It may be a subterfuge, and who knows but he may lie in wait for, and assassinate me. It is just like these foreigners ; they are so blood-thirsty and revengeful ;" and the surmise in which he had indulged caused a cold shudder to pass over him.

Three days afterward the farewells, lingering, sad, and tender, had been spoken, and Roderic and Karl were on the blue ocean, every moment widening the space between them and those to whom their hearts had been entrusted until their return.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

THOUGH she strove in meek submission,
Cheerfully to kiss the rod,
All could see the grief that swayed her,
When the coffin touched the sod,
When the damp clods rattled o'er it,
And the mourners turned away,
Murmuring, as they left the sleeper,
"Clay must mingle with its clay."

By the unbeliever, by him who has little reliance on the all-sufficient Arm, little faith in the promises of the blessed Word, afflictions are met with murmurings and repinings ; but when the good man is called to endure, it is beautiful to see with what child-like submission he yields to the Father's decree ; with what a patient and uncomplaining spirit he acknowledges the justice of the stroke.

Mr. Bartlett was ill — very ill ; it was an alarming attack, and threatened a speedy termination if not instantly relieved. The devoted wife and daughter stood motionless by the bed-side, with blanched cheeks and tearful eyes, as they heard the physician say, hopelessly,

that he had tried the last remedy. If that failed, he could do no more.

"Merciful Father, spare me this blow!" was the silent prayer of Mrs. Bartlett, as she gazed fixedly in the sufferer's face. "I never thought he might be taken first."

All night they watched by his bed-side, and, when morning came, the disease took a turn, and though he lay entirely insensible to pain, the symptoms were none the less fatal.

"Dear father, are you not better?" asked Emma, passing her hand gently over his brow.

"No, love, I fear not."

"You will not leave us, George! No, no, we could not do without you!" and the wife buried her head in the pillows beside him.

"If it is the Lord's will, we should not murmur, Emma," he said, laying his hand caressingly on the bowed form.

"I know, I know! but O! it is terrible, terrible to think of losing you."

"Remember the promise 'I will be a father to the fatherless, and the widow's stay.' A word with you alone," he added.

The daughter withdrew.

"A word about our Emma: she occupies the next place in my heart to you, my wife, and of her future welfare would I speak. She would not listen to Mr.

Dare's proposal, but I think she regards him differently now: I've noticed she has seemed more silent and thoughtful in his presence than formerly. Do not urge her to accept him against her will; but, Emma dear, if you think she at all favors his suit, say to her that had I been spared, I would have gladly received him as a son. He has some peculiar views, but I think he is actuated by what he conceives to be right; his motives I believe are good, and he will doubtless make her a kind, affectionate husband. Your future home, my love, must be with her; you know I have been no financier, and have always spent what I made in my Master's vineyard, in feeding and clothing the needy of His flock, trusting He would provide for the lambs of my household, should they be bereft of my care and protection. Before he mentions this subject again, tell her it was my last request that she should think seriously upon the matter before she gives a final decision.

"One word more, Emma. The German who gave her instructions in music, I have had good reason to suspect him of interested motives, and from some information recently imparted to me through Mr. Dare, my suspicions have been corroborated. Not that I believe he courted her society for the purpose Mr. Dare intimated, for an uncle would ——. But, Emma my wife, I am growing faint! Call our daughter, but first let me repeat it. *Tell her to beware of the German.*"



"I will, George, I will ; but dear husband, say no more. You have exhausted yourself already ; we can speak of this at another time."

"Another time might be too late," he said in a feeble whisper, closing his eyes wearily.

Yes, it was well that he had spoken ; for in the silent watches of the night, the white-winged messengers, many of them we doubt not the departed souls of those he had toiled to save, glided earthward, and entering the household of faith bore to the mansions prepared in his Father's kingdom the disembodied spirit of the good and faithful shepherd.

Ah, what a void, what a great, aching void was then created in two loving hearts ! In two did we say ? yes, in three, for Anna Mitchell loved her brother with all the fervor an only sister feels, and as they consigned him to the tomb, she remembered that she was the only remaining one of the dear family band gathered under the roof tree of home in by-gone years.

And now the recent bereavement seemed to link the sorrowing widow and only sister more closely together. On hearing of the sad event, Mr. Mitchell had hastened to Boston, and after passing several days in earnest solicitation with Mrs. Bartlett, urging herself and Emma to prepare to accompany them South in the course of a fortnight, he had returned to Washington to wait until Congress adjourned. Poor Emma ! for the first time her eyes were open to the painful fact

that she stood alone in the world. Her father had been so devoted to her happiness, so regardful of her every wish, and she had learned to look up to him with such perfect, child-like confidence, the thought of passing along without a protector seemed fearful to her. Then she thought of Roderic, and the impulse was strong within her to await his return, and take shelter in his protecting arms.

But could she do this, and leave her mother, the dear gentle being who had watched over her through years of helpless infancy and tender youth? Who had passed so many sleepless nights over her pillow, when sickness laid her low? Should she forsake her now in her deep affliction? "No, no," she thought, "love is strong, but duty must triumph here." Then remembrance reverted to Mr. Dare; she recalled the protestations of undying love to which he had forced her to listen; and called to mind his circumstances. An alliance with him would render her independent, and afford her an opportunity of offering her dear mother a home in the place of her nativity? Did duty call upon her to make the sacrifice? Her heart sickened at the thought. "O! I can not do this," she murmured, "mother would not ask it, would not allow it!"

Then again her thoughts went back to Roderic. She had looked forward with such joyful expectation to the time when she would welcome him back; but now, ere he again crossed the threshold, she would be far away

in the sunny South, among the very people Kate had said were so prejudiced against her lover's countrymen; and even if he should seek her there on his return, would he not meet with more violent opposition from her uncle than her father would have shown him?

Pained by these reflections, Emma arose and bent her steps toward her chamber. On passing the study, she thought she heard a low sob; the door was ajar, and she looked in. There sat her mother in the easy chair so often occupied by the departed; her head rested on one hand, and with the other she clasped a Bible — his Bible. The daughter's heart was touched; she could not pass on. Entering noiselessly, she stole to the mourner's side, and kneeling down by her, buried her face in her lap, sobbing aloud, "O! mother, mother, mother! how can we endure this?"

That low wail of anguish aroused the bereaved wife from the great storm of grief sweeping over her. Folding her daughter tenderly to her bosom, she said, in broken accents, "We've one another left, darling. O! Emma, my child, had you not been sent, I must have borne this affliction alone!"

And now, as the fair girl rested her head on that bosom that had so often pillowed it, she repeated the words that had so often before passed her lips, "I will never be separated from you, mother, never."

"I can not ask that, dear; it is too much. I have wanted to speak of this ever since your father's death.

If Mr. Dare speaks to you on the subject—you know what I mean—again, before we leave, what will be your reply?”

“The same,” she returned, looking full in her mother’s face, to mark the effect of her answer.

“It would indeed be hard to resign you to another, and yet I would rather give my daughter into the keeping of one so able to supply her every want, than to selfishly retain her under my weak protection.”

“Dear mother,” said Emma, after a short time passed in painful reflection, “I wish I could love him, for your sake.”

“Not for mine, dear, but for your own. Your father bade me say, Emma,” she went on, laying her hand on the golden tresses fluttering on her bosom, “that had he been spared, it would have been his desire to welcome Mr. Dare as a son, and ——”

“O! mother, mother, say no more!” burst from the daughter’s quivering lips, and her head sank lower as she spoke, “spare me! if you love me, spare me!”

“Understand me, Emma, dear; he did not wish me to urge the matter; he only said he hoped you would not be hasty in giving a final decision.”

Mrs. Bartlett ceased; she felt that her part of a painful duty had been discharged, for, though she had promised to fulfill her husband’s dying request, she remembered too well how Dare’s first advances had been received. And now, all that remained to do was to

breathe in Emma's ear the words of caution the departed one had uttered ; and as Emma sat, clasping tightly the hand that had led her from an infant up, longing to confess to her mother that another's image was indelibly engraven on her soul, almost resolved to hazard the consequences by whispering in her ear the story of her love, and appealing to that warm, sympathizing heart for counsel, Mrs. Bartlett spoke — gave utterance to words that caused the blood which had stolen to her cheek, as a precursor of the avowal her lips were framing, to flow sluggishly back, and fall freezing on her heart.

"Emma, where is Mr. Sundahl now, your former music-teacher?"

Emma started and raised her head.

"Did you speak, mother?" she asked, unable to frame an answer.

"Yes, dear; I asked if you knew where that German who gave you music instruction is now?"

"No, mother," she replied, truthfully, for whether on the blue ocean, or in the Fatherland, she could not tell.

"Your father spoke of him in his parting advice to me about you. He seemed to think he had been actuated by sinister motives while visiting our house. He made some allusion I could not understand, but his closing words were, 'Tell her to beware of the German.'"

Emma felt a flush of indignation pass over her face when she heard her lover's motives questioned; then her features resumed their composure, and she merely said, "I don't see how father could have suspected such a thing. He was introduced to us by Mr. Dare, and if I recollect aright, it was through that gentleman's influence his services were engaged."

"So they were; but, though I can not understand why your father spoke in this manner, I'm sure he had good reasons for it; for he never was one to let trifles change his regard for a friend, and I know he esteemed Mr. Sundahl highly until after he recovered from that attack of fever. I've thought that, perhaps, during his sickness, your father might have heard him express his views on religion, or rather against it, for you know there are many infidels in those foreign countries."

"O! mother, he is *not* an infidel," exclaimed Emma, unable longer to listen silently to false suspicions, "Your surmise does him gross injustice. He believes as much in the protecting care of our Heavenly Father as you or I, or even father could have done. Blame him no more than he deserves. Let us try to remember the command, 'Be merciful.' He was so patient and kind," she added, dashing the tear-drops from her eyes, as she marked her mother's wondering glance, "I can not bear to hear unmerited censure heaped upon him. Gratitude will not allow it."

"God forbid that I should misjudge a fellow creature.

I only mentioned this as a reason for your father's changed manner toward him, and I thought," she added, a faint suspicion of the real state of things between them having been awakened by Emma's emotion, "that he might have feared his child would become interested in an unbeliever, and for this reason requested his instructions should cease. Is it not plausible, dear?"

"Yes."

"However, I shall have no fears," she continued, looking steadily at Emma as she spoke. "Even if an interest has sprung up in this young bosom, I'm sure my daughter would bend every effort to crush it, now that she has learned the last words her father ever uttered with regard to her, were, 'Tell her to beware of the German.'"

Emma only wept; she saw plainly to make a full acknowledgment would be of no avail. Therefore she remained silent.

At length she spoke: "Do you think, mother, that these impulses of the heart can be controlled, or rather, guided by our will, and forced into different channels?"

"Yes, sometimes, I suppose." Yet even while the parent spoke, her thoughts wandered off to the past, when many of her intimate friends raised objections to the youth of her choice, because he was so "sober and grave," and shaking their heads ominously, prophesied that he would "crush her flow of spirits and make an

old woman of her in a few years." Still, forsaking all others, she had chosen to cleave unto him. And then, too, she remembered how cloudless had been the years of her wedded life. How often she had had reason to return thanks to Heaven for providing her that ark of safety, and permitting her to rest undisturbed in its shadow.

"I believe, Emma, this was the reason your dear father so often said, not to urge you; to let your heart guide you in this matter, providing the object upon which you bestowed it, was worthy of the precious boon."

"*What* was the reason?"

"Ah, I forgot myself! I was thinking. But never mind, dear. All I have to say," she went on, rising and laying both hands solemnly on her daughter's head, "is, that if ever this warm, trusting heart of yours, bestows its wealth of affection on any one, may he be all a fond parent can desire." And with this she pressed the weeping girl close to her bosom, imprinting, as she did so, a warm, loving kiss upon her brow

Emma sobbed convulsively. "He is worthy of me, more than worthy," a voice within kept repeating, yet her lips dared not give utterance to what she felt.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. DARE'S PARTING CALL.

With an air of self-importance
Did our hero re-propose ;
Straightening out his fair proportions,
Like a rooster when he crows.

AND now it was the last evening they were to spend together *at home*. They were all congregated in the sitting-room, except Mr. Mitchell, who had told his wife that "important business would keep him out until a late hour." By attending to this *important business* he lost his only opportunity of seeing one whom his daughter had been anxious for him to behold ; not, merely, because it was upon herself and this individual that her cousin had perpetrated the joke related, soon after her arrival, and which her father had enjoyed amazingly, when repeated to him ; but because the person in question was a very devoted beau of Emma's. Had it been any other evening than the last they were to spend in Boston, the visitor that Kate declared she knew would come, would have been as much compelled to attend to "important business," as was Mr. Mitchell ; and it is not

improbable, that both these business men might have met while industriously discharging these imperative duties. For once, however, the expected one neglected these "pressing affairs" in order to make a parting call on Miss Bartlett.

From the apartment in which the little group was gathered, not an article of furniture had been removed, for the house had been rented, ready furnished. It was only from the study and sleeping apartments, that little sacred mementoes had been taken to preserve.

Emma and Kate sat silently thinking, while their elders conversed in subdued tones.

The front-door bell rang, and a moment afterward Lena announced Mr. Dare.

Emma did not move; she had heard neither the bell, nor the servant.

"Emma, love!" said Mrs. Bartlett, rising and approaching her.

"What is it, mother?" she asked, arousing, herself.

"Mr. Dare wishes to see you."

"Mr. Dare!" she repeated, starting slightly. "Must I go in, mother?"

"You had better, dear; don't be rash," she added in a low tone: "remember your father's words."

Emma looked appealingly toward Kate, as she prepared to leave the room. The latter answered the look with a significant glance, and, when the door closed on her cousin's retreating form, and her mother and aunt

resumed their conversation, she arose and noiselessly made her exit through the door leading into the hall.

A close observer might have detected a gleam of triumph in the visitor's eye as Emma Bartlett came forward to greet him. He had been not a little piqued on receiving a cold and decided refusal once, and had resolved that his second proposal should meet with a more favorable reception. For this purpose he had denied himself the pleasure of being accepted until the evening of their stay. He felt confident an affirmative answer would this time be given, for he was aware Emma possessed an independent spirit, and would not care to throw herself on the charity of her friends. Beside, the feelings of jealousy Mr. Sundahl's last remarks had excited had died out; for, portionless as Emma was, he felt sure her mother would never consent to her union with a poor clerk, depending on a meager salary for a support; and, aside from this, he imagined his German origin would be a serious objection, and he had every reason to believe Emma would unite herself to no one without her mother's full approbation.

With these convictions he opened the subject on the evening in question with but little undue ceremony. That she did not love him he knew, for she had not been backward in informing him of the fact; but as to this loving, it was a "mere matter of fancy after all; enough of that would come afterward," he said to himself.

When, therefore, the all-important question was again propounded, he was wholly unprepared for the same calm, decided refusal that had greeted his ear on a former occasion. In vain he warned her to reflect before she threw away this last opportunity of sharing his hand and fortune, in vain he reminded her, (just as he had Rosalie before her,) how pleasant it would be to have a home to which she could invite the one she so dearly loved, and there administer to her every comfort.

The young girl was inflexible; she felt that she *could* not consent to force her lips to utter a promise at which her heart revolted. All he could effect was to exact from her a promise that she would allow him to visit her in her Southern home in the course of six months, and then for the last time learn her final decision. Even this privilege would have been denied him, had she not remembered her mother's words, "Don't be rash, dear."

While this scene was being enacted below, Kate sat in her chamber alone, occasionally starting from her seat with a gesture of impatience. Suddenly she sprang to her feet, exclaiming, as she paced the room several times, "I can't stand it any longer! he's had time enough to have said it all! He shan't torment her a single minute longer. If it hadn't been that I feared aunt's displeasure, she shouldn't have seen him alone to-night. How would you feel, Kate Mitchell, to be

forced to sit and listen to protestations of affection in your present frame of mind, when you have no heart to give? I could not endure it," said the self interrogator, as she flew down stairs.

When Kate opened the door, carelessly humming a favorite air, Mr. Dare paused abruptly in the middle of a sentence.

"O! I beg pardon!" she exclaimed, with admirable naïvete, looking the picture of astonishment on seeing the parlor occupied. "What an uncereemonious intruder I am!" she added, turning as though to retrace her steps.

"Come back, cousin Kate; I'm sure Mr. Dare will consider your company quite an acquisition, for I am exceedingly dull this evening."

"Not exactly that," returned Dare, in a confused manner; "but Miss Mitchell's presence is certainly desirable whenever she sees fit to honor her friends with it."

Kate bowed. "If those be your sentiments, gallant sir, I will remain, to prove to you that your compliment was not thrown away;" and she seated herself as she spoke.

Dare was provoked, and he took little pains to disguise his feelings. However, an approving smile from her cousin, made it all right with Kate. Turning to Emma, he asked if she would favor him with a song.

Miss Bartlett begged to be excused, without assigning any reason for her refusal.

"If he has neither discrimination nor tact enough to know that it would be painful in the extreme for me to move those strings, and thus to call forth a host of tender memories on this last evening I will ever spend at home, he don't deserve an explanation. A moment's consideration ought to suggest to him how trying it would be to pass my fingers over the keys so soon after dear father's death. I have always believed, and I do still, that he is destitute of the finer feelings that a rightly cultivated mind possesses."

While Emma soliloquized thus, Kate had begun a spirited attack upon their guest. The cousin did not hear the remarks that had aroused Kate's ire. The first sentence that arrested her attention was, "Yes, sir, there is even a greater difference between the educated and ignorant classes of Germans than between Americans. You acknowledge that, don't you?"

"Well, yes; though they all seem to murder our language pretty much in the same way, when they first begin to speak it. This reminds me of a greeting I received one day, a number of years ago, when I took a jaunt out West.

"I had been riding all day, and feeling weary, I reined my horse in before a small log house that boasted a flaming sign, on which were inscribed the

words, 'Entertainment for man and horse.' Mine host soon made his appearance. He was a little, short, thick-set Dutchman, with a pipe almost equaling himself in proportions.

"'Gute evenin', Mishter,' he began, smiling, 'how does you tu dis evenin'. Hang your hose do dat sign-pusht, und gom in, set on de fire, und warum you'self.'

"After complying with his request to 'gom in,' he went on: 'Dis ish a colt evenin, Mishter; vat vill you trink? Cider vine, cider ile, bilt cider, oder cider by himself?

"'Mishter stranger, dis house ish not so comfortable as I vould to have him. I vill cut an avenue tru dare, I vill put up a condition dare, I vill conceal him apove mit poards oder mud, and vill put an interjection of tu borts tu dat borch, und den I can detain thravelers in a more hostile manner. Vat you tink, Mr. Sthranger, von dis?'

"Of course, I approved of his planning, and after resting a while, prepared to go.

"'What direction must I take to go to ——,' I asked, on remounting my horse.

"'Vell, you see dat durnip batch yander. Schust durn him up, and go on till you gom to dat pig stone parin, und durn him round; den you go past an empty hog pen mit tree sheep in him, und von dare tu de river. Den schust durn the river tree quarters of a

mile up stream, und you vill see mine pruder Yacob's house ; it stands in de pack end of de town.' ”

Dare had an inimitable faculty of mimicking, and, despite her efforts to the contrary, Kate could not refrain from a hearty laugh. Emma did not join in their merriment ; she could not ; she felt his jesting was ill-timed, and much as she usually enjoyed a joke, this failed to bring a smile to her features.

An hour later, Emma sat alone in her chamber, with pen, ink, and paper before her. She was going to write to Roderic ; it was her first letter, and might be her last. He had been absent nearly a month, and would probably be back by the time another moon had risen and set. She would leave the letter in the office there for him, and not run the risk of sending it. With a quivering hand she wrote the words, “Dear Roderic,” and then came a wild burst of feeling that for a time unnerved her. Again she grew calm, and the moments flew unheeded by : still she wrote, allowing her heart to dictate what it would. So absorbed was she, Kate's step was unheard when she entered the room, and seated herself by the window, where, pressing her hand hard against her forehead, she tried to still the tumult within. Although the younger of the two, Emma found this a less difficult task than her cousin. She had been reared and educated in the North, where the female mind is much more rigidly disciplined than in the South, where

the feelings are allowed to effervesce without restraint. We can see the effect of this strict, careful training in the Yankee women, as we term them, who leave their homes and journey to all parts of the Union, to earn their own livelihood ; to rely upon themselves, to exercise the self-control they learned at their mother's knee, and thus become qualified for greater usefulness in later life.

We have a warm corner in our heart for the South, and her gallant sons ; but they, like ourself, have their weaknesses. We once heard a proud Southerner, with whom "pride of family, and wealthy connexions," seemed a favorite hobby, say, sneeringly, that, during one year, over three hundred young ladies had been imported from one of the New England States to different parts of the South, as teachers and governesses. We agreed with him, that it was an underhand piece of business, in those who sent that number for the purpose of secretly instilling into the minds of the youth, anti-slavery notions, and our private opinion was, that those zealous "philanthropists" would find an ample field of labor in which to exercise their excessive benevolence, if they would just devote themselves to *home missions* ; but, when our Southern brother spoke contemptuously of the females, themselves, and termed the noble sacrifices they made, for the purpose of maintaining themselves, and perhaps assisting the loved-ones at home, "masculine prefer-

ences," we needed nothing further to convince us, that he was incapable of appreciating the disinterested motives that actuated them.

An hour passed away, and as Emma folded her letter a few stray beams from the lamp before her fell on something in her cousin's hand. While Kate's dark eye was fixed upon this, Emma's hand glided through her own sunny curls, and dis severing one from its sisters, she laid it in the missive, then moistening the envelop she pressed it together. This accomplished, she turned to make some preparations for the morrow, but on discovering her cousin she hastened to her side.

"Why, Katie dear, I did not know you were here," she began; then perceiving the miniature, she delicately drew back.

"Come here, Emma, and bring the lamp," said her cousin, in a voice husky with emotion.

Emma obeyed. "Is it *his* picture?" she asked, kneeling down by her side.

Kate did not reply, but concealing one part of the daguerreotype with her hand, she pointed to the other.

"Roderic!" burst from Emma's lips, as she started back. "How came you with this?"

A faint smile played over Kate's features, as she removed her hand and pointed again. "He had several taken alone, but this was much the best, and I preferred it, both on that account, and because I knew

you were so cautious you would be afraid to carry one concealed about your person. He left you none, did he?"

"'Tis so like him!" said Emma, evasively.

"I should have shown it to you sooner, but you've had so much trouble of late, and we've been so little alone."

"O! Kate, Kate," said Emma, without noticing her remark, "we are idolators, all of us! What heart is it that has not its shrine before which it kneels in adoration? How many of us worship the creature instead of the Creator. We are but poor, weak, frail mortals, my cousin, and if left to ourselves, we would rush blindly forward, and often, perhaps, forsaking the beaten path, would lose our foothold in the quicksands of temptation. Truly have we need to pray for Divine assistance as we journey along."

"Were you to lose *him*, Emma, think you you could still place your reliance in your heavenly Father, and bow to the stroke without murmuring?"

"O! yes," was the reply, while a holy confidence illuminated those beautiful features. "It would cost a struggle, though; and you have but to ask your own heart, to know how severe would be the trial. But I would not allow myself to brood over my sorrow; I never have done so. We have only to endeavor to do what is right, and leave the rest to Heaven. *He*

always spoke thus," and again her eyes were fastened on the picture.

"She talks so calmly," mused the Southern maiden, as they relapsed into silence. "I should accuse her of lack of affection, were I not sure she loves him devotedly. This holding in subjection these emotions that sweep like a hurricane through the heart, is incomprehensible to me. Have I not put forth every effort to still this inward tumult? and yet, of what avail has it been?"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MOTHER'S PICTURE.

"O! THAT those lips had language!" Can it be
This is the semblance of reality?
Did such a glorious being give me birth,
And is she yet a habitant of earth?
Would she now love me? Would those red lips bless
Her child in tones of melting tenderness?
"My mother!" ah! another bears that name,
And never holier, purer, deeper flame
Could e'er be kindled in this heart of mine,
That that ascending toward the adopted shrine.

"GOOD-BY, Lena! You have served me faithfully
for well-nigh a score of years, and it seems hard that
fate must part us now."

The servant wept. "If I could only go with you,"
she said.

"I sincerely wish it could be so, but you know that
is impossible. Accept this, as a token of regard from
one who has fully appreciated your untiring discharge
of duty;" and she handed her a beautiful gilt Bible
as she spoke. "Study it attentively, Lena; nothing I
can think of will benefit you half so much."

Lena received the gift silently, and pressing the
proffered hand, turned away.

"Where is Miss Emma?" she asked, in a hoarse voice, as Mrs. Bartlett ascended the stairs.

"I'll send her down in a moment; she's busy just now in the hall."

"Good-by, Lena," said Miss Bartlett, a short time afterward, as she reached the servant's side

"I want to speak alone with you, Miss Emma, please step into my room here."

Emma obeyed. "Be quick, Lena, they are almost ready to start."

"I know; I tried hard last night, but Miss Kate was with you, and this morning, but you were out; I couldn't find you."

"Well, do hurry, I'm afraid they'll call before you begin."

"I have something to give you," began the servant, in a low voice, "I would rather Mrs. Bartlett would not know it, for she might blame me, but I pledged my word and I will comply."

"Well," said Emma, impatiently, "what can it be?"

"I have known you all your life," continued Lena, "ever since you were born. I knew your mother, too, your *own* mother!"

"*You* did, Lena!" exclaimed the girl, starting. "Who was she? Tell me, tell me all about her," she cried, eagerly.

"I can not tell you more than I know. Here is her picture. She gave it into my keeping, and made me

promise, if ever I left the services of Mrs. Bartlett, I would place it in your hands. She would have given it to that lady herself, but she feared you might never gain possession of it."

"Why?" asked Emma, reaching eagerly forward for the picture."

"Because she thought your adopted mother might grow so fond of you, she would not wish you to think you ever had another."

"I understand!" said the astonished girl, trying in vain to unclasp the fastening; "but why did you not give it to me before?"

"Her wish was that you should not have it until you were of age, unless I made my home elsewhere. Please let me undo it. You are nervous."

"My mother," she exclaimed, bending over the picture; "was she so beautiful? O! tell me about her, Lena; tell me more, for they will call me soon."

"I know nothing, only that she was a poor, friendless orphan, and that the good minister and his wife took her in, fed and clothed her; she had been a great lady in her country, and ——"

"In her country! Why, Lena, was she not an American?"

"No, dear child; she could not speak a word of English. Nobody could understand her at first but me."

"She was German, then!" a bright smile broke over the young girl's features as it flashed across her

that the discovery of her German descent might remove one great obstacle to her union with Roderic.

"Yes," returned Lena, "I was 'most afraid to tell you that, but you don't seem ashamed."

"No, no, Lena, I am glad! But mother—Mrs. Bartlett—you say she knew her; why then has she not told—but you gave the reason. I forgot. Go on, I beg of you. How came she to be left unprotected in this country? Was her husband dead?"

Lena was silent. She was wholly unprepared for such an interrogation. Emma noticed her confusion, and in an instant a dark suspicion crossed her mind.

"My father!" she gasped, pressing her fingers tightly around the servant's arm. "Speak, Lena, for Heaven's sake. Tell me of him; quick, they are even now calling."

Still the girl hesitated, but the appealing look of the one she had watched over so many years weakened her resolution.

"I never meant to tell you," she said, at length, "No one knows but me, not even Mrs. Bartlett, yet I have often thought it was my duty to caution you —"

"Against what?" cried Emma, alarmed at her ominous manner

"I *will* tell you, Miss Emma," she went on, as though seized with a sudden resolve. *She* would have wished it could she have foreseen, for it would be perfectly awful if he should marry you."

"Who?" shrieked the terrified girl, livid with the fear and suspense that tortured her.

"Why, that Dare, the preacher's son; he's a base scoundrel," she continued, her indignation aroused by the mention of the name. "He deceived your mother, innocent girl that she was, and now comes pretending to be a gentleman, and tries to coax his own daughter to marry him, for what all I know. He comes often enough for that anyhow."

Lena paused abruptly, reminded, when too late, of the dreadful consequences that might follow this revelation, by the death-like pallor of the features before her. Yet Emma neither fainted nor shrieked, but standing immovable as a statue, her large, full eyes riveted on the servant's face, she asked in a low, hollow whisper, "Does he know he is my father?"

"No, indeed! your mother became his victim before Providence directed her steps to our door; I can not tell how. God forgive me if I have done wrong in saying this, but I have always been so afraid the villain would carry you off."

Still Emma did not move. So rigid and cold were those features, they seemed more like Parian marble than a breathing reality.

"How do you know *he* is my father?" she asked without removing her gaze from Lena's face.

"*She* told me so, herself," replied the other, pointing to the picture as she spoke.

"And *they* know nothing of it?" she inquired for the first time, moving her head in the direction of the door.

"No; they do not dream of such a thing; not a soul."

Emma!" cried Kate, from the top of the stairs, "the carriage is waiting; why don't you come?"

"In a moment," she replied in a slightly tremulous voice. Then concealing the picture about her person, she grasped Lena's extended hand, and with a scarcely articulate "Good-by," and "God bless you," she hurried away.

"Why, daughter, how pale you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Bartlett, as Emma ascended the steps of the carriage that was to convey them to the depot. "Do not let this parting from home overcome you. Be brave for my sake!"

"I'll try, mother!" was the reply, in a quivering voice.

O! the bitterness of the hour succeeding that revelation! Life seemed almost insupportable to the young creature. Years ago, when she first learned that the dear ones who had lavished their affections upon her, were not her parents, she had felt a load of grief at her heart, such as never before had oppressed it. Then her foster-mother had soothed her, gently, and had carefully concealed from her all the circumstances connected with her birth. As Lena had said, Mrs. Bartlett had wished Emma to look upon her husband and herself as the only ones who had a right to call her daughter; and when one

day a visitor, an old friend of the family, inadvertently referred to her adoption, in her presence, the poor child for a time seemed heart-broken.

Yet the information she had that morning gained, was more intensely painful than her first sorrow had been; and worst of all she must bear it alone; for, to reveal what Lena had told, to her mother, would only add to the grief then pressing upon her.

Then her thoughts flew off to her lover. "I must give him up forever, now; he knows I am not the daughter of them that reared me, for I told him that; but of my parentage he does not dream. He would shrink from me if he did. How kind, how good he is! 'Tis hard to think of losing him. It would have been better had I not left that letter; I never spoke so freely to him as I wrote last night. We could have been happy together; but alas, the dream is over. Dear Roderic, farewell. You will be mine above." A few rebellious tears welled up from their source, and dewed her cheek, others would have followed, but she forced them back. Finally her thoughts turned to Dare, and all the resentment, all the ill-feeling a nature like her's was capable of possessing, were aroused as she pondered. A visible agitation swept over her as she put the question to herself: "What if I had consented to become his?" And now she recalled Lena's unaccountable manner on several occasions when she announced their guest, and her apparent equivocation on the day he called and was

told, Miss Bartlett was not at home. It was a mystery then, but she understood all now ; and though awakened to the fearful certainty that Roderic could never be her's, the knowledge she had obtained also put it into her power to spurn any advances that might in future be made, by one whose name she now loathed. From her uncle's family, as well as from her mother, she would carefully guard her secret ; if communicated to the former it might change their feelings toward her, and the latter was too deeply concerned in her happiness to treat the matter with indifference. While Emma mused thus, the other occupants of the carriage remained silent, all apparently communing with their own thoughts.

Once only had the silence been broken. Mr. Mitchell, who had seen but very little of his niece, after regarding her attentively for a time, had turned to Mrs. Bartlett with the remark, "I have seen a face just like Emma's somewhere, and have been trying to recollect the person to whom it belongs, but I can remember nothing, except that I have seen some person she resembles."

It was a perfect moonlight night toward the close of March, and the first our little party had prepared to pass on the broad Mississippi. They were standing out upon the guards, enjoying the scenery that greets the eye on either side of the Father of Waters. Every

member of our group, except Emma, was there. She sat alone in her berth, and, by the dim light cast from the chandelier in the ladies' cabin, she was gazing at something she held carefully in her hand. At the slightest noise or sound of an approaching footstep, the young girl hastily concealed the treasure in her bosom, then, as the echo died away, she would draw it from its hiding-place, and continue her steadfast gaze. Once, in her trepidation, it slipped from her fingers and fell to the floor. As she stooped to pick it up, she perceived that the picture had become loosened from the case, and fallen partly out. On trying to readjust it, she noticed a small piece of paper, carefully folded, fastened to one corner. She touched it; it evidently contained something. She removed it from its hiding place, and unfastened the string with which it was bound. She unfolded it with a feeling akin to reverence; for had not a mother's touch hallowed the sacred relic? With increasing agitation, the paper was laid open; a golden tress fell out. She laid it on her hand, gazed at it a moment, pressed it to her lips, and then, unbinding her own sunny tresses, laid it beside them. "Just alike," she murmured, "I scarce can tell it from my own." A slight noise startled her; gathering all up hastily, she placed them under the pillow, and sat down to compose herself. Presently all was still again, and as her eye happened to rest upon the carpet, she espied the paper that had contained the tress. She

picked it up. There was writing upon it. Bending eagerly toward the light, she fixed her eyes upon it, with the hope of learning something more. But alas! the characters were unintelligible to her, written, as they were, in German.

"O! what would I not give to make out just a little — only one single word — her name; what was it? Why did I not think to ask Lena that?" Turning the paper over, she looked wistfully at the termination; there was a word apart from the rest, and evidently the signature, but the letters were strange, and she could not make them out. She counted them. "Seven," she said, "just the number *his* name contains." As she spoke, she arose, and with a sigh restored the ringlet to its resting-place; then as she held the picture in one hand, with the other she drew from her bosom a small locket, touched a secret spring, and held it up open to the light. There they were, the counterparts of the two, who had been all in all to each other in the years that had flown by. Little thought the gazer, who was the daughter of the one, and the affianced bride of the other, that the soft spiritual eyes which even then seemed to look lovingly in her face, had ever veiled their liquid light beneath their silken lashes, when the dark orbs of her Roderic had rested on those features. Little dreamed she that *his* fingers had ever wandered through those sunny ringlets, or that his lips had ever touched the soft white hand half concealed by

folds of drapery. And, had those crimson lips parted, to assure her that vows of eternal constancy had passed between the originals of those lifeless pictures, sooner would she have doubted her senses than have believed.

Placing these representatives of the living and the dead side by side, she gazed from one to the other. "Roderic," she murmured, as her eye rested on his, "we will meet again. In the bright Heaven above you will be mine." Then turning her gaze to the other, she said, "my mother! my beautiful, misguided parent, if ere this thy weary spirit has found the haven of rest, if ever thou art permitted to visit the loved ones below, O! mayest thou wander down the aisles of light, and spread thy guardian wings around thy child; thus forming a shield impregnable to the shafts of the Evil One." And even while she prayed, the answer came. Though she knew it not, a presence was near; a spirit hovered o'er her; and as its snowy wings encircled her, an angel's eye was turned to the image of him she adored; a seraphic bosom filled with a holy joy, a shining countenance radiant with a heavenly smile. And though she heard it not, a voice from the angelic choir breathed softly in her ear, "I am with thee, my daughter."

"Homesick, Pussy?" asked Mr. Mitchell, laying his hand on his daughter's shoulder, as she stood gazing on the turbid waters.

"Yes," she returned, looking up with a smile.

"Which of our people do you want to see most?"

"Why, aunt Milly, of course. I'm most afraid, from what Mr. Curtis wrote, that uncle Pete wont live till we get home."

"If he goes, aunt Milly wont stay long behind; the old folks couldn't stand it to be separated long."

"How old is aunt Milly, Pa?"

"Somewhere between seventy and eighty."

"She has never been out of the family, has she?"

"No, indeed; no sum of money could have bought her of your grandpa, and as for myself, I've been offered four prices for her many a time, without feeling the slightest inclination to give her up. I believe she has become a particular friend of yours too, Anna," he said, turning to his wife.

"Yes, indeed; I learned to like the good creature years ago, though at first I considered her somewhat meddlesome."

"That was before you had become thoroughly acquainted with our Southern ways. You had not got rid of your Northern prejudices then. By the way, sister Emma, how will it be with you? Are you afraid of the blacks?"

"No," she replied; "that is, if they don't come too near me."

"There it is! that was just the way with Anna at first; she seemed afraid she would be injured by their touch, but you may rely upon it, sister Emma, they shant hurt you, 'pon honor they shant."

"You'll love aunt Milly," said Kate, "I'm sure you will. She's the best old creature you ever saw."

"Of course you think so, Pussy. She has petted and spoiled you all your life."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE REVELATION.

COME, Karl, my brother
The light fades away,
I've something important
This evening to say;
I've a secret to whisper
Thou scarce wilt believe.
Thou must list to it calmly—
'Tis useless to grieve.

FOR a little time go back with us, reader, to the spot from whence we started. The bright waters of the Main are flowing quietly on, just as they were when Rosalie's eye wandered over them. The forest trees, too, look the same, and were it not for the deepening shadows of this twilight hour, you could see that the old mansion of the Huttens, and the grounds surrounding, are little changed.

We will not stop there now, but pass on to the family burying-ground beyond. Do you see that white monument looming up amid the gathering dimness? Well, that stands over the remains of the Franconian maiden, and the virgin on the summit, with the broken rose-bud in her hand, was Roderic's design. You

can not discover it at this distance, for it is not moonlight here this evening, as it is in America; but strangers, as they pass, often pause to admire this exquisite piece of statuary; so simple, so chaste, and yet so beautiful.

But others have reached this spot before us. See! there are the outlines of two forms; but we need have no fear; they are our old friends Roderic and Karl, who, having succeeded in proving the latter's identity, and in recovering the old homestead, (provided either the inheritor or his heirs make their home there,) are all ready to sail on the morrow, and this evening have come to make a parting visit to Rosalie's tomb. Though Karl is not allowed to sell the property he had hoped might make him independent, he is neither hopeless or sad; for Roderic, noble and self-sacrificing as he is, has assured him that if on his return, his suit should be favorably received, and his chosen one should be unwilling to accompany him to a foreign land—why then he, Roderic, would part with his own home, the old family mansion, every portion of which was endeared to him from association, and remitting him the proceeds would allow Karl to appoint him his heir, and take possession of the homestead of the Huttens. It would indeed be hard for him to give up the home of his forefathers, but he would relinquish even that to advance the happiness of one he had promised to watch over and care

for. And then could Emma become his own, why what mattered it where they dwelt? Her presence would make him an Eden anywhere, and to see her airy form flitting through the old halls and along the galleries her mother's feet had trodden, would be a pleasant sight. 'Twould seem like Rosalie's self!

Listen! Roderic is speaking.

"My heart is strangely soft to-night, Karl. There is a tender feeling about my bosom that quite unmans me. I've been thinking of the absent and the lost ones, and as I thought, their images seemed blended into one, and I could not distinguish which name she bore. Have I been dreaming since we sat here?"

"I don't know," said Karl, looking up.

"It was a pleasant illusion, at least. Rosalie and Emma seemed mingled in one, and that one smiled sweetly on me. Perhaps my fair pupil was thinking of me at the time. I believe kindred spirits act upon each other, even when far away. Did you ever wonder, Karl, why Emma was so like the departed one whose ashes rest beside us?" Roderic took the young man's hand in both his as he spoke.

"I never thought there could be any cause for the resemblance," was the reply.

"Or wonder," continued the other, "when I told you I had another object in view than seeking you in journeying to America—what it was? What chained me

there after you were found, and prevented me from communicating to you the state of your affairs here until a later period?"

"I did think that strange, but you promised at some future time to explain."

"Or wonder further," he went on, without regarding his friend's words, "why I said Dare *never* should unite himself to Emma Bartlett, even before I had any assurance that my hand would be accepted?"

"Yes, that seemed incomprehensible to me, but why do you ask?"

"Karl, Karl Hutten," he said, rising and retaining his hands, "you had a sister once, almost too beautiful for earth. I worshiped her; she was my idol. I even forgot that Heaven deserved my highest adoration when in her presence. She left my side and journeyed to a distant land. A deceiver came in the guise of friendship, robbed her of her little brother, all she had left to love, and then she was wronged, fearfully wronged," he repeated, in a hollow whisper. "Tortured by a villain, and betrayed; she ——"

"Great Heavens, Roderic, I see it all! 'Twas *he* that did it! Did you not say *he* should never claim your Emma? *His own daughter*, is she not? Villain!" he muttered between his teeth, and though Roderic could not see the sudden determination stamped on his features, he felt the hands he held struggle to be free.

"She shall be revenged," came through the clenched teeth; "I swear ——"

"Softly, Karl, no haste; hear me through, for her sake. Nay, I will not let go your hands, and, if need be, I'll close those lips till mine have spoken. You never loved her, Karl, as I did, and yet, as I raised my hand to swear, when she told me her sad story, the oath stopped upon my lips, when her pleadings reached my ear. 'Do not swear, Roderic,' she said, 'remember, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay.''" And now, Karl, in her name, and by the memory of that lovely vision that so often floated up in your boyish dreams, I beseech you to banish all thoughts of revenge. Imbue your hand in the blood of no man. I dared not tell you this while in America, for I feared your conduct might be rash; but here, beside Rosalie's grave, with the same river rolling at our feet, and the same stars watching silently over us that looked so pityingly down when she wept on my bosom, and told me the story of her wrongs, let me entreat; let me implore you to leave his retribution to the Ruler of all, and whenever a spirit of resentment rises, think how she plead with me, and let this act as a restraining influence over you. Karl, I have met this man; day after day I have confronted him, as you know, and though more than once the tempter urged me to raise my hand, her words held it back. You will promise me, Karl, at this holy hour, in this sacred spot, that you will not try to harm him?"

Roderic waited in vain for a reply ; it came not.

“ Will you not answer me, Karl ? Will you not promise ? ”

“ Not to-night, Roderic, do not ask it to-night ; the reflection is too bitter. Could I promise to let the serpent that had inflicted a mortal wound upon an orphan sister glide harmlessly along ? She died heart-broken, did she not ? ”

“ Yes, 'twas grief that killed her ; but you must forget that, and only remember that if she were yet with us, she would entreat you to spare your hand, as I have done. But my other reason for crossing the ocean—'twas to search for the child. You surmised from what I had previously uttered, and what I said a few moments ago, who the child is ; you can account for the resemblance now, and fathom my reasons for engaging in Dare's service. He, I knew, was an acquaintance of the family, and I hoped through him to get introduced. I did not wish to alarm those who had reared her, by making myself known ; and now, when she leaves their roof to become mine, they can only say I won her in a fair, honorable way.”

“ Had you ever seen her before that morning at church ? ”

“ Never ; and it was the resemblance that so overpowered me. I had been looking for Rosalie's child, and not Rosalie's self ! Little did I think, when I

started in quest, to find such a being ; one who would arouse the flame which I imagined the waters of grief had quenched. But, Karl, you have not promised."

"Not to-night," he repeated, gently releasing his hand from his friend's grasp. "I can not, Roderic, to-night."

CHAPTER XXVII.

BOB AND AUNT MILLY.

TAKING into consideration the facilities for traveling, in this progressive age, our party had a somewhat tedious journey; a fortnight passed away before they reached their destination.

The great Eye of Day had traversed its accustomed rounds, now sending its beams to dissolve the snow-flakes still lingering on the Northern hills, now diffusing warmth into the fallow earth from whence a few early Southern plants had ventured to burst, preferring unintercepted light and warmth to the prison-house that had held them, and now transforming the smooth, glittering surface of the shallow, frost-bound Western streams into a transparent fluid; this Eye had become weary of its constant gaze, and was now closing dreamily, and apparently sinking to slumber in the arms of a snowy cloud, just as the carriage that had been procured at F——, to convey them to the plantation, neared the gate that led into the avenue. Kate's head was bent eagerly forward as it wheeled through the opening. She missed the aged form she had been accustomed to see at the portal. A curly-headed youth stood in his place.

"How do you do, Bob?" and in the same breath,
"How is uncle Pete?"

"How d'y, Miss Kate;" returned Bob, grinning.
"Uncle Pete is done dead and buried."

"Is that a fact?" asked Mr. Mitchell, looking out.

"Fac' truf, Mas'r! an' what's more, aunt Milly is like
to die, too; she's gruv herse'f prum to death 'bout it."

"Where is she, Bob: in her cabin?"

"Yes, Miss Kate; she haint been up sence uncle Pete
was took."

"Poor aunt Milly. Ask the driver to stop and let me
out, pa?"

"Have patience, Pussy; wait till we get to the house."

"Do you really love her, Kate?" asked Emma, wondering at the great interest her cousin took in the negro.

"To be sure I do," returned Kate, warmly. "She's
been like a mother to me, all my life."

A few moment's drive brought them to the house. Emma stood close beside her mother as they dismounted. The many black faces and shining eyes peering at her, made her flinch a little. Wishing to evade their scrutinizing glances she looked around. "What a lovely spot," she exclaimed, mentally, "I did not dream Deerwood was half so beautiful. Why, it looks like a miniature city, with all these houses," she continued, running her eyes all along the rows of negro cabins. "It seems to be a little world all by itself."

There was a bright flush on Emma's cheek, as she

stood there ; the first her mother had noticed for many a day ; the ride, the excitement of the arrival, and the surprise elicited by everything she saw, had called it up, and Mrs. Bartlett, whose maternal fears had been alarmed by the uniform paleness that of late had rested there, fondly hoped that the former bloom would again return ; and could this be, she would feel more than compensated for leaving her native city and journeying to the South.

" Mas'r Charles, and Miss Anna, and Miss Kate, has done come," Emma heard whispered all around.

Bob, who had acted as porter at the gate, seemed to take upon himself the office of news-bearer. From gallery to gallery he went, from room to room, and finally finished at the kitchen, where he yelled into aunt Jinny's ears, " Mas'r Charles and Miss Anna has done come."

" Cl'ar out of dis kitchen wid your hollerin', ye brack rascal ! What d'ye think I car' ? Miss Anna has gone and fotched a lot of *her* folks 'long, jis to eat up Mas'r Charles' bacon, and make us niggers work ha'der. I allers did 'spise de ladies from de Norf: dat's a fac !" she said, sifting vigorously at the flour she held.

" Well, but," said Bob, venturing back as far as the door, taking care to hold himself in readiness for a run, in case of an attack, " aunt Jinny, one of 'em is de purtiest lady you ever see. She looks for all de world like an angel. She's 'nough han'somer nor Miss Kate."

" Now jis hush up, yer black imp, and cl'ar yerse'f. Jis as ef I'd b'lieve any of Miss Anna's kin could be

better lookin' nor Mas'r Charles' own darter! Gid 'long out of de way, thar!" she added, turning her steps toward the store-room.

The movement was enough. Imagining she would annihilate him, if he remained an instant longer, Bob snapped his fingers, and with an "I wont go tell I gits ready," flew off like lightning, muttering to himself, "Aunt Jinny's mighty cross, but she makes awful good things to eat."

"Whew! what *has* I done!" he exclaimed, suddenly turning a corner of the house, and coming "full tilt" against Jane, the house-girl, scattering the shovel of coals she was carrying, in every direction. "I has run agin a circumstance, an' no mistake!" he continued, scratching his head, and assuming a ludicrously serious look.

"Bob, you scamp," said the girl, laughing, "pick up that shovel, in double quick time, and go straight back, and git me more fire. Mas'r Charles's come."

"Golly! donnt I know it? Didn't I tell de news fust?"

"Well, if you did, jist hump yourself, and git me more fire."

"Lor', Jane, I don't dar' to! Aunt Jinny druv me out of de kitchen dis bressed minute, and if I go back, she'll kill me dead."

"What's she mad about now?"

"O! jis' 'cause Mas'r Charles brung Miss Anna's kin 'long."

"That's none of her business."

"No, but she don't like Miss Anna, you knows, jis' 'cause her ole man's mist'ess, what he 'spises, is from de Norf. She's perjudice-ed 'gin her, as uncle Jim says. Does dat long word mean bewitched or ill-natured, Jane? You stays in de house, and has more learnin' nor de rest of us niggers."

"It means cross, Bob, drefful cross," she replied, proud to be able to impart the desired information.

"I knowed it," cried Bob, snapping his fingers exultingly, "uncle Jim tol' me. Jis' wanted to see ef you was posted. Has you seen de strange young lady, Jane?"

"No, not yet; I'm goin' to peep at her when I tote de fire in."

"She's han'somer nor any pictur' in de drawin' room; her eyes is as bright as two moons, an' her cheeks is jis like de sun when it goes down red. Miss Kate can't hold a candle to her. Golly! how mad aunt Jinny got when I tol' her dat."

"Well, hump you'self, and git me the fire now."

"Au, Jane, I didn't go to spill it. Don't presist on my goin' back," he said, pleadingly. "I's afrid of aunt Jinny. Ef she'd ketch me, she'd shake de daylight's out of me, cause I sassed her."

"Well, hand the shovel here."

"Why, Emma! have we all neglected you?" said Mr. Mitchell, approaching his niece, who was the only occupant of the drawing-room. "I had to stop and speak to my people. Where is your aunt?"

"She went with mother to her room, uncle."

"And Kate, where is she?"

"Gone to where the sick negro is. She hardly waited to take off her bonnet."

"To aunt Milly's. Come, Emma, let us join her there. You will be no intruder."

Emma acquiesced willingly. A short walk brought them to the cabin. There was an air of neatness in the room they entered, Emma had not expected to see. A good rag carpet covered the floor; in one corner stood a bureau, on which was a clock, and in the other was a table covered with little trinkets, "the gifts of the ladies who had, at different times, visited at 'the house.'" Over these was carefully spread some white gauze, the remains of one of Kate's party dresses, which had been, as was all her cast-off finery, handed over to her nurse. But not long did these things engage Emma's attention. In the center of the room stood a bed, perfectly clean in appearance, on which lay the old negro, propped up by pillows. Kate was bending over her; one jeweled hand supported the aged sufferer's head, while the other lay clasped in both hers.

Aunt Milly did not notice the entrance of the two; all her thoughts were concentrated on her "young

mist'ess." "My sweet baby! aunt Milly's pet has come at las'! Poor ole aunty was afeared she wouldn't see her agin till we all met up yander, but bress de Lord, she's come in time." Tears streamed down those furrowed cheeks as she spoke, and in falling, they mingled with the pearly drops that rained from Kate's overflowing eyes.

O! it was a beautiful sight, and one upon which the angels might well have smiled. Emma stood transfixed with wonder and admiration. Never had she dreamed that such depth of affection existed between the two races, and she felt silently rebuked, as she gazed, for something within told her that she would have shrunk from so close contact with one of a different color.

Noiselessly Mr. Mitchell approached. "Make way, my daughter," he said, in a whisper, gently pushing Kate aside. "Aunt Milly, do you know me?"

"God bress you, Mas'r Charles, yes," and raising the dark palm resting on Kate's fair fingers, she placed it in Mr. Mitchell's hand.

"I'se gwine to glory, Mas'r Charles! My ole man went jis long enough afore to be waitin' at de gate to welcome me. We neber was parted here, and bress de Lord, we won't be up thar."

"Do you feel resigned to go, aunt Milly?"

"O yes! I'se all ready and a waitin'. I'se got nothin' to regret, 'cept leavin' you and Miss Kate."

You bof seem like my children, but I hopes to meet you round de great white Throne, whar we'll all shout glory forever. Pete lef 'Good-by' for ye bof, and 'Thank ye' for all ye kindness."

"I am afraid you are talking too much, aunt Milly; you are very weak, remember."

"Yes, but it's de las' night I'll be wid ye on earth, and I wants to say all I wants to afore it is too late."

"Don't say so, aunt Milly; you'll not leave us 'so soon," and fresh tears gathered in Kate's eyes as she spoke.

"I mus' go, honey. I had my warnin' dis arternoon. De speret give three 'stinct raps. Dere's no use cryin' honey. It's a happy change for yer poor ole aunty. Dere's no sufferin' thar you know. Mas'r Charles, don't forgit to meet me in Heaven. I'se bin wid you all my life, and I don't want to be separated in de kingdom come. I'll see ole mist'ess thar, Mas'r Charles, I'se gwine to look for her de fust one arter Pete, an' I'll tell her, when I finds her, how good you is bin to me ever sence she died. And Miss Mary too; I'll talk to her, Mas'r Charles. I'll tell her you'll never forgit her, and how pretty her baby has growed. I means you, honey," she said, turning her eyes to Kate; "she'll inquire 'bout you, shure. And now, Mas'r Charles," she went on, noticing the moisture that her allusion to his departed mother and wife had brought to the eye of the strong man before her, "ef you wants to join

them thar, and me too, you must pray. Pray without ceasin', dat's what de good Book sez; and whenever de ole Boy gits in yer heart, just kneel down an' pray him out agin, and den de good speret will come straight down and take his place.

"And you, honey," she said, again laying her hand in Kate's, "you must learn to pray, too. Aunt Milly don't think you ever did any harm in your life, but still it is 'cumbent on you to pray not to be led into temptation. You must be carful, or the ole fellow will slip in unawares."

Aunt Milly sank back exhausted, and long after she ceased speaking, the two stood there gazing sorrowfully on her shriveled features. Emma stood a silent observer, until Bob's step startled her.

"Mas'r Charles," he said, staring at Emma as he spoke, "supper is ready, and Miss Anna says please come."

"Come, Kate," said the father in a hoarse voice, touching his daughter's arm.

"Please excuse me, pa; I'd rather remain here."

"As you like, my love," he returned. "Come, Emma; or if you prefer it, remain with your cousin till I return," and with that Mr. Mitchell passed out.

"Who is dat, honey," asked Aunt Milly, for the first time turning her eyes in the direction of the door. "She's got golden har, de color of an angel's; may be it's a speret I see. Does you see anything, honey?"

"Yes, aunt Milly, that's my cousin Emma; she came with us."

"Ask her to come nearer, aunty wants to see her."

Emma approached the bed.

"She haint a bit like you, honey, in any way dat I see, 'cept dat she's good. I knows dat by her looks."

Emma expressed her regrets at seeing the servant so sick.

"O honey, 'twill soon be over. My sufferin's is almost done for. 'Spose you read me a chapter, Miss Kate?"

"Well, aunt Milly, what shall it be?" asked Kate, rejoiced to do anything that would prevent her talking in her weak state.

"De psalm dat begins, 'De Lord is my Shepherd.'"

Kate drew a small table to the bedside, placed a light upon it, and shading it with her handkerchief, took the Bible aunt Milly always kept under her pillow, and turning to the 23rd psalm, which she found marked with a bit of ribbon, read it in a clear, distinct voice.

"Dat's refreshin'; truly refreshin';" said the negro, as she finished. "Now, honey, ef you *only* could pray wid your ole aunty, once afore she leaves ye."

Kate hesitated, and looked at Emma.

"I wonder ef de young lady, thar, couldn't?" she said, following Kate's glances. "She looks as ef she mought."

"Do, Emma!" said Kate, beseechingly.

Emma stepped forward, and timidly offered to comply. She had never attempted to pray aloud, but she felt that her heavenly Father would direct her thoughts, if she humbly asked His assistance. A few moments were spent in imploring his aid, and then, with touching solemnity, she knelt down, clasped her snowy hands together, and trembling violently, began in a scarce audible voice. Unconsciously she adopted the language she had heard the good minister use at family worship; gaining courage as she proceeded, she threw all the fervor of her young soul into those words; and even before half the thoughts she would have breathed were uttered, the aged negro, carried away by the feelings her impressive manner had awakened, clapped her attenuated hands together, and throwing into her voice all the strength she could summon, shouted, "Glory! Hallelujah! I'se so happy! I can see de angels! I can hear de music! O! I only wants de wings to fly! Glory, glory!"

Emma arose, her eyes suffused with tears. Kate followed her example, and resumed her place by the bed-side. After a short time spent in rejoicing, aunt Milly became quiet, a happy smile resting on her face.

"There, now, aunty," said Kate, soothingly, "lie right still, wont you? You are so very weak. Let me arrange your pillow. Be quiet for a while, do!"

"Ill try, honey. I *thought* she was an angel, Miss Kate, and bress de Lord, I *knows* it now. You mus'

learn to pray dat way, too, honey. Glory! I feels good, yit!"

The negro had sunk into a light slumber, when Mr. Mitchell returned, accompanied by his wife. Their entrance aroused her.

"How do you do, aunt Milly; I am sorry to find you so low?" said Mrs. Mitchell, approaching the bed.

"How d'ye Miss Anna; my work's mighty nigh done; it does me a sight of good to see you agin. Who's dead? You's got on mournin'!"

"My brother."

"De one you went to see?"

"Yes."

"Was he sick when you went?"

"No, aunt Milly."

"Dat's what de Good Book sez. 'In de midst of life we are in death.' We should allers live prepar'd to go at a moment's warnin'!"

A suppressed sob arrested the servant's attention.

Kate bent down and answered her inquiring glance, "'Twas her father, aunt Milly."

"Bress de chile! 'taint no use grievin' arter him, ef he was good."

"He was a minister, aunt Milly," said Kate.

"Den ef he was of de right stripe he went straight to glory, and is now a shoutin' Hallelujah wid de great congregation in de New Jerusalem. Dat it, honey!"

she added, motioning toward Emma. "You'll be shore to meet him thar; only keep on a bein' good. Yes, bress de Lo'd, you will!"

"Jane, I hearn de best pra'r I ever listened at in my born days, net more'n five minutes sence."

"Whar, Bob?"

"Why, in aunt Milly's room. I went to tell Mas'r Charles to come to supper, and when he opened de door to come out, I come out too; but I slipped back afore he knowed it, and shet de door. I stayed thar tell he come back, to git a good sight at dat face agin; and, Jane, while I was thar she prayed for aunt Milly; 'twas de mos' powerful thing I *ever* hearn! I felt like shoutin' myse'f; aunt Milly *did*. Jane, I don't believe dat young lady's like human bein's generally. I was jis thinkin' while I watched her thar, that maybe it was Miss Mary's speret come back."

"Hush up, Bob; you skere me to death. Miss Mary died afore you was born, or me either; and besides, what would she want to come here now fur, when Mas'r Charles has another wife?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DARE'S VISIT.

SUCH a haunting fear oppressed him
That the echo of a sound
Made him slink among the shadows,
And gaze stealthily around.
And so strong were his misgivings,
They constrained him to depart,
With the hope that change would banish
This dark terror from his heart.

"THE wicked flee when no man pursueth," saith the Proverb, and most strikingly was it exemplified in the case of the merchant Dare. The parting words of the German rang in his ear, and though weeks had flown by without his crossing his path, still the secret fear that "the Dutch devil" would lay wait for him, and perhaps in an unguarded moment rob him of that life he had up to that moment taken every precaution to preserve, gradually shaped itself into a presentment that haunted, like an incubus, both his sleeping and waking dreams. This constant dread prevented him from venturing out at night without being accompanied by a friend; or, if compelled to do so, he moved along

at a hurried pace, a womanly fear seizing him whenever the slightest noise was heard in his immediate neighborhood.

For this reason he accepted, without hesitation, his father's invitation to accompany him on a visit to Illinois, to pass a few weeks with his sister.

On arriving at their destination, Mr. Dare was much surprised to see that the village of Brighton had undergone so little change from the time of his first visit. In so new and thriving a State, he had expected to discover vast improvements, but instead, the town, if at all changed, had performed a retrograde motion, for the dwellings had a more dilapidated look, and no perceptible increase in number.

"The fact is," said his brother-in-law, in reply to his queries, "the California emigration killed our place; if it had not been for that, we might have had quite a city by this time."

But the greatest change Dare perceived was in his sister. The gay, thoughtless girl was not only transformed into the calm, sedate woman, but weary years of care, anxiety and manual labor had not passed by without leaving a furrow here and there on her brow, or a very perceptible bend in her back; without metamorphosing the once soft, delicate hands on which she had prided herself when a girl, and which her brother had always told her was one of her greatest weaknesses, into those as brown and hard as a day-laborer's.

With a family of six children, the two youngest twin babes, all of whom looked to "mother" to supply their numerous wants, besides her household cares, and the duties of the wife of a man whose attention was too much occupied with philanthropic schemes to allow his thoughts to be diverted by the immediate wants of those dependent upon him—she had been obliged to use the most rigid economy, in order to make all ends meet.

Her husband had manifested his propensity to "become important and rule," by aspiring to fill several of the petty offices of the town; and what with his slim salary, together with the game he brought home from his weekly hunts, besides what the wife added to the general stock by improving every spare moment with her needle, they had managed to get along after a fashion.

The Rev. Dare would not have known his daughter had he met her elsewhere.

"Time produces great changes," he said, with a solemn shake of the head, as he sat down to partake of the frugal meal that had been hastily prepared at the husband's request, as he said they would all three be obliged to attend a meeting to be held on that evening. Mrs. Gardiner was greatly disappointed when she learned they would be absent. Her sympathizing spouse had informed her in the morning that he wanted tea before dark, as it would be necessary for him to be away after eight o'clock; but when her friends arrived,

she had cherished a secret hope that her father, at least, would remain with her, as she had not seen him for so many years. Mr. Gardiner, she was sure, would go, for though he knew that neither of the babies was well, and that she had coughed almost incessantly the previous night, she was sure that nothing could keep him away from a Know Nothing meeting.

It was by the merest accident in the world that Mrs. Gardiner learned her husband belonged to this "secret order." She had often wondered where he went and stayed so late on a certain night in every week. At first he had intimated that he had been to a temperance lecture, at another time to an anti-slavery discussion, and on the third at the Odd Fellow's Lodge; but after a while it got to be an old thing, and he ceased making excuses, and as Nellie was not one of the "storming" kind, he was allowed to pursue the even tenor of his way without remonstrance. Had he told her at first the object of the clique with which he had connected himself, she would not have thought of objecting, for, reared as she had been in the school of abolitionism, he could soon have convinced her that a party was needed to enforce their principles, to stem all opposition, and declare their indomitable will was law.

But Mr. Gardiner had no idea of enlightening his wife on all points; he was entirely too self-important for that. It was enough for her to faithfully perform the duties connected with her sphere. To make the

fires, prepare breakfast, dinner and supper, wash dishes, sweep, wash, iron, bake, milk, churn, sew, darn, take care of the children during the day, etc., etc., and at night, when the babies were fretful, to occupy the upstairs chamber, lest their cries should disturb his peaceful slumber. Considerate man, that he was, how could she other than honor him?

But, as we have said, she did find out, after all, that her liege lord was a Know Nothing. Although not in the least meddlesome, a pattern wife and mother, an excellent house-keeper, (as Yankee women generally are), frugal, neat and industrious, still she learned this piece of news, and we will just take time here, reader, to tell you how.

Mrs. Jenkins, her neighbor, had been sick, very sick; indeed, her recovery had for many days been considered doubtful. Her devoted spouse had bent over her pillow night and day in deep distress on account of her intense suffering, until, on one memorable eve, after she had been pronounced convalescent, he had taken advantage of a moment when she slept, and had hurried over to Mrs. Gardiner's to beg her to spend an hour or two with the invalid. He had some very *urgent business* to transact, which, if neglected, might result in great personal loss. Mrs. Gardiner signified her willingness to comply, provided her husband were willing to remain at home and take care of the children.

Her neighbor did not seem fully satisfied with her

provision, and ventured to suggest that if Mr. Gardiner, or "the 'Squire," as he called him, couldn't conveniently stay, he would send their Sally Ann over to see to the little folks.

To this the mother agreed; and it was well for himself that Mr. Jenkins had thought of this arrangement, for had "the 'Squire" been consulted, he could not possibly have remained; it would have been entirely out of the question.

When the neighbor went in, the sick woman was interrogating her daughter Sally about her father's whereabouts. The girl didn't know where he went; "pap never told her." She informed her mother, however, that "pap had said, that Mrs. Gardiner would stay there until he came back;" and then, on seeing that lady, she hurried off to the adjoining abode, to "see that Prudy and Tempy didn't wake up while mother was gone."

Mrs. Jenkins put the same question to her neighbor that her daughter had failed to answer, and Mrs. Gardiner informed her that the absconded spouse had requested her to come in and sit till his return, which would be at the earliest opportunity. Urgent business compelled him to absent himself a while.

"Urgent business!" cried Mrs. Jenkins, her piercing black eyes flashing as she spoke (she was one of the fire and tow kind). "Urgent business, indeed! it's them sneaking Know Nothings he's after! He can't fool me any longer. I heard him and Dr. Catnip talking the

other night, when they thought I was asleep ; and what's more," she continued, growing excited, "I found out then why he employed that quack, instead of a regular built physician. Just to think, that he is willing to risk my life in the hands of a jackass, because he's one of the secret clique, who go prowling about at night, in cellars and garrets, and goodness knows where else, like so many sheep-thieves. I tell you, Mrs. Gardiner, it is too much for any one woman to bear!" and the speaker looked the picture of an injured wife.

"When he comes back he shall have a piece of my mind ; see if he dont. The Dr. will be with him maybe, and I dont care if he is. I'll speak my mind once before I die ; and that I know I'll have to do, if that green-horn continues his gas-baths, and forty other ridiculous things. It is my opinion he is a puff of gas himself, and will evaporate, tetotally, one of these days."

Utterly exhausted, Mrs. Jenkins became silent, and, with her emaciated fingers, wiped the indignant tears from her eyes.

The neighbor thought by this time that Prudy or Tempy might be awake, so she just stepped over to see how Sally was getting along. As we have said before, she was not a meddling woman, and, of all things disliked playing the part of listener, when two of one flesh disagreed. She, therefore, made it a point to avoid the domestic storm, when, an hour later, she heard approaching footsteps, by beating a hasty retreat. As the cautious

husband softly opened the front-door, she effected her escape through the back portal; yet, ere she could close it behind her, she caught the words, "A pretty time of night, this, Mr. Sneakabout, to be coming home from —." The good neighbor was out of hearing ere the sentence was completed.

Scarcely had she seated herself by the cradle ere her own philanthropic spouse made his appearance; but not a word did she dare utter to him, having learned by sad experience, that a word of censure from her was something he did not allow; "he had no notion of subjecting himself to petticoat government." So the wife locked her secret in her bosom, and wisely kept silence.

It was a month previous to her relatives' arrival that the above occurred; on the evening to which we have referred, as she stood washing up the tea-things and rocking the cradle with her foot, Mrs. Jenkins, who had recovered despite her asseverations to the contrary, came in with her knitting to chat a while.

"Your friends have come," she said, drawing out her work. "I wouldn't have ventured over this evening, but Sally Ann told me she saw them go down street with the 'Squire, and I thought maybe you'd be alone."

Mrs. Gardiner said "she was glad to have company, for she didn't expect the gentlemen home till late."

"Well, I'm just in your fix;" said Mrs. Jenkins. "Ephraim, yeu know, is gone too. There is no use talking; I *can't* keep him away; I've stormed and fretted,

and pouted, till I'm tired, but it dont do a bit of good. It makes not a speck of difference. It doesn't matter if everything else is neglected, just so he gets off to their dens. I was really amused last night. He undertook to coax me not to fuss so about his belonging; and even went so far as to promise me a new dress, if I would keep the peace. But he can't ogle round me in that way; I *wont* be still."

"Why are you so violently opposed to the society, Mrs. Jenkins?"

"Why, because I don't think they are right. I don't approve of their principles. Now, I'm nothing but a poor, weak woman, as the lords of creation call us females, and I don't possess the power of reasoning to any great extent, but this much I *do* know, that as warm, true hearts emigrate from other countries as our own America can boast. I am a native of Columbia, and of course feel proud of it, but I don't forget that my mother was Irish. It is true, most of her life was spent in this country, but her eye would always sparkle, and her face would glow with animation, when her thoughts wandered off to the home of her childhood, and to the day of her death she could not hear the song, 'There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,' without wiping the tears from her eyes. When I think of all this, it's enough to vex me for Ephraim to persist in going with that 'set.' I most candidly believe, Mrs. Gardiner, that this movement will cause more

'family breezes' than any thing that was ever gotten up. Now, here I am forever fussing with my husband, and it used to be the rarest thing in the world for us to have a spat; but I can't help it, it is but natural, for every time I see him getting ready to go, I think of mother, and something within me rises right up."

"You can't certainly understand their motives, Mrs. Jenkins, or you wouldn't feel so. Their cause must really be a good one, and one every American should feel himself in duty bound to espouse, or my father, who is a minister, would never countenance it."

"I agree with you, Mrs. Gardiner, that the good and noble-minded of our land may be actuated by the purest motives in taking this step, without foreseeing the consequences; without pausing to think to what an extent the unprincipled and power-seeking who attach themselves to the party may carry it, or into what excesses they may run. I believe there are men in our Union who have as inordinate a desire to become rulers, to wield the scepter of authority over their fellow-men, as any that may be found in the Old World. I sometimes think there are few of us who would not abuse certain prerogatives if we only had the power. For instance, myself. There's Ephraim insists on being a warm friend of 'Sam's,' as they call it, while I desire that he should let 'Sam' alone. Now, if I had the authority, I should *positively force* him to cut Sam's acquaintance,

and when I found I had succeeded in that, I should forthwith issue my edict against some other indulged pleasure, until the poor man would have no will of his own; would be my submissive, obedient servant."

"You are better versed in this matter than I am," said Mrs. Gardiner, smiling.

"I understand it a good deal better than I can express myself. You see, my last resort has been to read the newspapers, every thing I can get my hands on, and in that way I keep posted so as to be prepared to carry on a dispute with Ephraim. He told me this morning I was a 'perfect team' to argue, and offered me a quarter to hush.

"But as I remarked," she went on, after stopping to pick up a "drop stitch" which, in the heat of her argument, had taken the opportunity to slip from her needle, "there are many noble-minded men among the set. We had an example of that right here in town, at the trial yesterday; the one between Abram Skinfint and the poor German. Now, we both know Skinfint is a slippery fellow; at least *you* ought to, for your husband had trouble enough in settling with him: And what's more, we both know he's a member of the church, or, as uncle Davy says, 'the church itself,' because he pays the preacher more than the rest. Well, he's a member of this 'American party,' and ——"

"Are you not mistaken?" asked her neighbor. "I overheard some men talking with Mr. Gardiner yesterday, and they said he did not meet with their 'set.'"

"They probably meant Isaac, his brother; or if Abram don't meet with them, he and the parson probably have a separate lodge to themselves, for if they aint both Know-Nothings to the back-bone I'm greatly mistaken; they may not feel like condescending to meet with the common rabble, and so hold their sessions apart. But as I was going to say, the first jury summoned was composed of Know-Nothings to a man. The case was something like this. The German had been working for Skinflint for several months and had opened an account at his store. When they came to settle, the workman's bill overbalanced the amount due him for his labor. The German was dissatisfied, and insisted on investigating the matter; he affirmed, as you know others before him have done, that many of the credits in his favor were missing. When the trial was opened the book-keeper first swore that the credits were correct, and afterward, when they pinned him down, that he had forgotten something. He is young, you know, and did not stop to think how it would sound to give in contradictory evidence. Well, the long and short of it is, that the first jury hung, and a second one was summoned, all Know-Nothings too, but they were Americans of the right stamp. The fact that there was roguery in the proceedings seemed forced upon them, and they

agreed that the German should have his just dues. I say I am glad that the thing took place, for I feared that the movement would be attended with bad results here; but this proves to me that though my countrymen may, for a time, run wild about this new doctrine, still when principle is called in question, when the unfair dealings of one belonging to their order are brought to light, they will at once rally and decide in favor of justice."

"You are an enigma, Mrs. Jenkins; I thought at one time that you were going to make foreigners superior to your countrymen, but ——"

"Superior! why bless my life, I think the Americans are the greatest people in the world! I'll venture you can't find a nation on the globe can equal ours, considering her age. No, I told you at first I was proud of my country, but I am generous enough to let every person entertain the same opinion of his or hers. Only I do think, when foreigners come to our shores and peacefully settle down among us, make honest, industrious, worthy inhabitants, they should be entitled to the same rights their adopted country guarantees to her native sons. In my opinion it is to the freedom of her institutions, and the privileges the Constitution guarantees to all who come, that the present prosperity of our Union is to be attributed. Of course all who come are not patterns of excellence; but should those who are truly worthy be avoided or treated as strangers, simply be-

cause many of their countrymen are prone to err? It is unfair to say the least of it. Just let them draw this line of difference, and Columbia will cease to prosper as she has done.

“And another thing: why on earth are they making such a terrible hellibaloo about foreigners at this time of day? Now if any person were to drop down from the Moon or any other planet out of our hearing, he would suppose, on hearing this continual clamor, that a cargo of foreigners had for the first time landed on our shores. It would never occur to him that these people had been among us since our Union was first formed; or that, during the Revolution, the patriots who fought so bravely in the cause of freedom were both foreign and native born, and no man paused to inquire whence another came. He wouldn't think that these adopted citizens had been increasing ever since, manifesting a common interest in our country's welfare. I say, he wouldn't dream of such a thing. I told Ephraim that this morning, and he never even opened his mouth to deny it. He didn't know, though, that I got my idea out of an anti-Know-Nothing speech uncle Davy lent me yesterday.”

The neighbor paused to give Mrs. Gardiner a chance to say something, but if that lady had any objections to offer she did not give them utterance. After a brief silence Mrs. Jenkins asked, “Of what denomination is your father a minister?”

"Of the —— church," was the reply.

"The same Skinflint belongs to! Well, I only wish some members of that faith would come and settle down among us, who would show by their works that they really are Christians! That Skinflint has cast a reproach upon the church here; the people have lost all confidence in him, and I don't believe it ever will flourish, when such persons as he are the chief pillars. I believe parson Bruce does what he conceives to be right; but then, as uncle Davy says, he *never hears of any of Skinflint's proceedings*, and, of course, wouldn't turn him out without cause. Did you ever hear the good parson talk on the subject of slavery?"

"Yes, often."

"Aint he a real fanatic; a perfect monomaniac on that point?"

Mrs. Jenkins had, at last, struck against a breaker. Her neighbor did not hesitate an instant to express her opinion now.

"He's not a whit too zealous, Mrs. Jenkins. He labors in a good cause, and the Lord will prosper his efforts."

"Why, really, my friend, I beg pardon!" Was not aware that you held to those views! I knew your husband was an Abolitionist; so's mine; but that don't make me one. It does well enough for the men, who spend half their time in fishing, hunting, and loafing, to talk of the sin of 'holding fellow-men in bondage;' but if

two-thirds of their wives aint greater slaves than any negro in the South, its curious to me."

"Were you ever in a slave State, Mrs. Jenkins?"

"To be sure I was; I lived several years in Kentucky, before I was married."

"And were not your feelings daily outraged by seeing the cruelty and oppression to which the poor blacks were subjected?"

"No," returned her neighbor, laughing. "Your question convinces me that but a small portion, if any, of your days were spent in the South."

"We lived a short time in Missouri before we came here."

"And do tell me, Mrs. Gardiner, did you see any of this cruelty of which you speak?"

"Well, no, not exactly," she replied, after some hesitation; "but I heard of it. How they were tied up, like wild beasts, and whipped till the blood ran."

"Where? Where did this happen?" asked Mrs. Jenkins, with an incredulous smile.

"Why, down South, where there are a great many more slaves than in Missouri."

"Exactly," returned her neighbor, patting her foot and looking the very picture of incredulity. "The old story; 'down South,'" she repeated, knitting vigorously, as though endeavoring to force her disbelief of her neighbor's assertion to remain unuttered.

"I trust my lot may never again be cast among such

as are willing to be called 'master,'" said Mrs. Gardner, after waiting in vain for her neighbor either to acknowledge or deny the charge. "And aside from my conscientious scruples," she went on, "if I were obliged to live in the South, it would keep me in a perfect 'stew' all the time. I couldn't bear to have those nasty black creatures about me. Ugh!"

"The good Lord made us all, neighbor; and I don't think we should so despise them on account of their color."

"No, nor oppress them either," interposed the now interested friend. "There's just the point."

"What would you have done, then?"

"Why, send them all to their own country."

"And who would defray their expenses? Surely not the Southerners, for they would sustain loss enough in giving up their property."

"Property! how that word sounds, applied to human beings! It is absolutely shocking!"

"And yet, who first brought them into a position to be said so much. Was it not the inhabitants of that portion of the globe whose descendants are now continually rising against the sin of slavery? Good grammar," continued the speaker, starting suddenly, "there is striking nine o'clock, and I'm here yet. I must dash to the back room, and go right straight. I've got my candle to read and bread to mix up to-morrow. The sewing circle meets here to-morrow afternoon, I believe," she said, as she wound up her

yarn and stuck the needles through the ball, "if it will be inconvenient for you to have them, they can just as well come over to our house, and meet here when your friends leave."

"O ! it will be all one trouble to me ; besides, it will be a good opportunity for my brother to see some of the girls. He's a candidate for matrimony yet," she said, smiling.

"Indeed ! it's a pity the girls couldn't know that before they came, so as to give them a chance to put on some extra fixups, though I suppose there is no hope of his being fascinated by any of our country belles, when he has come straight from the great city of Boston." With this, the neighbor said "good-night," and bent her steps homeward.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW THE REV. DARE PROPOSES TO MAN-
AGE THE SOUTHERNERS.

WE have only just to get them
'Tween our finger and our thumb,
And then we'll show creation
That the Yankee boys are "some,"

It was quite late when the gentleman returned. Mrs. Gardiner, wearied from her day's labor, together with the unusual excitement of meeting her friends, after putting the spare chamber in perfect order, had disrobed herself, and laying her babes beside her, had yielded to the drowsiness that overpowered her. Having slept little the night before, she soon sank into a heavy slumber, which the entrance of the trio did not disturb.

"Why, Ellen! in bed already!" said the husband, in a tone indicative of displeasure. "It seems to me you might have waited till we came." Seeing that his words failed to arouse her, he advanced toward the bed, for the purpose of waking her.

"Don't disturb her," said the father, laying his hand on Gardiner's arm, "she looks badly."

The care-worn features of his child, so death-like as she slept, had awakened in the father's bosom a keen sense of pity.

"She hasn't been well for a week or two," said the husband, by way of apology, as he turned aside. "But come, sit down by the stove for a little while before you retire; it is chilly for a Spring evening."

The father and brother obeyed, and drawing their chairs closely together, began conversing in a low tone. But the sleeper, whom neither approaching footsteps nor the sound of familiar voices had disturbed, was suddenly aroused to consciousness by the gentlest movement in the world; one so slight as not to be heard by the group around the fire. Yet, unnoticed as it was, the mother's *heart* perceived it. The little one on her arm stirred, and with the quickness of a magnetic flash, the beautiful love-angel, that continually keeps watch in a mother's bosom while she slumbers, unlocked the golden gates of dream-land, and gliding noiselessly to the windows of her soul, looked out.

Very tenderly was the tiny form drawn closer, and as the velvet cheek was pressed to her bosom, she was again sinking to slumber, when the murmur of voices attracted her ear. Her father's was the first she distinguished. It seemed so natural, so like old times to hear it again! She wanted to turn her head and speak to him, but the babe seemed uneasy, and she must be careful and not rouse it. Next her brother's voice was

recognized. "Who was that gentleman with black whiskers and a little bald? The one who officiated when the new members were installed?"

"That was General Mephistopheles, and a very zealous member he is, too; ready to go to any lengths. He is not a very popular man here; folks say he will stoop to do very small things, but people, you know, will talk sometimes just to hear themselves."

"Your minister was not there! How does that happen? Don't your ministers here in Illinois meet with the people? I believe you said yours was a friend of Sam's."

"Yes, indeed, but I don't just know what his reasons are for keeping himself aloof. Neither he nor Abram Skinflint meet with us, though I'm sure they will both vote our ticket out and out at the election. Many of our brethren think General Mephistopheles is governed entirely by their directions; in other words, is their tool."

"Who was the tall, thin man they initiated to-night?"

"That was Benjamin Cadaverous, the strongest pro-slavery man in our community. Now, I'm opposed to admitting such persons as he, for I think this great movement and abolitionism should go hand in hand."

"And so it will after a while; there's the policy of getting these pro-slavery men in. You are not posted. I must enlighten you," and Dare, Jr., prepared forthwith to explain.

"But I can't see how the enlisting of their forces first, will render it easier to conquer afterward."

"Why, my son, here's the point," began the Reverend, forestalling Dare, Jr.'s forthcoming speech, to that individual's evident discomfiture, "it is an undisputed fact, that two-thirds of the foreigners who come over vote the Democratic ticket. They have several reasons for this. One is the name. They have always had an idea in their native country, that any thing democratic is opposed to monarchy, and flying, as they are, from the latter, it is but natural that they should attach themselves to the Locofoco party. Then again, although instinctively opposed to slavery, they feel it to be their duty to respect the laws of the country they have adopted; this the Democrats tell them when they read to them that clause in our Constitution which says:

"'No person held in labor or service in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.'

"Now, the Southerners are, and always have been, greatly prejudiced against foreigners, and they take little pains to conceal their aversion; so, don't you see, if we can get them enlisted in this 'great movement' against the latter, they will be fighting against their

own party? Impulsive and hot-headed as they are, they will take no pains to hide from the foreigners that they are up in arms against them; and will not the latter, finding those they went hand in hand with before, attaching themselves to an order whose design is to keep them in subjection, in the end turn round and vote with the anti-slavery men? Why, my son, we want the pro-slavery men to join us; yes, the *whole South*, if it were possible. It is the only sure way of incensing the foreigners against them, and of forcing the hosts that were wont to enter the Democratic ranks on their arrival, to espouse the right cause at once; to come boldly forward and enlist under the banner of freedom."

"But the abolitionists of the North belong to the 'new party' too; how then *could* the foreigners join them?"

Dare, Jr., smiled one of his self-complacent smiles, and while the old gentleman was taking breath he stole a march on him by replying:

"The Southerners don't know this is our design; they are not as far-seeing as us Yankees, or they would never be caught in such a trap; you see, brother Gardiner, we lie perfectly still, make no noise, and let them do the talking. The foreigners, not understanding our game of 'possum,' think we take no sides on the question, and wishing to escape from those they consider enemies, they fly to our ranks.

"Now this is just what we want. Let the South boil up and effervesce if she will; all the better, we'll be the gainers. All we have to do is to 'lie low' until just before the election, and get all the votes we can. Then will be the time to strike; to throw off our masks, and stepping boldly forward to elect our President."

"A capital idea! I see it now!" exclaimed Gardiner.

"Of course it does not do to explain this to every one; it might reach the pro-slavery men's ears, and we want to keep the dust in their eyes, so that they may do the wind-work. You'll see at the coming Spring elections there will be ten times more fussing in the South than at the North; that's the time they will exasperate the foreigners. O! we'll ogle round this hard-headed rebellious people, and the first thing they know, they'll be so completely in our power there will be no way of getting out. *Future generations* will thank us, if they in their blindness do call us scheming, meddlesome, etc., for concocting plans to rid our glorious country of the vile curse of slavery."

"Yes, we'll do it," chimed in Dare, Sen., thinking his illustrious son had made a sufficient display of his eloquence to allow him a turn, "we'll elect an anti-slavery President and an anti-slavery Congress, if we can, *and vote the South down!* it's the only way," and he brought his forefinger down in his emphatic manner, which said as plainly as words, "*It must be.*"

"Won't that be a glorious time!" said Dare, Jr., rising to his full hight, pulling up his shirt-collar, and assuming an air of importance the interpretation of which was, "Wouldn't I like to fill the Presidential chair, and lord it over them!"

Mrs. Gardiner heard no more; drowsiness again overpowered her, and yielding to its influence, she sank into the arms of Morpheus a confirmed Know-Nothing; her father said it was to accomplish the abolition of slavery, and where that great work was involved, she believed with the Reverend gentleman, that "the end justifies the means."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SEWING-CIRCLE.

WHILE the gentlemen were absent,
Taking note of this and that,
The dear ladies came together,
To enjoy a social chat.

AT an early hour on the following afternoon, the members of the sewing-circle began to drop in. Mrs. Gardiner, who had been hindered with her baking during the morning by an unusually long crying spell of one of the babes, did not get her clean dress on in time, she was therefore obliged to request her kind neighbor Mrs. Jenkins to receive the company. The three gentlemen had "gone down town to reconnoiter," or in other words that the two visitors might pursue their acquaintance with the brethren they had met on the previous night, and seek an introduction to those who were compelled by sickness and other interferences to absent themselves. As yet no one in the village had openly avowed himself a Know-Nothing; consequently many not belonging to the order had been charged with membership, often by the brethren themselves, who seemed to take particular pains to accuse

those of being ring-leaders whom they knew were most opposed to the movement. Some said it was for the purpose of irritating their opponents; others to ward suspicion from themselves.

"Good afternoon, Patience," said Mrs. Jenkins to a pretty Quakeress, who entered among the first.

"How does thee do, friend Rachel," she said, extending her hand; "thee is entirely well again, is thee not?"

"Yes, thank you, my health is perfectly restored."

"And the family — how are they?"

"Reasonably well, I thank you; why did not your sister come?"

"This is fourth-day; our monthly meeting holds to-day, and they could hardly spare *me*."

How pretty she looked, as she stood untying her neat Quaker hood, and speaking in her simple dialect! With her perfectly plain dress of drab colored delaine, and small India book collar! Her light brown hair was combed back entirely plain, and confined behind by a small comb; yet even this seemed becoming, for it showed off to better advantage the ever-blooming roses on her cheeks. And then there seemed such a soft, mellow light in her laughing blue eyes when she spoke. She made a "pretty picture."

Other maidens soon arrived, with their gaudy dresses and flaunting ribbons, but, like the modest violet that springs up beside a bed of flaming poppies, she lost none of her charms by the contrast.

It was a full hour before all assembled. Mrs. Smith was the last to make her appearance. She was a large, corpulent woman, who came in puffing and blowing, and declaring she was almost out of breath. "I'd almost given out coming!" she said, sinking into a chair, and fanning herself with her sun-bonnet. "But being as it is the last time I'll meet with you, I thought I'd strain a point to come."

"The last time!" cried several voices at once. "Why, where on earth are you going, Mrs. Smith?"

"Going to move to Lockport, as soon as Mr. Smith gets well enough; and that, I trust, will be before another two weeks roll round."

"To Lockport! What for?" asked Mrs. Jenkins.

"And even if you do," interposed Mrs. Pratt, "you can meet with us still. Lockport isn't over half a mile from here."

"Yes, but it will be too far for me to slip off, as I have been doing."

"But why are you going?" persisted Mrs. Jenkins.

"Because Dr. Catnip says, if we dont move right straight off, my husband will die: he says there is an internal stream of water running right under the house we are living in, and that's what keeps him sick."

"What a yarn!" cried Mrs. Jenkins very unceremoniously. "Didn't the Prices live there for years and years, without having a day's sickness? Dr. Catnip

fabbled that up for some purpose, mark my words! Maybe he wants the house himself."

"Why, Mrs. Jenkins! How can you talk so about the Doctor, after his raising you from death's door?"

"Precious little he had to do with raising me! He took me there, that's certain; but it was a merciful Providence that brought me back. Why, if I had not positively refused to take his villainous stuff, I'd have been as dead as a door-nail before this. It was all Abram Skinflint's doings. He bragged him up as such great shakes, just because he happened to cure a pain in his great toe."

"Have you heard how Skinflint has been acting with the widow Martin, up our way?" asked Mrs. Grey, as she arose to cut out some work for Patience Hargraves.

"No, what was it?" asked several, simultaneously.

"Some new rascality, I'll warrant," put in Mrs. Jenkins. "Let us hear it, Mrs. Grey."

"Well," began the informant, as she showed Patience how wide to make the hem, "the night before Martin died, he took his clerk and went over, and when the poor man was lying in a stupor, the hard-hearted wretch went up to the bed and shook him, telling him he must have a bill of sale of his property, consisting of cattle, etc."

"O! Pshaw! Mrs. Grey, I don't believe it. Why, Mr. Skinflint is a member of our church!"

"Yes, I know he is," said Mrs. Grey, with a leer,

and what's more, he stopped in the other Sunday, after church, and tried to coax Mrs. Martin to sell him the hogs, and wanted to make her believe that if she didn't strike a bargain with him, right then, Dr. Brown would take them every one as soon as her husband died."

"O! shame, shame!" cried a dozen voices.

"And as I was going to say," she went on, "he went there the night before he died, and every time he succeeded in arousing Mr. Martin a little, he would ask him if he mightent have this cow, or that heifer. He kept on that way till 10 or 11 o'clock at night; and Mrs. Martin told me, with her own mouth, that it made her husband delirious, and he kept begging her to let him get up, and go to Skinflint, to have a settlement."

"It is perfectly outrageous for as rich a man as he is to act so!" said Mrs. Summers. "He always makes me think of what the Bible says about a camel going through the eye of a needle."

"Yes, and that's not the worst of it! Mrs. Martin says they dont owe him a cent, because she boarded his work-hands long enough to pay the rent. But you know they say he never keeps credits."

"Was it for the rent?" asked Mrs. Smith, in some alarm. "Why, I'll be afraid to move into his house; for if the Lord should deprive me of my husband, there is no knowing what he might do."

"Is it into one of *his* houses you intend moving?" asked Mrs. Jenkins, eagerly.

"Yes, and the very one the widow Martin occupies. He said he wanted us to come right away; to-morrow, if possible; said she wouldn't probably move out for a week, but that our moving in would hurry her."

"Didn't I tell you?" cried Mrs. Jenkins, a light breaking over her features. "Dont you see it, plain as day? Didn't I say he had some design in advising you to move?"

"It was Dr. Catnip advised us, though," said Mrs. Smith.

"Well, it's all the same. Dr. Catnip is as much Skinflint's tool as General Mephistopheles is parson Bruce's. It was the easiest thing in the world for him to intimate to Dr. Catnip that he wished you to move into the house up yonder, and push poor Mrs. Martin out. Dont you see?" she asked, letting her scissors fall as she enforced her assertion with an emphatic gesture.

"I believe it. I believe it!" cried the now wide awake Mrs. Smith; "because Skinflint promised my husband work as soon as he was able to be about. O! it's awful to think of a professor of religion acting so."

"But I didn't get through what I was telling," continued Mrs. Grey, taking a fresh start. "On the very day Mr. Martin was buried, Skinflint went over and had all the cattle driven away to his pasture. When Mrs. Martin found it out, Skinflint told her he had done it to keep Dr. Brown from taking them. The widow seemed to know who was her true friend, so she told the Doctor,

and he told lawyer Bliss to send up and have them driven right straight back. Well, dont you think, ladies, Skinfint sent and had them taken away again."

"Why, I never heard of such proceedings!" said Mrs. Jenkins.

"It is the town's talk up there; and every body says, if it was any other member parson Bruce would turn him out of the church, or 'excommunicate him,' as the parson says. By the way, did you hear his sermon last Sunday on the loss of the Arctic?"

"No, I wasn't there; what did he make of it?"

"A dispensation of Providence —"

"Just the same as the great fire at Harper & Bro's. establishment, a year ago. That, he said, was a judgment of the Almighty, visited upon them in consequence of the great amount of trash annually issued from their press. I dont suppose it is Christian for me to say it, but I do candidly believe it's just because they happen to be of a different persuasion. I've heard him say, in a rather disparaging way, that they held to the Methodist doctrine."

"I've always looked upon him as a bundle of prejudice tied together with a string of self-conceit," spoke up Mrs. Jenkins. "I don't know though but a contradiction of terms would be a more appropriate cognomen, for with all his preaching against the vile trash of the Harpers I never in my life saw any one enjoy the wood-cuts more. He laughed immoderately once, when I showed

him the representation of a singing-school, and moreover he often borrows our Magazines. But here comes old uncle Davy; let's call him in. Poor old man! he likes to talk with the women!"

"Uncle Davy," as he was familiarly called by almost every one, had not always been the poor cripple they then saw; the time was when he could run as fast as the spriest of them. He was a thick, heavy-set, jolly kind of a creature, but unfortunately learned to love his cups too well; friends had tried in vain to persuade him to abstain, but not until felled by a paralytic stroke was he forced to desist. For a time his life was despaired of, but gradually he regained a partial use of his limbs, and, by the aid of a cane, he was enabled to hobble along, speaking to everybody he met, and stopping wherever he was invited. There was one thing throughout all his afflictions uncle Davy never lost, that was his merry, ringing laugh; it was a forerunner of his approach; you might always know when he was coming, for this signal seldom failed to herald his arrival.

Uncle Davy was a staunch Democrat. He had been so all his life, and when Whiggery began to be merged into Know-Nothingism, he clung more steadfastly than ever to his party. The old man often informed his friends that he had many failings, but among the number he had always protested "unfair dealings" could not be reckoned; for he "had never, to the best of his

recollection, cheated any man out of the first red cent," and nothing seemed to incense him more than to hear of fraud in others.

It seems that he, in common with the rest of the villagers, had had good reasons for bringing complaints against the Skinflints for forgetting the credits, and you had only to mention one of these individuals' names, or ask him if he were a Know-Nothing, in order to hear him hold forth.

When Mrs. Jenkins had remarked that uncle Davy was coming, she had no ocular proof of her assertion. It was his laugh that had caught her ear. On opening the door to invite him in, she heard him say to Deacon Moore, who always wore very long, heavy whiskers, and prided himself not a little thereon:

"Look here, Deacon, if I was a louse, I'd be willin' to swim the Massessippi clear across to git to live in that hair on your chin; 'twould be enough to keep me warm."

"How do you do, uncle Davy?" asked Mrs. Jenkins, as the old man hobbled up to the door. "Have they made a Know-Nothing of you yet?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Mrs. Jenkins, how you talk! Why I've been swopping the Know-Nothin's off down street; I give two on 'em for a Dutchman, and three for an Irishman!"

"Come, uncle Davy, that won't do," she said, helping him up the steps, for the old man seemed to take

it for granted when she hailed him, that she wished him to go in, "that will *never* do; I will put an American before any foreigner in the world."

"What! if he aint no account? (Good afternoon, ladies.) Then *you* are a Know-Nothin', that's all. Come now, Mrs. Jenkins, would you be willing to give as good, honest, gentlemanly a little fellow as Frederic Trau for a dozen sich as Skinflint? Now we all know Mr. Trau would sooner lose ten dollars any day than cheat a man out of a single cent. He's a foreigner, but aint he twice as much an honor to the country he lives in as any of these pesky Know-Nothin's?"

A dozen heads were raised at this speech, and a dozen defenses trembled on as many tongues when the old man said "pesky Know-Nothin's," for let the wife say what she will against her liege lord, if another assail even the party to which he belongs, without making him an exception, her ire is that instant aroused. Even Mrs. Jenkin's eye flashed fire as she replied quickly, "*All* Know-Nothings are not *pesky*, as you call them, uncle Davy."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old man, striking his cane on the floor, "how she does take it to heart! To be sure there's good Know-Nothin's, but I meant the Skinflints, and sich like."

As he said this the defiant glances of his dozen opponents changed to merry smiles, and as their busy fingers again plied the needle, they said to them-

selves, that "uncle Davy never meant any harm by the remarks."

"Uncle Davy," said Mrs. Jenkins, fully satisfied with his explanation, "you should not talk so about professed Christians; the Skinflints are both members of the church."

"Beg pardon, Mrs. Jenkins," interposed the old man, "beg a thousand pardons for interrupting you, but they're a *leetle more*; they're *the church*."

"Have you heard what's been going on at Lockport?" asked Mrs. Smith, "Mrs. Grey has just been telling us."

"Yes, and I just heard one of the *best* things, yester day! If you'd like to hear it ladies, I'll tell you."

All expressed themselves anxious to be informed.

"Well, you know Abram Skinflint and Mr. Moreton had a fuss some time ago; and you know, too, what the folks generally think of the transaction. Well, after Moreton's sister went back East this Spring, a gentleman called on her one morning, saying he had understood she was directly from Brighton, Ill.

"After her assuring him that he had been rightly informed, the gentleman went on to inquire about one Abram Skinflint; he said this person owed him a considerable sum of money, and that he would like to collect it of him, if possible; but that he had written him repeatedly, and the reply always was, that he was too poor to settle the debt. It had been contracted, he said, before he left the East, and that Skinflint had

promised to pay it as soon as he got fairly under way, out West. He had received a letter from him, not over a month before, in which he said he would have been able to have remitted the money forthwith, had he not been cheated out of all he had made, by one rascally fellow, by the name of Moreton. (Now, mind ye, ladies, the stranger hadn't heard Miss Moreton's name; only knew her as the young lady from Brighton, Ill.) Well, you may be sure Miss Moreton spoke right straight up, and told him it was no such thing; that Skinflint was the rascal.

"'Ah, but,' said the stranger, who had seemed uneasy when the young lady talked so hard against his debtor, 'you must not be too hard on him, Miss. *He is my brother.*'"

"'And you, sir,' returned Maggie Moreton, not at all daunted by the revelation, 'must be careful how you talk. *Mr. Moreton is my brother.* You asked for information, sir, and I gave you the facts. If you'll just take the trouble to go out, you'll find every word I've said is true. If Abram Skinflint *is* your brother, you'll find it like drawing teeth to get anything out of him; for though he is the richest man in the place, he is decidedly the closest in all his dealings.'

"They have just had a letter from Maggie, and Mrs. Moreton called me in to tell me about it. Wasn't it good. Ha, ha-h!"

The old man's laugh was contagious; it always was

Even if his anecdotes were a little dry at times, that laugh seldom failed to electrify his audience. It acted like magic.

“Ha, ha, ha! He’s one of your Know-Nothin’s, Mrs. Jenkins! ha, ha! One you wouldn’t give for —”

“Well done, uncle Davy!” said Mr. Gardiner, entering. “Talking politics with the ladies, as I live!”

“Why, how do you do, Jonathan! I was just a persuadin’ ’em all to become Know-Nothin’s. Your wife *has*! Turned clean over! I’ll leave it to the ladies if she haint.”

“Why, uncle Davy, the Know-Nothings are all dead. You don’t hear of them, now-a-days.”

“No, they aint dead, either, Jonathan. They’re just lyin’ quiet like, in their holes, acting the ’possum. I know I haint got more than half sense now, but I can see yet how the wind blows. Still water runs deep. Wait till the election.”

After this remark the Messrs. Dare received a general introduction to the company, and, leaving the three gentlemen to entertain the rest of the ladies, uncle Davy devoted himself to the pretty Quakeress, evidently to the discomfiture of Dare, Jr., who, on entering the room, had been struck by her peculiarly attractive face.

“I know who isn’t a Know-Nothin’,” began the old man, in a loud whisper.

“Does thee mean me?” asked Patience, looking up.

“No,” he replied with a knowing look, falling into her

style ; " but one thee has a slight acquaintance with Thee knows Lemuel Hicks, does thee not, Patience ? "

The roses deepened on the young girl's cheeks. Uncle Davy always would tease her ; he always had ever since she could remember ; she didn't mind it much, only before company.

" Thee knows there's no use asking that question, uncle Davy ; thee's aware we've known each other all our lives. And — "

" Probably will, till one of thy lives is ended," interposed the old man.

" Uncle Davy, I wish thee *was* a Know-Nothing, in one sense of the word. Thee knows entirely too much for the peace of thy friends."

Thus uncle Davy talked, and the unassuming beauty replied, until their conversation was interrupted by Mrs. Gardiner, who came to inform the latter, that her brother had requested an introduction to her, and with her consent she would bring him forward.

Miss Hargrave had no objections to offer, and with due ceremony the Boston merchant was presented to the Quakeress. The village maiden seemed a little confused when the " fine city gentleman " seated himself by her side. She only ventured to reply in monosyllables to his remarks, smiling pleasantly whenever anything amusing was said, but nothing more. When in the evening the young men assembled, as was their wont, followed by the spouses of the wedded ones, Dare did

not seem to notice their entrance, so devoted was he to the young Quakeress. Once, it is true, his eye sought the door, when he saw her steal a quick glance in that direction ; he thought, too, that a deeper flush than had rested there suffused her cheek as she bent her eyes to the floor, but he must have been mistaken, for it was only a tall, unsophisticated-looking youth, clad in a drab suit, with a coat of unusual length, that entered.

Then again, when they proposed having auction to sell off some of the articles for the purpose of raising funds in order to procure some comfortable clothing for the poor, and when all insisted that Patience Hargrave should try on the night-caps, while the mischievous Minnie Jones bid them off, and when, after some hesitation, Dare, Jr., again saw her eye seek the eye of the fellow in drab, and on his urging the request saw her promptly acquiesce, he was forced to admit to himself that there was an understanding between them.

"Now if it were not for the talk it would create here, I'd just like to show that awkward booby how quick I could cut him out," soliloquized the merchant as he watched the snowy caps disappear successively from the fair head. "But it wouldn't do here! Folks have to be circumspect in a country village."

Adam Dare was not one who would indulge in a visit of pleasure without turning it to some account. On that same evening, an hour later, while conversing with some gentlemen, he heard one of them remark

that if any one there was in for a speculation, he was ready to offer a bargain that would be sure to "pay" whoever took him up.

An explanation was requested, and the speaker went on to say that the season before he had bought up and packed a quantity of pork, with the intention of taking it South to speculate on; but that, being pressed for money just then, he was willing to sell it at a reduced price to any one who would pay him cash down. Dare took a lively interest in what the man said; he felt pretty sure money could be made out of it, if it could be bought at those figures, and after many minute inquiries of his brother-in-law, as to the man's character, standing in society, future prospects, etc., he concluded to contract for it instantler. The bargain was closed on the day following, and two weeks afterward his purchase was shipped to a commission merchant in New Orleans subject to further orders. Although he had been informed by letter that, at that time, there was a good market for pork, and it was bringing a fair price, he had determined to hold on to his until later in the season, when other supplies would be exhausted, and the increasing demand would oblige them to offer more. After arranging everything to his satisfaction, and lengthening out his visit another week, he reminded his father how important his presence was in Boston, and persuaded the reverend gentleman to return.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MR. SELGROVE'S REASONS FOR PREFERRING THE SOUTH.

SAID Pete to Sam while hoeing corn,
"Ef I aint jist a freeman born,
I'll run away dis very morn,
 Sambo, I will."

Then Sam replied, while chuckling low,
"It makes no diff'ence whar you go,
You'll be de same as when you hoe,
 A nigger still!"

WHILE Mr. Adam Dare amused himself at the sewing circle in Brighton, Emma Bartlett sat all alone in the handsomely furnished chamber of her uncle's dwelling which she had been told to call her own. Dreamily her eye wandered over the broad landscape before her. It was pleasant to gaze on the white cabins bathed in the mellow moonlight, and to feel the soft breath of early Spring fanning her cheek. An unusual quiet reigned over the plantation on this particular eve, no snatches of "Uncle Ned," or "Carry me back" broke the stillness at intervals; no merry laugh or answering shout. A cloud of sadness hung over the inhabitants at Deerwood; one of their number had that day been called to her reward: Aunt Milly was dead.

Emma, who had been all day with Kate at the cabin, had vainly besought her, as the evening shades closed in, to accompany her to the house.

"Not yet, Emma; let me stay a little longer," was her only reply, and so, finding her entreaties unavailing, she had sought her chamber alone. Long and dreamily she gazed, and as she tried to look into the future, a deep-drawn sigh escaped her. "Roderic can never be mine!" She tried to repeat those words calmly to herself, as though anxious to become accustomed to the sound; she had never dared to weave any bright dreams for the future, yet his oft-repeated words, that if they tried to do their duty all would yet be right, had inspired her with a confidence, a trust, it was hard to shake off now.

"He can never be mine," she repeated, slowly, endeavoring by this means to impress upon her mind the utter hopelessness of her case. "But O! to see him once more; only once," urged the yearning heart over which she had struggled so unceasingly to gain the mastery. "Yet why do you wish it?" asked Reason, and the fluttering prisoner in her bosom again spoke out, "Because, because I love him and can not help it."

"There would be more pain than pleasure at such a meeting," said Reason; "you could never summon the courage to divulge the secret, and a steadfast refusal without explanation would make him doubt your constancy. It is better you should not meet."

"I know, I know," said the tremulous voice within, "yet, O! how he loved me once."

A half hour was spent thus in self-examination, and then, turning from the window, she seated herself beside her writing-desk, snatched a pen, and began writing. Emma had not vanity enough to believe she could write poetry, but when her heart was full, it had always seemed natural for her to pour its contents out in verse. No eye save her own had ever scanned her effusions, for always, after she had read them, they were committed to the flames. Imagining that they could possess little interest to others, she had chosen this mode of communing with herself, without once dreaming others might be gratified by a perusal. She bestowed little thought or mental labor on these impromptu verses, but simply wrote to relieve a surcharged heart. On finishing, she picked them up and read them over:

O! I'm lonely, sad and weary,
And the secret in my breast
Robs my eye of peaceful slumber,
Fills me with a wild unrest.
Memory now seems ever casting
Earnest, longing looks behind,
As though searching for a treasure,
She, alas! may never find.

O! I miss those golden moments
That to life such bliss impart;
When each pulse responsive beating,
Lip meets lip, and heart meets heart.

Now the well-known voice no longer
Fills my soul with rapture wild;
And the drops upon my eyelids
Speak the weakness of a child.

Where art thou? Upon the waters,
Gazing into Heaven's own blue—
Fancying thou canst see the angels,
Pierce the clouds and tremble through?
Or within thy native valley
Do thy footsteps linger yet?
And on eves like this dost ever
Call to mind when first we met?

Whereso'er thy form now resteth,
On the land or waters clear,
Something says, to-night thy spirit,
Thoughts and feelings all are here.
And I almost feel thy fingers
Lovingly with mine entwine,
While my heart keeps murmuring fondly,
"I am thine, and only thine."

But alas! the dream is over,
And perchance we'll meet no more
Till we join the ransomed spirits,
When life's fleeting span is o'er.
May the confidence unshaken,
Breathed through all thy words of love,
Be my stay where hope will anchor
Till my soul is borne above.

Only One can read the anguish
Deeply written on the heart:
He alone to weary mortals
Can a soothing balm impart.
Hoping in the unsealed future
I may reach some wise design,
I can only breathe with fervor,
"Now, henceforth and ever thine."

A light tap at her door caused Emma to conceal the paper hastily. "Well, Bob, what is it?" she asked, as the urchin made his appearance.

"Miss Emma, Mas'r Charles wants you to come down sta'rs; he's done gone for Miss Kate himse'f."

"Has any one come, Bob?"

"Yes, Miss," said the negro, grinning, "Mas'r William Selgrove's thar."

"Who is he, Bob?"

"O! I don't 'zactly know; ask Miss Kate. She'll tell you," and again he showed his ivory; "better put on your 'fix-ups,'" he said, half aloud, as he turned away.

After a little delay, Emma began arranging her toilet, for though in no mood to see a stranger, she could not disregard her uncle's request.

Only a few moments passed until there came a second rap at the door.

"Well, Bob, what is it now?"

"Why, Miss Emma, I thought maybe you mought want Susan to come and help you. Shall I tell her?"

"No, thank you, Bob, I wont require Susan's services this evening. Her grandmother, you know, is dead."

"Lor', Miss Emma, she dont car' nothin' 'bout dat! She's sich a harum-scarum thing nothin' dont hurt *her*; mought jist as well be up here tendin' to her business as any whar."

"You'd oblige me more, Bob, to tell my mother I wish to see her."

"Certainly, Miss Emma," and he darted off like a flash.

"Susan," he said, first seeking the kitchen, where he found the person addressed stood listening to a harangue from aunt Jinny about "poor white folks from de Norf," "your Miss Emma has got to dress for comp'ny, and dere aint de fust bit of fresh water in her chamber, and dere you stands talking to aunt Jinny."

Bob's words had the desired effect. The girl turned and left the kitchen without waiting to hear aunt Jinny finish her sentence. Bob chuckled as he sought Mrs. Bartlett's room, in order to give the desired information.

"Aunt Jinny shant fill de niggers heads chuck full of sich stuff, ef I kin help it, shure! Jes' 'cause Miss Emma aint mighty rich and all dat, she tries to make us all 'spise her, but she can't come it over dis chicken, nary time."

"Who is it, mother?" asked Emma, as Mrs. Bartlett entered, "the gentleman, I mean."

"An old acquaintance of Kate's, your aunt Anna says. He lives on an adjoining plantation, and has just returned from visiting his brother in one of the Western States."

"What shall I wear? I can't make up my mind alone. You know I have always been in the habit of leaving you to decide, and I never feel wholly satisfied

when you are not near to advise. In fact, dear mother, I am but a child yet in some things, and I don't believe I shall ever see the day I can do without you."

Mrs. Bartlett made no reply, but laying the snowy dress she had taken from the wardrobe on her arm, she drew her daughter's head to her bosom and imprinted a loving kiss upon her brow. Then withdrawing the comb from her sunny tresses, she watched them falling luxuriantly over her neck, and bidding the fair girl to be seated, she began combing them out and rolling them around her finger.

"I like best to see these ringlets unconfined, Emma," she said, "and would sooner let my own hand wander among them than another's."

"Perhaps you have the same feeling when these blacks come near you that I often experience, mother."

"In some things, yes."

"It's all in training, mother; Kate can sit for hours and let Esther arrange her hair, but I—I can't entirely overcome the antipathy I feel toward them. Do you know, mother, I begin to think the negroes have more true friends here than at the North, where they make such an incessant noise about their degraded condition? They certainly have more regard for them than I ever saw manifested toward a free negro by those who profess such a deep interest in them."

"That's what your father always said, dear. I've heard him laugh many a time about Mr. Dare's queer

notions." The mother did not perceive the shade that passed over the fair brow when she mentioned that name; she was too much engaged with the glossy ringlets that dropped from her finger and fell gracefully around the sunny neck."

"Do you like Deerwood as well as our old home, mother?" asked Emma, fearful the name that so disturbed her might be repeated.

"Well, no, love; it would not be natural; it is pleasant here, very, but then, dear, there is a desire in almost every bosom to have a home of their own. I appreciate the kindness of friends as much as any one could, but I feel dependent, you know."

"I understand what you mean, mother, and sometimes feel that I would give the world if we had a home of our own, a little Eden, as we used to have."

A dimness came over Mrs. Bartlett's eyes. "In the Paradise above our little band will be reunited, my sweet child," she said, again bending her lips to the brow that now, as the golden curls circled it round, seemed bathed in liquid light. "Do not allow this feeling to give you any uneasiness, my love," she added, "both your uncle and aunt are delighted to have us with them, and it would be ungenerous for us to think otherwise."

"I know, I know, but the home-sickness will come at times, mother, it can not be banished altogether."

While the mother and daughter thus talked, Mr.

Mitchell and the visitor conversed in the parlor below. Mr. Selgrove was a fine, noble-looking gentleman of about forty. He was one who always entered into the spirit of any thing he took up, and now, on his first call after several months' absence, Mr. Mitchell and himself fell to discussing politics. Mr. Selgrove had been a Whig, and a staunch upholder of his party as long as any vestige of it remained. After its decease, he had remained neutral for a time, but being of too decided a turn of mind to be satisfied with that position long, he had, as he laughingly remarked, chosen the lesser of two evils, and embraced the Democratic doctrine. It had required more of a struggle for him to take this step than it would for a more versatile person; but, as whiggery then existed only in name, he had come out boldly, as the thirty thousand in Virginia have since done, and declared himself a Democrat.

"I really believe," said Mr. Mitchell, on hearing him express himself with regard to slavery, "you are more of a pro-slavery man than when you left us."

"I am indeed, sir; I've witnessed so much inconsistency on this point since I have been gone, it has made me ultra, both on this subject and another that now agitates our land. I mean Know-Nothingism."

"In favor of, or against it?" asked his friend, with some curiosity; "I have never heard you express yourself yet."

"Then, sir, it is only because we have been separated. I speak my mind plainly, you know. I am opposed to it; decidedly opposed it."

"Why, my dear Selgrove," said Mr. Mitchell, laughing, "we'll have to dub you 'Arnold the second.' Reared as you have been at the North, here you are, violently opposed to all their efforts to abolish slavery, and now expressing yourself willing to take sides against the American party! What does it all mean?"

"Simply that, while playing the part of a silent observer, I have thrown aside the shackles of prejudice, and allowed reason to guide me. Simply, because I see in this 'new movement' the rudiments to destroy the Union, and trample on the Constitution. I tell you, sir, these distinctions will not do. It has truly been said, 'blue laws, religious proscription, Quaker-hanging, witch burning, and general oppression, were early characteristics of the colonies. But time passed. The English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, French, etc., intermarried, exchanged ideas, discarded prejudices, the blood of these races became mingled, and then a new race, with new thoughts arose and spread; a new public mind was developed; everywhere a new public heart arose, and beat for freedom; a new intelligence presided over all; a new spirit was abroad in the land; rights began to be understood, wrongs to be discarded; the genius of the nation was there, and it awoke, and ushered in a new era in the history of the world.'

"If, then, we are indebted to the mingling of the races for our peculiar bravery, intelligence, strength, and freedom, is it not madness in the extreme, at this late day in our history, to attempt by legislation to prohibit emigration to this country? To prohibit the continual centering here of the genius of the nations?"

"Well, but, Mr. Selgrove, I do not apprehend any such danger as you intimate. You don't understand aright the tendency of this great movement. I —"

"Dont apprehend any danger?" interrupted the other. "Why, my friend, how can it be otherwise? Is not Northern Freesoilism sectional in all its views? Does it not make war upon the Constitution, and seek to trample it under foot? Is it not willing to sacrifice great national duties, and follow a will-o'-wisp of its fanatical brain, called *the higher law*? Do not the less scrupulous disregard many of the sacred principles of human rights and freedom, and resort, under the obligations of their ill-advised oaths, to fraud and violence? Do not many of them, in their excessive affection for the black man, forget the white man, the laws of the United States, their duty to themselves, to their families and country?"

"Is it right," he went on, after waiting to hear whether Mr. Mitchell had anything to say, "for us to uphold such as make place of birth the test of a man's political rights, disregarding his true merits, the

characteristics of honesty, capacity, and qualification? You spoke of my pro-slavery views. On this point, too, my observations during my absence have made me ultra. On my way to my brother's I passed several days with an old friend, residing in one of the towns on the Western Reserve. I had lived there several years, when a boy, and had a curiosity to see what changes time had produced."

The speaker was here interrupted by the entrance of the two young ladies. A beautiful contrast the cousins presented, as they burst on Mr. Selgrove's view.

Kate had chosen to array herself in a rich black silk, and with her raven tresses arranged with exquisite taste one could scarcely think of her as any other than the bright reality she was. But when the visitor's eye rested on Emma's fairy-like form clad in unsullied white, the matchless beauty of her face, that secret grief had only rendered more ethereal, the pensive, yet earnest expression of her soft blue eyes, he felt constrained to believe that some bright, glorious being, from a loftier sphere, had strayed from her native home, and wandered down to earth.

On entering the room, Kate stepped forward and welcomed their visitor with a cordial shake of the hand. When Emma was presented, she did not extend her hand, as the gentleman, by his manner, evidently expected, but merely returned his salutation by a slight

bow. At the North she had never been accustomed to offer her hand on a first introduction, and had not yet learned that a different custom prevailed in the South.

"Beautiful as a dream, but frigid as an iceberg," mentally exclaimed Mr. Selgrove, as he stepped back a pace, dropped his hand, and stiffly returned her bow.

After replying to several of Kate's inquiries with regard to his trip, Mr. Selgrove said, "I was just about to relate to your father, as you came in, an instance of the consistent conduct of some of our Northern philanthropists with regard to runaway negroes. With your permission, ladies, I will continue."

Both bowed an affirmative.

"I was just saying, on my route I stopped a short time in a town on the Western Reserve; I had been there years before, and the greatest perceptible *improvement* I perceived, was the great acquisition made to the abolition army; almost every voice that met my ears was raised against slaveholders and foreigners. I happened to find one man who had not been carried away by fanaticism, and who, like myself, had become so thoroughly disgusted with their continual outcry, he had gone over to the enemy's quarters, or in other words, had settled in the South. He had been there some two weeks when I arrived, taking items of their manner of proceeding. He assured me, that it was an every day's occurrence for the abolitionists, when a runaway negro came among them, to persuade him to settle down right there, promise

him good wages, get several months' hard work out of him, and then, just about the time for a settlement, to take him aside and say, 'Now, look here, Tom! your master has just come to town; he's after you, and it will be out of my power to do anything if he once gets his eyes on you; so your only way is to make tracks for Canada as fast as possible; you had better start this very night, or it may be too late in the morning. Here are a couple of dollars; every cent I have by me; it will take you to the next town, and you can work your way after that. Good-by, old fellow! I'm sorry to part with you.' Thus they frighten the poor negro, who, having heard marvelous stories of the glories of freedom, risks his master's displeasure by deserting his Southern home, and, on learning he has been followed thus far, dreads the infliction of punishment, and taking the advice of those he believes has his interest at heart, journeys on as far as his limited means will carry him, and then is obliged to stop several months longer among another set of swindlers, only to be duped by some similar artifice. Thus, like the children of Israel in the desert, his bondage continues, until, in utter despair, he travels wearily on, without daring to hope he will ever be able to reach the land that has been pictured to his imagination as overflowing with milk and honey; and often casting longing looks behind, as he thinks of the home far away among the orange groves he has abandoned. Or, even if he should succeed in reaching this far-famed Canada, he

finds to his infinite surprise and mortification, that though the maximum of his wishes has been attained, he is just the same as when he started — '*a nigger still.*' He never can, never will be any thing more, unless," he continued, in a tone bordering on irony, "this '*great political movement,*' so exclusive in its tendency, should march with a triumphal tread throughout our land, and environing our Union with an impregnable wall of prejudice, should force the circumscribed inhabitants to become *purely American.* You smile incredulously at the intimation of such a state of things; but I tell you, my dear sir, it is no more preposterous or absurd than many of the doctrines advanced by this '*new party,*' whose instigators and founders were abolitionists. Just let them get an abolition President, and an abolition Congress, and it is just as probable that *amalgamation* will be the next proposed '*reform*' as anything else. What's to hinder *now*, if their higher law principles were put into practice? Our consciences do not all dictate alike. What seems right to one may appear wrong to the other; now, according to this, what's to hinder those who profess such an *ardent attachment* for the blacks, from uniting with them in the holy bonds of wedlock, provided *their consciences approve.* You cannot deny that there is a possibility of such occurrences, for we have only to go to the renowned Oberlin to learn, that two of different races would have been '*made one,*' had it not been for the intervention of friends."

"I thought you knew the Southerners better than to admit that there ever could be a probability of such a state of things with them, Mr. Selgrove."

"And yet they are doing all in their power to aid in this matter, to put all the authority into the hands of their enemies at the North, to give them the opportunity in future to say to the South, 'Accede to our terms, or *let the Union slide.*'" I am astonished that so many of my Southern brethren have been 'taken in,' and still continue to war against their own interests, and the good of our Republic. But, ladies, pray excuse me," said the speaker, turning, "I have allowed myself to wander off into the broad field of politics, and well-nigh lost sight of my fair auditors. We will pursue this subject at another time, friend Mitchell."

With this he addressed himself to the ladies, and with an ease of manner Emma very much admired, soon engaged them in conversation.

"What queer compliments the gentlemen pay us sometimes," said Kate, laughing. "They can't indulge in a little political discussion when the ladies are near, without imagining they are touching on a subject entirely too abstruse for our limited comprehensions."

"Say, rather, my fair friend, without fearing they are pursuing a subject devoid of interest to you. Miss Mitchell has, I imagine, no thought of becoming one of the 'strong-minded?'"

"Only on the slavery question," Kate replied. "You were speaking of the manner in which the negroes were deceived in Ohio. I was just thinking it was a wonder some of them did not prefer going back with their masters, and for this reason refuse to be frightened away."

"That does sometimes happen, but the wary ones have some other subterfuge ready to carry their point. My friend informed me that once, during his stay, the ruse had proved ineffectual. It seems that the negro, who was told his master was in town, and admonished to beat a hasty retreat, stood immovable, declaring that 'ef ole Mas'r had done come clar thar for him, he was gwine back wid him; he allers had treated him right, and he was a fool for leavin', 'specially sence he'd found out for himself what *easy times* niggers had in de free States.'"

"How do you like our friend Selgrove?" asked Kate, when the cousins were again alone.

"I liked him much on the whole, and was charmed with his views on one particular subject."

"And so was I, Emma. You must know he is a very devoted beau of mine. If he continues such conversations, who knows but he may change Pa's views on a certain point. I'll encourage him for that, if for no other purpose."

Emma looked fixedly at her cousin as she gave utterance to the last sentence.

"Do I understand you aright, Kate? Would you, if you thought he was seriously interested, encourage him merely to suit your own purposes. I mean, with the hope that his remarks would change your father's views?"

Kate colored a little, and without venturing to raise her head, lest she might encounter the steadfast gaze which she felt was fixed upon her face, she asked, "Where would be the harm?"

"Harm! Why, Kate, I wouldn't do such a thing for all the world. To me it would seem a fearful thing to tamper with as noble a spirit as Mr. Selgrove seems to possess. We should never use the human heart as a plaything."

"I am no coquette, Emma!" returned Kate, touched by her cousin's impressive manner, "and would for no consideration encourage his suit for the purpose of having an opportunity to refuse him. I only thought—but, Emma, dear, I see where I was wrong. I stand convicted before you. There is no use in trying to qualify what I said, for though spoken thoughtlessly, I meant it. I'm a selfish creature," she continued with her habitual candor, "and in my heedlessness would commit many errors from which my good cousin would shrink."

"Don't speak so disparagingly of yourself, dear

Kate. I did not mean to upbraid you. You are good, and generous, and noble, and ——”

“There, Emma, don’t turn flatterer. You are falling into an opposite extreme. I will continue to give my father’s friend a cordial welcome, nothing more; for, as long as my heart is filled with the image of another, there is little fear of his crowding in.”

“I gleaned from Mr. Selgrove’s conversation, that he was not a native of the South. Where does he hail from, Kate?”

“From some part of the East, I don’t remember where. He has been here a great number of years, though, and now is decidedly Southern in all his thoughts and feelings. He came into possession of his wealth through an uncle, who, at his death, willed all he owned to Mr. Selgrove’s brother, a namesake of the uncle, and a great favorite; but that individual was so strenuously opposed to slavery he could not be prevailed upon to make his home in the South. He accordingly entrusted the entire management of his estate to his brother William, whose views were entirely opposite to his own.”

“I can’t for the life of me see, Kate, how the enormity of the sin could be lessened in that way. He is just as culpable as if he had lived among them, in my opinion. Why don’t he emancipate them, instead of trying to palliate the sin?”

“Wait a minute, Emma; don’t accuse the poor man so. He’s dead. He died several years ago, leaving his two brothers the undivided estate. But the other Mr. Selgrove is even more conscientious than his deceased brother; he will have nothing to do with the property, and consequently it has all fallen into Mr. William Selgrove’s hands. Now you know as much about our friend as I do.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

LETTERS.

THEY had waited for a letter since the Summer 'gan to dawn,
Until hope began to waver as the weary days dragged on,
Till the bitter disappointment that their sad hearts dared not speak,
Fell, condensed in dewy brightness, and lay glittering on each
cheek.

APRIL passed with her sunshine and showers, May with her buds and blossoms, and from nature's lap dropped the smiling June; then, as she vanished, July, with her warm, sultry days drew on apace. Still no news of the absent ones came to cheer the waiting hearts. They must certainly have returned to Boston weeks before, and there have heard of their removal. Emma's letter, which she herself had dropped in the post-office the morning of their departure, would tell Roderic of their where-a-bouts. "Then why had he not written?" Thus would Kate query, without receiving any satisfactory reply. As the weeks rolled on, a very perceptible change might have been observed in both our heroines. Over Emma the hidden grief had cast a quiet, pensive melancholy, and one would scarce believe, while gazing on those features, so faultless in

symmetry, that a great heart-sorrow was wearing her young life away.

With Kate it was different; with a restless step she would wander about the house, while her eye beamed with an unnatural brightness, and when the evening shades closed around her, in the solitude of her chamber she would sit and weep till her brain grew dizzy, and her forehead burned.

"Think you we will ever hear from them again?" she asked, as Emma and herself sat, one afternoon, toward the latter part of July, beneath the spreading branches of one of the trees that lined the avenue.

Emma did not know.

"Mr. Hutten said he would not write, lest his letters might betray us; but being denied that privilege, it would hasten his return. Yet he surely has returned to Boston long ere this. Why then has he not written?" and Kate looked inquiringly at her cousin, as though expecting to gain the desired information of her.

"Dear Kate, how should I know? Is it not as much a mystery to me as to yourself? But supposing he should come in person, (for true love will venture much,) and confessing his attachment for you, should be promptly refused by your father, what then?"

"I would forsake all, and go with him," she returned unhesitatingly. "Wouldn't you, if your mother turned a deaf ear to your betrothed's petition? Tell me, Emma?"

"I could never consent to be separated from her now, Kate. Had father been spared she might have turned to him, but now we are necessary to each other's happiness."

"You don't love as I do, Emma; you can't, or you would not talk so. Why, I could follow him to the ends of the earth."

"And so could I were I to listen to the promptings of my heart; but my mother is as dear as ever, Kate, and my first duty is to her."

Kate was silent a moment, then began, "If Mr. Hutten ——"

"Dear Kate," said Emma, interrupting her, "why don't you call him by his first name? I have never yet heard you say Charles. Mr. sounds so cold, when applied to one we love."

"We ladies of the South seldom speak so familiarly, Ma always addresses pa in that way, and she is the only one I ever heard till I went East. I suppose it is all right, though it sounded strange enough to me at first. But here comes uncle Jim! Who knows but he may have letters for both of us. I will keep on hoping, even though it be the eleventh hour."

Uncle Jim was, as Bob had often been heard to declare, "de brackest nigger he ever saw. De fac' is, Jane," he would say, while conversing with that individual, "he would make fust rate ink, ef he was ground up and de grease squeezed out." The glossy black of

his round, good-natured face and wool, was relieved by a double row of polished ivory, which his habitual custom of grinning almost constantly displayed.

Jim was very fond of talking, but unfortunately his delivery was not good; always, when he hastened to say anything he stammered badly.

"Did the mail bring us any thing to-day, uncle Jim?" asked the ladies in a breath.

"Well, Mist'esses," he said, with his accustomed grin, "de m-m-male brung hit part of de way, and de f-f-f-female de other. S-Susan had to pack off to town las' night to see her sister, and she's been f-f-foolin' her time dis mornin' 'long de road. She was lyin' by de gate post, as I came in, f-fast asleep. She's de sleepy-headeddest nigger ——"

"Uncle Jim, for goodness'sake, tell us whether you have a letter or not! It takes you forever to tell any thing."

"She guv me dis, Miss Kate, and declared 'twas all dat was thar, but ——"

"Well, do hand it along, Jim," said Kate, impatiently, reaching forward. "It is for you, Emma," she added, glancing at the superscription, while a shade of disappointment flitted over her face.

Emma took the letter, and as her eye caught the hand-writing, her slight frame quivered, a flush mantled her cheek, and grasping her cousin's hand nervously, she exclaimed, "O! Kate, it is from him! I

know—I'm sure it is! it is the same hand in which the verses were copied!"

"Well, open it, child, then you'll be certain."

"I will, but wait a minute, Kate; I must grow calmer before I can even do that."

The seal was at length sundered by her unsteady hand, and as she unfolded the paper, a note fell out. She picked it up and read the name on the back.

"Here, Kate," she cried, joyfully, "here is something for you, too."

Kate, who had, with a native delicacy, arisen hastily and sought the shade of an adjoining tree, that her cousin might uninterruptedly enjoy the perusal of her first missive from her lover, quickly retraced her steps, and reached eagerly forward for the note. Emma held it aloft.

"Is it from Mr. Hut——?"

"Stop, Kate," said Emma, with some of her former mischief in her tone, "you shant have it till you speak his first name. Come, now, say 'is it from ——?' There, I'll not forestall you."

"Emma, you're as bad as uncle Jim. Hold your ear here and I'll whisper it, then."

Emma complied; and in a low, tremulous whisper, the cousin asked, "Is it from Charles?"

"Bravo, Kate! Here, take it. How should I know who it is from?"

And now Emma turned to her own missive, while

Kate, with a quick movement, opened hers, and then suddenly became as deeply absorbed as her companion. Roderic's letter convinced Emma he was suffering under the most harrowing suspense. He had just arrived in Boston, it said; had been obliged to remain in Germany six weeks longer than he had anticipated, in consequence of the sickness of his friend, Karl. He had been taken the very day they were to have started back; the attack had been severe as the one that prostrated him some months before, and it had enabled him, (Roderic), to repay the kind, unwearied attention his young friend had bestowed upon him when sick in a strange land. The trip across had taxed the little strength he had gathered, and for this reason they would be obliged to defer starting South for a fortnight. "Judge of my surprise and disappointment," he went on, "when, on reaching Boston, I hastened to your old home, and with a heart bounding with hope and expectancy, I waited on the doorstep, expecting Lena to answer my summons, and usher me into your presence. A sickening feeling I can not describe, well-nigh overpowered me, when a stranger came in her stead, and told me you were gone, he knew not whither. Karl was with me, you may be sure. Although weak and weary, he would not hear of waiting until I went round to apprise the ladies of our arrival. On finding you had moved, he went directly to Mr. Dare's store, to inquire in what part of the city you might be found,

for we did not dream you had left it altogether ; but he failed to find the merchant. The clerks said he had gone South for the purpose of speculating in pork. But, Emma, a fear has taken possession of me, not that you may prove false, but that friends may *urge you against your will*. Had it not been for your letter, I should have been kept in entire ignorance of your where-a-bouts, and now, as I learn from it that during my absence you have been bereft of your parent and guardian, my bosom seems filled with alarm ; perhaps Dare has superseded me ; he may even now be with you. Heaven only knows what has happened during my protracted stay. Were it not that I have promised not to leave Karl until he is able to accompany me, I would shorten this terrible suspense by starting immediately for the South. But I must wait ; bide my time. You know my favorite motto, ‘Do your duty,’ etc.

“Write to me instantly, Emma, and tell me all, every thing. Have you seen Mr. Dare ? Is he with you ? Are your feelings the same as when we parted ? Shall I be welcomed to your Southern home, at least by *one warm heart* ? Write freely and unrestrainedly, and do not delay. I have much to say that only can be spoken when you are near. I have waited patiently for the time when I could step forward manfully and request your friends to resign you to my keeping, and now feel that it is drawing near. Did I not fear that Dare is even now with you, I might await more

patiently the time of my departure. But I will pray for the best, and hope that the day is not far distant when the words will be breathed that will make us one. Good-night, and God bless you, my Emma. Believe me truly your own
RODERIC."

O! it was hard to read those loving words, and yet to feel they never could be realized! That even should they meet, the terrible truth of her origin would be an insuperable barrier to their union! "But why not keep him in ignorance of it?" plead Love; and Conscience simply answered, "It would be wrong." Yes, he must know all, on that she was determined; and as she sat with her face buried in her hands, she resolved to write to him immediately, and reveal the secret of her birth. She could never breathe it in his ear, for once in his presence, she knew resolution would waver, and love gain the mastery. She must place it on paper and then — why, she would leave the rest to Providence, she said, with a deep-drawn sigh.

"Bad news, Emma, dear?" asked Kate, after waiting several minutes, hoping her cousin would arouse herself.

"No," replied the young girl, without looking up; "he is well."

"And so is *his friend now*," exclaimed the dark-eyed beauty, and while the gratitude of her heart beamed from her countenance, she cried earnestly, as her hand

rested on her cousin's bowed head, "O! Emma, I wish I could pray; could kneel down and thank Heaven for his restoration! But, dear child, what is the matter?" she added, as those tearless eyes were turned with a hopeless glance to her face. "Is your letter cold? Do you fear his love is abating?"

"No, no, not that!" she cried, passionately; "don't ask me, Kate! I can't tell; indeed I can not! You won't feel hurt if I leave you a little! I must seek composure in solitude;" and rising hastily, she bent her steps to the house and sought her chamber.

"I must write it now; *now*," she said, firmly compressing her lips, "before my eyes rest on those words again, or my heart becomes too weak for the task."

Seating herself at her writing-desk, with an unsteady hand she put her resolve into execution, and though the scalding drops that fell upon the paper almost blinded her, still she wrote on.

An hour later the letter, in which she had given a full statement of all she had gathered from Lena, was sealed and directed, and with the words, "Farewell forever, dear, dear Roderic," she arose, snatched her sun-bonnet, and hurried down stairs.

"Uncle Jim, are you busy this evening?" she asked, stopping before that negro's cabin.

"Only doin' nothin', Miss Emma," he replied bowing.

"Could I get you to go to town for me? I know you've been there once to-day, but I'm very anxious to

get this letter into the Post-Office before night. You could ride; they are not using the horses to-day."

"O! I don't mind walkin' much; Ise footed them three miles so often dat it don't seem no way now."

"Well, be right quick, uncle Jim, and don't say to any one that you are about to do this favor for me," she added, slipping a piece of silver into his hand.

"Thankee, Miss Emma; never fear uncle Jim."

Not until a half hour after the negro's departure, did Emma allow herself to peruse Roderic's letter a second time. Love might make her falter in her purpose, and so she deemed it best to wait until it was impossible to recall the letter-bearer. But now that he was beyond her reach, she opened and read again and again the closing words. On the whole the letter was not as affectionate as she had expected, but she could see the reason. He feared that during his protracted delay, his rival Dare might have pressed his suit a second time, (she had told him ere he left that the merchant had offered himself once,) and that, through the persuasion of friends, she might have given an unwilling consent, imagining, from his unexpected stay, that he had for gotten her. This, she felt sure was the cause of his uneasiness, and in this way she accounted satisfactorily for the lack of the tenderness she had expected to find. But the last sentence told her that hope still lingered in his breast, and that he desired ere long to call her his own. Then as she fancied how, when he learned

the truth, her image would be blotted from his memory, how he would strive to forget her, and how, perchance, in after years, another might cross his path to whom he would offer the heart she had so long held in keeping, the intense agony of that moment seemed bitter beyond endurance.

Back to the vanished past did Recollection glide, and carefully gathering the golden moments up, she returned with them to the present, that the maiden might gaze upon the bliss that once was hers. Every word, every look of the loved one had been garnered. The morning their hands had touched at the piano, when, on looking up, their eyes had met, then again when he first told her how inexpressibly dear she had become, and finally the hour of parting that had so overcome him. How well she remembered it all. Then again, thought reverted to his sickness, to the time when she stood beside her father, and heard the invalid in his ravings repeat another's name. Who was Rosalie? She had never but once mentioned that name to him, and that was—she remembered the time.

Often had she felt a strong desire to ask him all about her, but when in his presence she could not—something in her bosom withheld her; she seemed afraid he would again revert to the past, when Rosalie was the “guiding star of his youth,” and to hear him repeat that another had received the same homage his heart had given *her*, even though the cherished one had

passed away, would cause her the same heart-pang she had felt when he told her Rosalie had once been so dear.

Poor Emma! she was but mortal, although old aunt Milly had pronounced her "an angel." She did not know that the undefined feeling that had troubled her when her lover had mentioned Rosalie's name, was a little spark of jealousy, which, despite her better nature still lingered in her breast. Nor did she understand that this mysterious influence, termed love, is seldom satisfied with a divided heart!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MEETINGS.

AND dost thou spurn me from thy side?

Dost bid thy lover leave thee?

Well, listen to my story first —

Sweet Emma, 'twill not grieve thee.

THREE weeks passed away, bringing little change to our heroines. Kate had begun to feel apprehensive on account of the frequency of Mr. Selgrove's visits, and several remarks dropped by her father, in which he intimated that she would incur his displeasure if his friend were not encouraged.

"I can't see how you can be indifferent to him," Emma would often remark, after one of his visits. "That broad, intellectual forehead, and the sudden flash of those eyes, so full of expression, tell, as much as his eloquent words, the character of the man."

"I do respect and esteem him, highly," was Kate's reply; "but how can I love him? We cannot divide the affections in that way, coz."

It was the 14th of August, and a warm, sultry afternoon, Kate was sitting on the piazza fronting the carriage road, gazing listlessly before her. The road wound

round in a serpentine direction, and through the verdant foliage shading it on either side, she thought she discovered a person advancing toward the house. She looked again, but the figure had disappeared from view ; so imagining it must have been one of the servants, instead of a visitor as she first thought, she let her eye wander in another direction.

Mr. Mitchell was reclining on a lounge, with an open paper in his hand, the contents of which he was endeavoring to glean, during the intervals between his dozing. Presently, something seemed to arrest his attention, and straightening himself he fell to reading in good earnest, the account of the Louisville riot. "What, bloodshed ! I didn't really think it would ever come to this, though Mr. Selgrove has predicted it from the first. It is those bullying Dutch and Irish desperadoes, that have made all this trouble. My friend Selgrove is wrong ! They must be taught where their proper places are !"

"What is it, pa ?" asked Kate, turning and looking into the room.

"Oh, nothing but politics, Pussy ! Nothing that the ladies need trouble their heads about."

"What did you say about bloodshed ?"

"Why, they have had a scuffle at the election in Louisville, and some persons have been killed."

"What parties fought, pa ?"

"Why, the Know-Nothings and foreigners ; but dont bother me, Puss ; I want to read the Journal."

When Kate resumed her former position, the figure she had caught a glimpse of was in full view. The pedestrian carried in his hand a small carpet-bag ; his boots and clothes were covered with dust, and, altogether, his *tout ensemble* was not calculated to make a very favorable impression.

"There is a stranger coming up the avenue, pa," said Kate, again interrupting the reader ; "he is walking, too."

"What does he look like?" asked Mr. Mitchell, laying down his paper.

"He looks as though he was tired to death, and ready to evaporate," she replied, as she saw the unknown one draw his handkerchief from his pocket, and wipe the moisture from his face ; then, as he removed it and advanced a few steps, she exclaimed, "Its Mr. Dare, as sure as can be ! I'll run straight and tell Emma."

"Hold on, Pussy. You must wait and give me an introduction. Remember, I am not acquainted with your friend."

"Sure enough ! you never met while we were in Boston ! What an interesting spectacle he makes now !"

"Hush, child ! He might hear you."

In fact, Mr. Dare's appearance was rather *striking* when he reached the piazza, and returned Miss Mitchell's greeting ; after which he was presented to her father. He had met with a rather unfortunate accident on the way, which was only one of a series of misfortunes that had befallen him since he left Boston.

In the first place, he had taken ship to New Orleans, for the purpose of disposing of the pork he had purchased and forwarded during his visit to Brighton. He had sent it "subject to further orders," and although the commission merchants had written him, as the season advanced, that there was little prospect of its "going up," still, possessing, as he did, but a limited share of confidence in mankind generally, he had imagined his presence was necessary to effect the sale, and bring the sum at which he valued it. Far-seeing as he was, he was for once mistaken; for instead of making a "snug little pile" by the investment, beside defraying the expense his anticipated visit to Miss Bartlett would incur, he was obliged to sell his pork at a reduced price, and in the end find himself "out of pocket." He was, therefore, in no enviable frame of mind, when, on reaching Lawrence by cars, he took his small portmanteau on his arm, determined to "foot it" to T——, in order to save "unnecessary expense." He "could not afford to sustain his recent loss, unless he economized in little matters for a twelvemonth to come."

But the most mortifying accident befel him when about a mile from Deerwood. In crossing a meadow, which cut off a considerable portion of the main road, he came very suddenly to a small stream which the surrounding blue grass had concealed from view, until his foot sunk in the mire. On attempting to cross it at a "jump," his foot had, by some unaccountable means,

caught in the tangled grass beneath, precipitating him, head forward, into the mud and water. Now this was truly a lamentable affair, for he had brought but a scanty supply of clothes with him, as he did not "wish to be looking after baggage, and the like." Moreover, he had that morning made use of the last clean linen his portmanteau contained, with the hope of making a favorable impression, on his arrival.

His outer garments did not suffer materially from his sudden prostration, for after sitting in the sun an hour, he had succeeded in removing the mud as it dried; but the bosom of his shirt gave indisputable evidence of Adam's fall.

After introducing him to her father, Kate hastened to inform Emma of his arrival. Mr. Dare took this opportunity of relating his adventure to the Southerner, for he felt not a little embarrassed when, on taking the proffered chair in the sitting room, he caught a glimpse of himself in an opposite mirror, and then cast a hasty glance at Mr. Mitchell's spotless garments.

The latter showed him to a spare chamber, and without delay furnished him with one of the needed articles from his own wardrobe.

Bob, who had been sent "to tote up warter for de strange gentleman," as he told Jane, while drawing it, had, according to his master's directions, received the soiled contents of the portmanteau from its owner,

together with the discarded nether garment, and straightway carried them to the wash-house.

"Aunt Edny, here's some dirty shirts Mas'r Charles ses to have done up by to-morrow."

Aunt Edny unrolled the bundle and examined them for a moment; then throwing them with a contemptuous toss on the floor, she exclaimed, "Go 'long 'way from here, Bob; dere's no use tellin' me Mas'r Charles ever wore sich co'se shirts as dat, nary time! dis nigger knows him too well!"

"I never sed *he* did, aunt Edny. A gentleman is just come a visitin' what was throwed in de mud, and he haint got no clean ones to put on."

"What's sich a *gentleman* visitin' Mas'r Charles fur? He aint nobody what w'ars sich things as dem. Real poor folksy! low-lived!"

"Why, aunt Edny, de bosoms is made of fine linen," said Bob, stooping to examine one.

"Yes, and dat's jis de thing, nigger; de rest is muslin, co'se enough to sift co'n meal through. Whar's he from?"

"I think Mas'r Charles said Boston, when he tol' Miss Anna."

"Dat's in de Norf, haint it, dont you reckon? De same place whar dey all was a visitin'."

"Yes, 'cause Miss Anna sed she knowed him."

"And he started to come clar here wid three shirts! O! go 'long, Bob! He mus' be rotten mean."

"Emma," said Kate, as she entered her cousin's room and laid her hand on her shoulder, "Mr. Dare has come."

Emma started to her feet. A deathly palor overspread her features. "Merciful Heavens!" she gasped, snatching Kate's hand. "Where is he? I can not see him!"

"Why, Emma, how frightened you are! Where's the use of alarming yourself needlessly? Why, I am as 'cool as a cucumber,' as you Yankees say, when Mr. Selgrove comes to make his devoirs."

"O, Kate! I can not see him! indeed, indeed I can not! Make any apology you will for me, but I can not go down."

"Why, Emma, his visit was intended expressly for you. Take time to quiet your perturbation, and then come along down. I wouldn't let it trouble me so. Why, the whole world combined could not force me to marry one I did not love. You can be just as inflexible; and beside, I don't believe aunt Emma would ever urge you to become his against your own will."

Little did the cousin think her words only added to the pain already wringing Emma's bosom, for how could she surmise what caused the agitation that so unnerved her?

"Do not urge me further, Kate," Emma at length said, with an unusual degree of firmness in her voice, "I will not see him till to-morrow; nor then, if it can

be avoided. Go down and say that I am engaged for the afternoon, if you will. Tell uncle and aunt, if they love me, not to insist."

"How strange," thought Kate, as she turned away, "Emma is an enigma sometimes."

A little time was spent in painful reflection, and then Emma sought her mother's chamber. The time had come when she must make a full confession, or force herself into the presence of one whose name made her shudder when she heard it. Her gentle knock was unanswered, and pushing the door open, she went in. There lay Mrs. Bartlett, fast asleep. Recent grief had left their traces on the features now resting in repose.

"It will but add another pang to the already surcharged heart," she thought, looking fondly in her face, "I had hoped nothing would ever compel me to impart this to her, she has always been so regardful of my happiness. I wished to spare her this. But why awake her from this quiet slumber to impart to her a painful reality? I have said I would not see him till to-morrow, and to-night will be time enough to tell her." Then, with the words "dear mother" trembling on her lips, she stole noiselessly away.

Wandering out into the garden, she opened a gate and passed into a narrow path which, after various windings, led to a shady grove about a quarter of a mile from the main building. This was a favorite retreat of the young girl, when she wished to indulge in

an hour of uninterrupted thought. A grassy knoll hard by a bubbling stream was her seat, and thither she bent her steps. On reaching this spot she breathed more freely, and involuntarily ejaculated, "Thank Heaven, my eye may not chance to fall upon him here. O! how can I ever acknowledge to any one that *he* is my father?" Then carefully withdrawing from her bosom the picture she always carried about her, she said, "He deceived you, my mother, and to-morrow, if the strength be given me, let the struggle cost what it will I will seek him alone, and holding this before his eyes, ask him if he knew the original. He may deny it with his lips, but I will watch his features narrowly, and if guilt be depicted there, it will banish from my mind every shadow of doubt. It will be a bitter trial for me to remain among them after uncle's family has learned the history of my birth. O! could I but fly to some remote, obscure spot, where none would point the finger of scorn at me! Ah, me!"

Bitter indeed were the poor girl's reflections, as she sat there, and not until she had knelt on the grassy sod and lifted up her crushed heart in prayer, did the calm come. Then, as she arose, with a look of resignation she re-seated herself, and let her thoughts wander off to Roderic. Had he received her letter? Was he even then striving to forget her? Would he return to his native land, and never again set foot on Columbia's soil? Would she ever hear from him again? Kate

had been expecting Mr. Hutten for several days ; would she not hear through him ? O ! 'tis hard to banish from the mind one to whom the whole heart turns with such perfect confiding trust ! Emma truly felt it so. Had he ever in any way proved himself unworthy of her love, the trial might have been less severe. But to resign entirely one who was so good, so noble, so worthy, had, and she felt would still, cost her many a heart-ache. " O ! Roderic ! " she cried, despairingly, " would we had never met ! "

With her eyes fixed upon the ground, and wholly absorbed by these reflections, it was not strange she did not perceive a figure winding along the narrow foot-path leading to the main road. It was evident that the traveler was striving to regain the high-way, which he had left to shorten distance, for he peered cautiously around, and often came to a dead halt, as though uncertain about the direction he wished to take. His light Panama was pushed back, that it might not interfere with his search ; the road, he thought, could not be far off ; he had entered the grove but a short time before, and the path would certainly not mislead him far.

By waiting an hour he could have been conveyed in the coach to within a hundred yards of his destination, for it passed by Deerwood daily, but, though an hour flies quickly, it seemed an interminable period to him just then, and warm as it was, he preferred hurrying on. He was too much engaged with his own musings

to notice the young girl; and crossing the stream at a bound, was hurrying on, when his ear was arrested by her last exclamation. The foliage concealed her from view, but that voice—he knew it better than any other sound on earth. A quick movement on his part revealed her features. Springing lightly forward he reached her side in an instant. The noise arrested her attention, and she looked up. A supernatural fear took possession of her. Was it the spirit of her lover she beheld? Could it be himself? Starting suddenly to her feet, she stood transfixed with alarm. It was all so sudden, she could not believe it was reality.

“Emma!”

There was no mistaking that voice! Those were no phantom fingers that clasped themselves around her trembling hand! The dark eyes bent upon her were none other than Roderic’s own.

“Emma!” the voice was low and full of tenderness. He drew closer as he repeated the name, and opened his arms to receive her. Still she did not move. Her lips, too, seemed petrified.

“Will you not speak to me, Emma? Have you no welcome for your Roderic?”

O! how she longed to throw herself on his bosom! There he stood, the one to whom her heart turned with all the fervor of an ardent, loving nature; yet all her yearnings must be forced back. “Do not touch me,

Roderic! I am not worthy!" were the only words to which her white lips gave utterance.

The dark suspicion that had haunted Roderic's mind since he first learned Dare had preceded him to the South, now began to assume the form of a terrible truth. Dare had been there; she had consented; had become his wife! And now, as he stood gazing on her death-like features, he reproached himself for not turning a deaf ear to Karl's entreaties to remain with him till his strength was recovered, instead of starting instantly for the South. And had the villain, indeed, a second time robbed him of his treasure? The thought was torturing; it forced him to speak out.

"Emma," he began, in a fearfully earnest tone, sunk to a hollow whisper, "is it as I feared? Has Dare supplanted me?" He leaned against a tree as he spoke, for the struggle he was called to endure unmanned him.

"I have not seen Mr. Dare since we left Boston," she replied; "he is —"

"Thank Heaven!" burst from the lover's lips, and he again extended his arms, as a sudden light broke over his face. But Emma drew back, repeating mournfully, "I am not worthy, Roderic! I can never be your's! You did not get my letter!"

"Yes, the day before I started," he returned, now fully comprehending her words.

A thrill of joy awoke in the young girl's bosom as he

spoke. Then he had come despite the revelation she had made. "And yet you came?" she said, lifting the trembling lids that she might steal a second glance at that face, whose image was so indelibly impressed upon her memory.

"Yes," he replied, again clasping her fluttering hand in his own, "and you have refused me a cordial greeting. I have looked forward to this moment, and fancied it would be one of rapture; but alas! I am ever doomed to disappointment. Sit down by my side, Emma," he went on without appearing to notice the pain his reproachful tone had caused, "and I will tell you of some one who loved me in my youth."

Tremblingly she complied. Painful as she felt it would be to listen, she seemed incapable of refusing.

"It is little less than a score of years ago that I loved a gentle being, not unlike you; from childhood our hearts had, as it were, grown together; she was dear to me as the apple of my eye; her presence made life beautiful to me, but stern necessity forced us to separate; duty called her to a foreign clime, where I intended joining her as soon as I became of age. O! Emma, that parting was keen and bitter, for I loved Rosalie with all the fervor of —"

"Spare me, Roderic! for Heaven's sake spare me! You do not love me, or you would not recall this! I had not expected *you* to add the last drop of bitterness to the cup of wretchedness I have been forced to quaff. If the

memory of the dead be still so dear to you, I fancy there is little room for the living in your thoughts." As she ceased speaking, she essayed to rise to conceal the gathering moisture in her eye.

"Not yet, Emma; hear me through," he said, gently drawing her back. There was magnetism in that touch, and she could not disregard it.

"Am I then so dear to you, Emma?" he said, tenderly. "Well, hear me through, and, if you desire it, the name shall never again be mentioned in your presence. I loved her. Yes, 'tis true, and I must repeat it, but as I said, she left my side and accompanied her father and brother to a distant clime. Her father, I said; but I am mistaken. He died on shipboard, leaving herself and little brother, orphans, and alone. They reached the foreign port penniless. I can not tell you all. Suffice it to say, she was deceived by a villain, who urged her to become his wife. After robbing her of her little brother, he engaged an accomplice to perform a mock marriage; after which she accidentally learned the truth and made her escape. And then, Emma, at the expiration of a twelve month, she returned to her native land, destitute, forsaken, and heart-broken, just in time to tell me all she had endured, and expire in my arms."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed Emma, her former jealousy crushed by the kindlier sympathies his story had aroused.

A smile flitted over those fine features, as he marked

the deep interest depicted on the sweet face upturned to his.

"And, Emma," he continued, in the same low tone, "When she told me the name of her deceiver, I raised my hand to swear vengeance upon him, but she laid her attenuated fingers on my arm, and begged me to leave that to Heaven."

"She was right," said the soft voice, solemnly, "you know, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord.' You gave heed to her words, did you not, Roderic?" Those earnest orbs were raised full of inquiry now.

"Yes, sweet monitor, I did, and more. I promised her that if life were spared, I would leave my native land, and search diligently for the lost brother and her offspring, and when found, I would devote my remaining days to their happiness."

"And did you, Roderic, did you keep your promise?" The maiden's gaze was fastened on him now; she seemed so eager to hear all he had to say.

"Years passed," he went on, "I came to America—"

"To America! was that the foreign country?" she asked, with a look of wonder and surprise.

"Yes, 'twas here they were left; I found the boy grown to manhood. It was Karl Hutten, Emma."

The listener would have started to her feet, but she seemed riveted to the spot. "Was it indeed he?" she cried, in astonishment, "and the other, Roderic?" she added, breathlessly.

"She, too, was ripening into womanhood; the perfect semblance of her mother. So like the idol of my early years, my heart unconsciously went out to meet her, even as it had to Rosalie. I loved her not as I expected to the child for whom I had come to search, but all the wild worship my spirit had given in the past seemed to come back and settle upon her. And she — am I wrong in thinking she returns my love as fully as the gentle being who brought her into existence?"

While Roderic spoke, a light broke over Emma's countenance, and the mingled surprise and rapture beaming from her eyes, seemed to form a halo of glory and encircle her brow. When he ceased, with a wild burst of joy, she threw herself into his extended arms, exclaiming, in a voice tremulous and broken, "O! Roderic! Roderic! it is I! Rosalie was my mother! You have known it all along! It was she you loved!"

"Yes, dear one, yes," he murmured, and as that fair head was pillowed on his bosom,

Farther, dimmer, earth withdrew,
Lower, softer, bent the blue,
And like bubbles in the wine,
Blent the whispers, 'I am thine.'"

Indescribably happy were the twain as they sat there, every doubt and fear that had lingered in the atmosphere of trust banished by the sunshine of the love that radiated from their hearts.

“And so my Emma was jealous when I spoke in praise of Rosalie,” Roderic at length said, lifting the stray curls that partly concealed her face.

“Yes,” she returned, blushing, “but I—I didn’t know then. O! Roderic,” she added, with a burst of feeling, “I am so glad you loved her! It is joy enough to feel that you are mine at last! But look here,” she said, suddenly recollecting herself, and searching for the picture that had fallen from her hand, “look!” she repeated, pointing to where it lay open on the ground by her side. “There, I’ll hold it up. Is it like her, Roderic? Was she so beautiful?”

With a cry of astonishment, he snatched it from her hand. “Where, Emma—how came this in your possession?”

“Lena gave it to me. Is it life-like?”

“O yes! her very self!” he murmured, bending fondly over the image. Then, as though communing aloud with his own thoughts, he whispered in the tenderest accents, involuntarily adopting his mother tongue, “Mein liebes Mägdchen, meine Rosalie!”

Again an invisible presence drew near, a light-winged seraph floated above the young girl’s head, and as Roderic in one hand held the lifeless picture of the mother, and in the other the daughter’s snowy palm, thus standing, as it were, a connecting link between the living and the dead, the shining one bowed her head until the effulgence from her starry crown encircled the trio

with a halo of brightness, and overshadowing them with her snowy pinions, she whispered in heavenly accents that the evening zephyrs bore back to their native blue, "I bless thee, beloved ones!"

On receiving from his hand the picture, Emma took from its secret hiding-place the silken tress, and as the lover, after pressing it reverently to his lips, laid it among her own sunny curls, with the open paper in her fingers she ran her eye along the signature, spelling as she went *R-o-s-a-l-i-e*. "That's it, Roderic! Just seven. Is it not her name?"

Roderic took the paper, and read it eagerly. "How strange! how strange!" he murmured. "It is *not* her name, Emma, but my own! It is the last note I wrote her before she left the Fatherland. Preserve it carefully, for her touch has hallowed it," and he handed it back.

"Roderic," said the maiden, for the first time recollecting something else than that her lover was near, "Mr. Dare is at the house. He came not over an hour ago. 'Twas his arrival drove me here. How strange you should both have come at once! What will you do when you meet?"

"Whatever you desire. I leave you to pass sentence upon him."

"Do not spare him on my account," she began, "I——"

"Yet for *her* sake I would not harm him." Again

his eyes sought the miniature. "It was no easy thing to crush the spirit of revenge that at first rose up whenever I entered his presence, and had it not been for the memory of her sweet pale face; and the soft whisper of warning that rang ever in my ears, I might not have stayed my hand, much less have withheld from an only brother the story of his sister's wrongs. I have forgiven him long since, Emma, and my earnest prayer is that heaven may have mercy on him."

"But the brother, Mr. Hutten, where is he? Did he not come with you? Kate is expecting him."

"I have bad news for your cousin, Emma. Do you think her interest in Karl, is anything more than a passing fancy?"

"Fancy! O yes, Roderic, she loved him devotedly."

"Then may strength be given her to endure this blow. Emma, Karl is dead."

"Dead, Roderic! Can it be possible! When—where did he die?"

"In Louisville. We were passing through on the day of the election; a ball, which I have every reason to believe was aimed at me, entered his breast and lodged, killing him instantly. It seemed hard to see him cut down when fortune was just beginning to smile upon him. He had been successful in Germany, and was coming with me to press his suit."

"Poor, dear Kate! How can I tell her! It will be heart-rending, Roderic, for she loved him."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

EXPLANATIONS.

WHILE the lovers thus talked, another guest had joined the trio in the sitting-room. Mr. Selgrove had dropped in, and while Miss Mitchell monopolized his thoughts, the father directed Mr. Dare's attention to the column that had arrested his eye before their guest's arrival. That gentleman had seen no account of the riot, and was soon absorbed in its perusal.

As he sat thus engaged, the Southerner had ample time to scrutinize his features without appearing rude. Mrs. Bartlett had told him of the interest this person had manifested in Emma; he had learned, through her, that Dare contemplated visiting Deerwood, and for what purpose. His lovely niece, with her winning manners, and gentle ways had already endeared herself to him, and he felt that before he could consent to resign her to any one, the claimant must first prove himself every way worthy of her. There was something, he hardly knew what, about Dare's face he did not like; perhaps it was the expression of self-complacency that lingered about his mouth; but what puzzled

him most was the resemblance he bore to some one he had seen at some former period. Who or where he tried in vain to recall. Indeed, so striking seemed the similarity, at one time he felt almost convinced he had seen that face before.

"They had quite a time," said the guest, laying the paper down; "but that's nothing to what we'll see at the Presidential election; that, sir, will be the most intensely exciting time our country has ever known. Mark my words, sir, blood will be spilled! And even if it is, why I say, 'Let it flow.' It will never be poured forth in a better cause. We must maintain our rights, and let these foreign usurpers feel it to be a terrible thing to dare resist the native born sons of freedom."

"You have more trouble with foreigners in your Eastern cities than we have here," Mr. Mitchell remarked.

"Oh, yes, a hundred fold more. There, their arrogance is at times insufferable. Why, sir," continued Dare, drawing nearer, and assuming a confidential air, "it was but a short time before your friend, the Rev. George Bartlett, died, that one of these presumptuous creatures intimated to me, that he hoped, at some future time, to aspire to the hand of your niece, Miss Bartlett."

"Ah, indeed! how came that? Was Emma aware of his aspirations?"

"I am uninformed on that point; he had been giving her instruction in music, and I have every reason to believe Mr. Bartlett suspected his intention, for he sent

Mr. Dutchy word by me, that his services were no longer needed. It was so preposterous — so perfectly absurd, to think of such assumption ! ”

Dare had unconsciously raised his voice at the last exclamation, and Kate, who sat directly opposite the speaker, caught the last sentence. It called to mind the time she had used those self-same words, and she delayed the reply she was about to make to Mr. Selgrove's remark, with the hope of hearing her father's answer. It came.

“ My brother-in-law acted just as I would have done, under similar circumstances,” he said. “ I confess, I always have had an inherent prejudice against foreigners, and nothing could ever induce me to entrust a daughter of mine to their keeping.”

“ Mas'r Charles, could you please step into de lib'ary, a minit ? You's wanted.”

The Southerner arose, and asked to be excused, while Bob returned to the lawn, continuing a wonderful display of agility, by substituting his head and hands for his heels.

“ Jane,” he said, hailing that individual as she crossed the yard with a tub on her head, “ I say, Jane, I makes my head more 'count dan you does your'n ; I rests my heels, dis way.”

“ So I see.”

“ But look yer,” he said, suddenly performing an evolution, which brought his feet to the ground, “ did you see Miss Emma, a minit ago ; afore she went in de house.”

"No, Bob; why?"

"Cause she looked so handsome! Wonder what's happened? Why, her face looked jes like some one had sprinkled a whole handful of sunbeams over it. Lor', here she comes agin!"

"Bob, go tell your Miss Kate some one wants to see her. Don't speak my name, mind."

Bob obeyed; a second time his woolly head appeared at the door.

"Miss Kate, you's wanted," was his laconic message.

Kate arose and followed him. Emma met her in the hall. "Come up to my room, Kate," she said, passing her arm round her waist, "I have something to tell you."

"Grieving yet because your beau has come, coz?" she asked.

"My beau, Kate?"

"Yes, Mr. Dare. You have summoned me away from mine too. Mr. Selgrove is down stairs."

"Katie, dear, have you examined your heart thoroughly? Are you right sure you don't love Mr. Selgrove a little?"

"Quite sure, Emma," she returned, seating herself on a lounge beside her cousin.

"He is every way worthy of you, Kate."

"Yes, I know, and pa esteems him so; that don't change my feelings toward another, nevertheless. Emma, I heard pa tell Mr. Dare, not five minutes ago,

that he could never consent to entrust a daughter of his to the keeping of a foreigner. I fear for once I must act contrary to his wishes. I have not the strength of purpose to give him up."

"Have you ever made the attempt? Why not try to force your feelings to become interested elsewhere?"

"Why don't you marry Mr. Dare, Emma?" asked Kate, by way of replying. "The very mention of such a thing blanches your cheeks, yet you can give no reason for your lack of love for him. Aunt thinks well of him, and so did your other friends in Boston; yet all this does not change your feelings toward him in the least. It is thus with me. Mr. Selgrove I admire and esteem, but the love-chamber within is occupied by another's image."

"But suppose the guest should be removed, the chamber desolated, think you not the loss would be palliated by time; that another inhabitant could request and obtain admittance?"

"How should I know, Emma? Why suggest these doubts?"

"We should be prepared for the worst always, Kate. Supposing you were never to see Mr. Hutten again; think you time would not restore your former serenity of mind?"

"I fear not. O! Emma, I am not good like you. I have not the faith, the confidence that you possess. I could never be happy, I fear."

"And yet prayer, the cultivation of a cheerful spirit, and resolution might do much."

"With you, Emma, but not with me," was the reply.

"Dear cousin, there are few of us who do not need to be tried in the furnace of affliction, in order to be purified of our dross. 'Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth,' you know."

"Why do you talk so seriously to-day, Emma? Have you heard—has any thing happened?"

Emma avoided that inquiring look. She dreaded the effect her information might produce. Yet she could not delay. Roderic had come; she would see him, and she might as well speak then as later.

"Have you heard from Roderic?" asked Kate, her suspicions aroused by her companion's manner.

"He is here, Kate; down in the library, with uncle."

"And his friend, Mr. Hutten?" she demanded, looking full in the face.

"My poor, dear cousin," said Emma, folding her arms around her, "would I could bear it for you."

"Is he dead?" she gasped, a livid pallor overspreading her countenance; "speak quick!"

"Yes," was the almost inarticulate answer breathed through lips as ashy as her own.

A low, piercing wail followed this revelation; the head of the stricken one fell forward on Emma's bosom.

Her eyes closed, and for a time her breath was suspended. Painful indeed was it for the cousin to see her suffer thus, yet she had thought it would be so. That strong, earnest nature was stirred as are the ocean waves when the whirlwind passes over them. An hour passed away, yet still the cousins sat there. Kate's full, lustrous eyes had twice unclosed, but she shut them quickly, as though to dispel some hideous dream.

Emma watched in vain for the tears. The agony, she feared, might set fire to her brain, and reason might thus be dethroned. The suspense of that brief hour was terrible to her, and when, for the third time, Kate slowly unclosed her eyes, and Emma bent her head and asked, "Do you know me, cousin?" the reply, mournful and heart-broken as it was, filled her heart with gladness, for it told her her fears had not been realized.

"Yes, Emma, I know you," she murmured; "*I know all!* O, Lord! have mercy!" Then, covering her face with her hands, her whole frame shivered. The fountains were at length broken up, and the tears flowed freely.

Meanwhile, Roderic had briefly related to Mr. Mitchell the object for which he came; stating to him his future prospects.

His suit was, as he anticipated, rejected; it was altogether too unexpected a request to be complied with.

The Southerner had never seen Mr. Sundahl until his

niece met him at the door of the library, presented the stranger to him, and suddenly disappeared. She could make it right with her mother, she said, if Roderic could gain her uncle's consent.

"You are probably both surprised and indignant," he began, noticing the look with which Mr. Mitchell regarded him, "that I, a stranger and a foreigner, should come, uninvited, to your house, and demand one of its inmates. But listen to my story, before you censure."

And he went on to speak of his deep attachment to Rosalie, of their separation, of all she passed through during their sojourn in America, and then, after she was taken, how he had resolved that the great object of his life should be to seek and protect the two she had left behind; how he had searched till he had found them, and how, when his eyes first rested upon Emma, the old flame burst forth afresh, and all the ardent attachment of yore seemed to revive.

The lover did not hurry over the recital; he dwelt long and passionately on it, for he saw the Southerner's heart was touched; the incredulity he had expected him to evince, was not discernible; and more than once while he was speaking, Mr. Mitchell essayed to interrupt him. At length he said:

"You may think it strange that I do not doubt what you have related to me, for to other ears it would seem more like a fabrication than reality; but by a singular coincidence I am led to believe your words are strictly

true. The name you have mentioned, and the relation you intimate my niece bears to that individual, has recalled an incident to which I was an eye-witness, eighteen years ago, while in Boston. I there chanced to meet the man, who, you say, now comes to my house as a suitor to his own child. I am convinced you are correct in this, for I traced a resemblance in his face to some one I had seen, and I now believe it must have been himself. This Dare was then, and I presume is yet, very enthusiastic on the slavery question; at his request I accompanied him to a ship, one evening, to see for myself, the number of emigrants it contained, and while there my eye was arrested by a beautiful girl, who seemed to be without a protector. I mentioned it to my new acquaintance, and he said she should be provided for. I left her in his charge, and only once afterward did I see that face again. It was on the night she made her escape. It was I who snatched her from the pillar ere she fell."

"Impossible!" cried Roderic, grasping the Southerner's hand.

"It is even so; and this is why I cannot doubt your story. I learned then, from a slip of paper the servant had in her possession, that her name was Rosalie. She recognized me, and probably thinking I was Dare's accomplice, having seen me in his company on ship-board, she fled before I could proffer my assistance. I remembered it all, as soon as you related it."

How strange ! how passing strange ! Is it not wonderful ? But, Mr. Mitchell," he added, "about Emma, your niece ; is your answer still the same ? Place yourself in my position, and let me ask you, what you should do ? "

"Take her, take her to yourself. I have neither the right nor inclination to urge any objections now. Your untiring devotion deserves a life-time of happiness, and I sincerely trust sir, it may be yours."

"I thank you for your generous conduct and kind wishes," said, Roderic, feelingly.

"But this Dare—what will you do with him ? "

"What would you advise, under the circumstances ? "

"Shoot him, sir ! he deserves it richly," exclaimed the father, indignantlly.

"Heaven must mete out his punishment, not I," was the calm reply. "I have promised, and his blood shall never stain my hands. He shall be exposed, however, and with your consent I will seek his presence instantly. Will you accompany me ? "

Mr. Mitchell signified his willingness, and together they entered the sitting room.

Mr. Dare was its only occupant ; he had resumed his reading as soon as Mr. Mitchell left, for Mr. Selgrove had shown no disposition to cultivate his acquaintance, having strolled out upon the piazza to await the return of either the father or daughter. Like Mr. Mitchell, he too seemed to have an indistinct recollection of having

seen that face before. Mr. Selgrove was in no very amiable mood as he waited on the piazza. "Was Miss Mitchell's protracted stay intentional?" he asked himself. "Did she absent herself because his visit was not agreeable to her? He had felt a growing interest in her for a year past, and at times had thought it was returned, but of late he had little to hope from her manner. It was not desperation made him resolve to end the suspense by offering himself. In the years that were past, this feeling had been awakened in his bosom, and utter despair had succeeded it, for his heart had been denied the treasure it had coveted; and now, when a second interest was felt, it was a calm, quiet affection that could not subject him to the disappointment he had once experienced.

"Good evening, Mr. Dare," said Mr. Sunda, approaching his former employer, "*We have met again.*"

Dare looked up from his paper in surprise. At first, the recollection of their parting words made him quake a little, but quickly banishing his fears, he said, with a slight curl of his lip, "I did not expect to meet you here, sir, and have no desire to renew your acquaintance."

"I came," said Roderic, without noticing his remark, "with the hope of finding favor in the eyes of the fair girl to whose hand you once thought it would be presumptuous for me to aspire."

"My convictions on that point are the same now, sir,"

retorted Dare, quickly, irritated by what he considered "cool impudence in the Dutchman." "Don't flatter yourself that no opposition will be offered." The speaker glanced significantly at Mr. Mitchell as he said this.

"The very fact that my rival has preceded me ought, I know, to fill my breast with alarm. It seems strange that I should doubt the success of one so perfectly irresistible," he said, in a cutting, sarcastic tone.

"Sir, such insolence is absolutely insupportable!" cried Dare, rising and standing before him the very picture of offended dignity. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Simply," said Roderic, calmly, "that you, who have come as a suitor for Emma Bartlett's hand, never can, never *shall* be her protector. *Protector*," he repeated, with a look of contempt, "*you a protector!* Sir, you're a villain!"

"How?" cried Dare, passing his hand through his hair rapidly, evidently determined to do something desperate, though he didn't just know how to go about it.

"You undertook to protect an innocent girl once," he went on, drawing something from his pocket. "My friend, Mr. Mitchell here, was with you when you met her on the ship; you planned her ruin. By the aid of an accomplice, you had a ceremony performed which she believed was legal. She afterward learned the truth, and fled from your presence. She escaped narrowly with her life. Have you forgotten it all, Adam Dare?"

Is it new to you? Have the manifold transgressions committed in the intervening years effaced this crime from your memory? If so, look upon this picture! (he held it up before him as he spoke); gaze upon that face, and tell me if it recalls the time when, with honied words you played the part of a deceiver. Have you forgotten Rosalie?"

Dare stood transfixed. Confusion and shame kept him dumb. He would fain have denied the charge, but guilt was stamped on every lineament of his face.

"This conscience is a terrible accuser when once aroused, Adam Dare; and it will be well for your soul, if your's speaks out before it is everlastingly too late. Remorse is fearful; but it sometimes leads to repentance. Do not attempt to deny, it will be of no avail. Adam Dare, I loved that fair creature, and but for you, she might have been spared me yet. We had loved each other for years, before she came to America; but you blasted all our bright dreams for the future; you robbed me of my happiness. Here, look at the picture again! Did not those same lips tell you that none but Roderic could ever possess her heart? I heard all her sad history from them long before I left my native land, and at her request I came, to seek for the orphan brother, and the offspring she had left behind. Karl Hutten, your book-keeper, was that brother, and you owe your present safety to me; for had I imparted the history of his sister's shame to him, while you were within reach, your

life would have been the forfeit. I was convinced of that when I told him in Germany, and had you been in Boston on our return, Heaven knows what the consequence might have been, for he would not promise me that he would withhold his hand. But you needn't tremble or cringe now ! Crush back your cowardly fear ! Karl is dead."

" Indeed ! " said Mr. Mitchell, in a tone of regret, while Dare breathed more freely.

" He was killed in the Louisville riot ; but," he continued, looking Dare full in the face ; " though she (laying his hand upon the picture), is taken, and Karl is gone, her child is left — Emma remains to me ! "

" Her child ! " burst from Dare's lips. They were the first words he had uttered.

" Yes Adam Dare, Emma Bartlett, to whom you have come in the character of a suitor, *is your own daughter* ; yet she blushes to own the relationship. It is her wish never to see your face again. As the betrayer of her mother, she despises you, and I am here to speak in her stead. If you wish to know what claim I have to her, I answer, She is my affianced bride. Does this sound like arrogance, to you ? Should I ' take into consideration that I am a foreigner,' etc. Sir, I was aware of all this while in your employment, but the time had not come for me to speak. As to ' wealth and position ' (quoting Dare's words at a former period), I can command both in my native land, whither I intend bearing my young

bride. Now, Adam Dare, you understand why I called you a villain at first. Are you satisfied with my explanation?"

The person addressed made no reply, but snatching his hat was about to beat a hasty retreat, when Mr. Selgrove, whose attention had been arrested by the charge preferred against his new acquaintance, and riveted when Rosalie's name was mentioned, stepped forward from the door, where he stood, and, with an apology for intruding, laid his hand on Dare's arm, and requested to see the picture. Roderic bent on him a look of inquiry, but did not comply.

"I have the best of reasons for asking it, my good sir," he said in his rich, clear voice; "if I mistake not, I have something in my possession that may throw some light on this matter."

"We want no further proof. A guilty conscience needs no accuser," said Roderic, pointing to Dare.

"I perceive; but you do not understand me. Hold it if you will, but let me see the picture."

Roderic obeyed.

Mr. Selgrove gazed intently for a moment, then said, "It is the same. I was correct in my conjecture." Then turning to the discomfited merchant, he asked, "Do you recollect of ever having seen me before?"

Dare shook his head.

"Well, sir, this is not our first meeting. I have just learned that your name is *Adam* Dare, and that the original of this picture bore the name of Rosalie

Hutten. Eighteen years ago I was Probate Judge of the court in Boston, and the first couple I ever united in the holy bands of matrimony bore the same names. I have the certificate yet. I preserved it because it was the first time I had acted in that capacity. It was yourself who was deceived, sir; for you were legally married. Both the names and date are registered in Boston. Your accomplice must have proved treacherous, for I remember, when the ceremony was ended, he followed me out, and said I had helped him thwart some devilish planning. He promised to call and explain afterward, but he never came."

The climax of mortification was reached. Dare could stand no more; he hurried abruptly from the room. It was quite dark when he emerged from the outer door, yet by the faint glimmer of the stars he made his way to the main road. This was traversed as fast as his feet could carry him, and an hour afterward found him safely seated in one of the packets that plow the waters of the Tennessee river. He did not care to return immediately to Boston. Mr. Sundahl, he thought, would not rest until he had exposed him, and he had no desire to be in his native city when that gentleman passed through with his bride. He hoped not to meet that personage again, and so, by a little delay, he imagined he could avoid him. He should not feel easy again until time enough had elapsed for them to embark for Germany. For this reason he again repaired

to Brighton, intending to pass a few weeks with his sister, and carry on a flirtation with the pretty Quakeress. But unforeseen events frustrated his designs.

Patience was married "in meeting" the very Sunday after his arrival, and worst of all for Dare, it was to the "stupid-looking fellow in the drab suit."

He found Brighton as dull and quiet as when he left. One late occurrence, however, seemed to give general satisfaction to the villagers. Skinfint and the widow Martin had "gone to law," and the widow had gained the suit. "And what's more," said uncle Davy, who recognized our hero on the street, and took it upon himself to inform him of all that had transpired during his absence, "it made Skinfint so all-fired mad he went and scratched his name off the railroad subscription list, giving as his reason for so doing, that 'there were not ten men in Brighton who would not ruin him if they could.' Wasn't that bitin' off his own nose to spite his face? Ha, ha, ha!" And the old man brought his cane down on the pavement with a loud report.

"How changed Nellie is since Spring," said Dare to his brother-in-law, "I don't believe she'll stand it long. Have you consulted a physician about her?"

The husband had not. It was only a severe cold, he said; it would pass off after a while. If it troubled her much she would say more about it, but she went about and did not complain a great deal.

No, she did not complain much, for where was the

use? With no regular salary, she knew her husband could not afford to hire help, and the children must be seen to, even though her wasting strength should exhaust itself in the effort, their wants must be supplied. O! there is nothing more pure or deep or holy than a mother's love; unwearying, exhaustless and steadfast unto death, it relinquishes not its devotion while the frail tenement remains. It is interwoven with every fiber of the being, and only releases its watchful care when the clay returns to dust.

Mrs. Gardiner felt that she was passing away, and she would clasp her babes convulsively to her bosom, as she thought how soon they would be motherless. The little ones, as they gathered round her knee at night to receive the kiss to which they had ever been accustomed, didn't know why she held their tiny hands longer than had been her wont, or why her voice trembled so when she said "Good-night, darlings." They could not tell why she often let her sewing drop from her hands to talk to them of Heaven, the beautiful place they would all go to if they were good. Once she had told them she thought she would soon have to leave them and go up there; and Jany, the three years old lisper had laid her chubby hand on her baby sister's head, saying, "You'll take us along, moder. Paty, Prudy and Jany too 'ittle to stay."

Dare had been but a few days at his sister's, when he was attacked with typhoid fever, the prevailing

sickness in Brighton during the fall. Weeks rolled away, and when in the delirium of fever the thin, wasted form of his sister bent above him, moistening his parched lips, or cooling his burning brow, the sick man would imagine it was the one who had watched over his infant years, the guardian angel of his childhood; and when his wild, wandering gaze settled upon her face, he would repeat in almost childish accents, "Mother! mother!"

And then the tears would well up to the sister's eyes, both because that name took her back to her youth, when she was happy in the innocence of childhood—to the days when Adam would take her on his knee and tell her of their mother who died when she was a babe, who was so kind and gentle and good, and because it made her think how soon her own little ones would grow up and call for "mother" in vain.

When the crisis was passed, and the disease took a turn for the better, the sister's form was missing from his bedside; her strength had at length given way, and she grew worse rapidly. Dare recovered slowly. The first visit he made on leaving his room was to his sister's chamber. The wasted form was arrayed for its last resting place, the hands meekly folded on the cold bosom, the eyes closed in death. The twin babes were asleep in their crib near her. Little Jany, too, had sobbed herself asleep in Mrs. Jenkins' arms. Dare was touched by the picture. Those rigid features brought

forcibly to his mind his dead mother ; their little Nellie was just about the age of the slumberers in the crib when the destroyer entered their household ; and now there she lay, leaving behind her, little tender blossoms to be reared by stranger hands.

“How they will miss her love and care,” thought the brother, for he remembered back, beyond the dark years of sin and recklessness through which he had wandered, to the time when he was the recipient of a mother’s love ; for, throughout his headlong career, thoughts of her had been the one pure remembrance looming up through the surrounding gloom. Conscience began to chide as he stood gazing there, and many good resolves were formed which he determined should not be transient as the morning dew.

Mrs. Gardiner was consigned to her last resting place ; the hearth-stone was desolate, for what is home without woman’s presence ? Mr. Gardiner wrote to a brother in Missouri, requesting him to take the two oldest boys. The brother acquiesced, and as the father could not leave the younger children, Dare offered to escort them to their new home.

“To be sure, I have some scruples about sending them to Missouri, for it is a slave State, and it is not improbable that they may grow up pro-slavery men, but in cases of necessity, one can not stop for such considerations,” said the philanthropic father.

After placing the children in charge of their uncle,

who resided within a few miles of St. Louis, Dare took stage for the latter city, intending to return as far as P—— by river, and the remainder of his route to Boston by land. On reaching the city, he accidentally met an old Eastern friend, who persuaded him to join the company on the excursion to Jefferson City. Like many of those who went out, he stepped into the cars little dreaming of the terrible accident that was to follow. Yet, though he knew it not, the last day of his earthly career had come, for among the mutilated bodies extracted from the living piles, the remains of Adam Dare were found. His friend had shared his fate, and when conveyed with the rest to the depot, no weeping relatives came to claim the clay ; its receptacle bore no name, for none knew who he was, or whence he came.

Thus passed away, in the meridian of life, one who was lamented by none, except his aged father ; one who, having made mammon the god before whom he bowed, left no good deeds behind to show the purpose for which he had been. But we will not dwell upon his faults. Like Roderic, we will leave it to a higher power to mete out his deserts, and kindly draw the veil of charity over his many vices.

CHAPTER XXXV.

K A T E.

THE gloom that the night casts o'er nature
The splendor of day ever mars,
But 'tis only the darkness, O! mortal,
Can bring out the light of the stars.

THERE were many rumors afloat in the negro cabins on the morning after Darc's departure.

Aunt Jinny left her bread half-kneaded, and with the dough still sticking to her fingers, hurried over to Jim's cabin to hear what Esther was telling.

"She's done gone cl'ar crazy! Haint got a speck of sense lef'. She sot up all night with her dress on; Miss Emma stayed with her, and talked to her mos' all de time, but she never answered, 'cept by cryin'."

"What is it all about?" asked aunt Edny, joining the group, with sleeves rolled up, and suds dripping from her elbows. "I tuck my han's out of de wash-tub, to see ef I could hear de straight of it. Is she grievin' 'bout de man what run off las' night wid Mas'r Charles' shirt on? Dat rotten-mean, po'r white-folksy fellow?"

"No, nor 'bout t'other, nuther, but —"

"What t'other, Esther? Is some mo' of de low-lived clan come?"

"Why, yes, aunt Jinny; didn't you know? But de other one looks like a shor-enough gentleman."

"It's de one Miss Kate's takin' on 'bout, aunt Jinny," said Bob, wishing to enlighten her.

"No 'taint, nuther, nigger! dat one is done dead. I hear'n Mas'r Charles tell Miss Anna las' night, when I pertended to be a noddin' over my sewin'!"

"Well, who's de one dat's here now?"

"I b'lieve he come to see Miss Emma; 'cause when I tuck de warter up dis mornin' to bathe Miss Kate's head, I see him in de back parlor, talkin' mighty easy to her. I looked fru de keyhole."

"You's mean, Esther! regula'ly-built mean!" said Bob, indignantly.

"Which of you niggers said Miss Kate was crazy?" asked Jane, pushing Bob aside.

"I did," said Esther. "She jes' looks now as ef she didn't know nothin'."

"It's an orful pity her and Miss Emma bof hadn't been Know-Nothin's," chimed in uncle Jim, who had sat silently smoking his pipe during the conversation.

"Dey ought to let de low-lived Dutch be, 'thout botherin' their brains 'bout 'em. I's a Know-Nothin' myse'f, I is."

"Thar, Jim, what do you know 'bout politics?" asked his wife.

"W-w-what does I know, Molly?" he asked, laying down his pipe and rising, the better to display his eloquence. "W-what does *I* know? W-w-why, I knows dis, dat I's a Know Nothin', clip an' clean, and dese my brederen and sisters, is my sentiments. Dat party goes in for de repression of de foreigners (dat means poor white folks, dat comes to our land), and de elevation (dat means prizin' up, like you do a stump in a cotton-field), of de native bo'n Americans. N-now don't yer all see, dat ef dis yer pa'ty wins, we will be all fotchted up (all us rich 'uns, any how) while de poor-folksy Dutch and Irish will be repressed?"

"So, you thinks you's rich, Jim, when you don't own de fust red cent, 'cept your clothes?" said his thoughtful spouse.

"Well, Mas'r Charles is, aint dat enough, hey? I tell you ef ever dis nigger sees dat day, w-w-won't he make de white folks hump demselves? Whew! how it makes me feel! I'd give 'em forty licks whar dey gives us niggers one!" and he ended by bringing his fist down on Bob's head with considerable force.

"You oughter ever' one of ye be 'shamed of you'se-ves," said aunt Jinny, whose dark face was seldom lit up with a smile, "funnin' dat way when you knows what's happened to Miss Kate. Hit's well poor ole aunt Milly's dead; 'twould have broke her heart, certain."

"Jes' hear yourse'f, aunt Jinny! Wasn't I a lecturin'.

'bout de very cause of Miss Kate's trouble? You makes harm of ever' thing a nigger sez."

"Read on, Emma," said Kate, as her cousin paused a moment after reading "Come unto me all you that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Such promises as that comfort my drooping spirit. I will be calmer by and by."

"Yes," returned Emma, in a low, solemn tone, "the morning will dawn anon; the light will break; this is the only true anchor for the soul, Kate, the only sure dependence."

"If the world did not appear so void, and life so dark, Emma, I could better endure it."

"We need surrounding darkness to bring out the star-light of Heaven, Kate. If life's pathway were cloudless, we would look no higher for light."

"True, true," said Kate, resting her head on her cousin's shoulder.

"Think of mother," the latter went on; "she was devotedly attached to father, and yet she was called to give him up. 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,' you know; we should not allow those afflictions to crush us, Kate; a wise Providence orders them, and we should bow submissively to His will. There are few of us without some mission here; though the vineyard is large, there are many inactive laborers in it. The

more unselfish our motives, the purer will be the pleasures we enjoy. Shall I continue?" she asked, glancing at the Bible on her knee.

"Yes, Emma, read on; I feel as aunt Milly used to, I can't hear enough."

Emma had truly said the light would break. Days passed; the conflict was severe; 'twas hard for that proud spirit to yield, to become humble and obedient to the Divine Will, to acknowledge with child-like meekness the wisdom of a higher power, to cast her burden upon the mighty One, and implore His assistance. And when the morning, as Emma had prophesied, dawned upon her soul, though mists of doubt and despondency would at times flit across her mental horizon, they soon passed away, for she had learned,

"When the heart is full, when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer."

And thus, gradually, Kate Mitchell became a changed being. To her father it was a source of regret, for he mistook her habitual calmness for a settled melancholy, which he said the "sad affair" had thrown over her. He had always been proud of her queenly bearing and haughty spirit, and it pained him to see it broken. He knew not that the good seed dropped by his gentle niece in due season was taking root, and in the future might spring up and bear an hundred fold; that she

had laid aside the pomp and vanities of the world, and was beginning to enjoy that peace which passeth all understanding. Mrs. Bartlett saw and comprehended the change, and Kate found as ready a counselor, and a more competent adviser in "aunt Emma" than in the lovely girl who had first pointed her to the narrow path. Thus was the good minister, although dead, continually speaking, for the pious teachings of the wife and daughter showed plainly that his words had been carefully garnered in their memories.

There was one thing Emma studiously avoided in her cousin's presence; that was, saying anything that might recall the image of the lost one; for her heart, she knew, would for a time bleed, when carried back by association to other days.

"And so you are willing to leave your native land, friends and all, for my sake, Emma?" said Roderic, as he seated his betrothed on the same mossy bank where he had found her so desponding only three days before.

"If mother will go," she replied.

"You could not give her up, even for me?" he said, half reproachfully.

The maiden's eyes filled with tears. "Don't reproach me, Roderic! I am all that's left her now! It is my duty to consult her happiness. I can not abandon her in her desolation."



"Have you mentioned the matter to her, as I desired?"

"Yes, but she always urges the same objection," she replied, frankly. "The thought of being dependent seems painful to her."

"If that be all, you have it in your power to obviate that."

"How?" asked the daughter, eagerly.

"By presenting her with what has lately fallen into your possession — the old chateau in Germany."

"What mean you, Roderic? I do not understand."

"Simply this, Emma. Ere we left Germany, I disclosed to Karl both your own and Rosalie's history. I do not know but the revelation might have had something to do with his sickness, for he seemed painfully agitated when I told him, and the morning afterward he was attacked with brain fever. When he recovered he spoke more calmly about it, and often dwelt on your resemblance to his lost sister. He seemed to have a presentiment that he would not reach the South in safety, for before we sailed he insisted on making his will, in case, he said, any accident should happen. I laughed at his foolish fears when we reached Boston in safety, but he still persisted in preserving the will, in which he bequeathed to you, his sister's child, his entire property; this, if it be your desire, can be transferred to your mother, and thus her only objection will be removed."

And now the drops that moistened Emma's cheek were joyful tears. How could she be other than rejoiced, now that the only drawback to their mutual happiness was removed?

"There will be no need of extending to her this invitation now," she said, smiling through her tears, as she held up a folded paper.

"Did you intend being so formal?" he asked.

"O! there's not much form about it. She is of a poetic nature, and I hoped it might touch her. Read it, if you wish; it's nothing but some rhymes I strung together during a leisure moment. There," she said, laughingly handing him the paper, "you are the first person I have ever honored with a perusal of one of my weighty productions."

Roderic took the paper, glanced at the direction, "To mother," on the back, unfolded it and read as follows:

Wilt thou go with us mother? Away, far away,
From the beautiful land of thy birth;
From the clime to which Memory oft backward will stray
And deem it the fairest on earth?
From the soil where reposes the hallowed dust
Of him who was dearest below;
Who possessed, through life's journey, such unshaken trust
And at last was so ready to go?

Wilt thou go with us, mother? Though billows may roll
Between thee and this Mecca of thine;
Not oceans nor distance can trammel the soul
When it yearns to bow down at its shrine.
And the spirit that here to thine own was long joined
Can descend on the light wings of love,

As soon to our home in a far distant land
As if we were never to rove.

Wilt thou go with us, mother? Thou knowest full well
The depth of affection I feel
For one whose devotion no language can tell,
Whose kindness no words may reveal.
Thou knowest to leave her would poison the cup
Of bliss that my parched heart could drain,
And feel a wild rapture while quaffing it up,
It could never if thou shouldst remain.

Wilt thou go with us, then? Thou canst fancy how dear
To my heart is this treasure it wears;
This bright gem of love of such brilliancy rare,
No jewel in luster compares.
Yet to dream of how fondly love's tendrils will cling
Round the object by Heaven designed,
Thou hast but to go back to life's beautiful Spring,
When thine own round their idol were twined.

Wilt thou go with us, mother? It matters not where
The footsteps of loving ones roam,
If peace and the wealth of affection be there,
They will render an Eden of home.
But blot from my vision the star that has shone
Undimmed through my life's tranquil flow,
My heart will keep chanting an unceasing moan—
Dear mother, then will you not go?

"What's the matter, Roderic? Can't you read it?
'Is it not fair writ,' as Shakspeare says?" she asked,
after waiting, as she thought, long enough for him to
peruse it.

"Yes, I can read it, Emma," he replied, turning his
full dark eyes upon her, and regarding her with a look
of pride, "give it to your mother by all means. She
can not resist that."

"Fie, fie! Mr. Flatterer! don't try to impress me with the belief that there is any intrinsic merit in the piece. You must learn to bestow praise where it is deserved."

"Must I?" he said, smiling. "Well, give it to your mother immediately; it will help her decide," and again his eyes sought her face. "Emma, true love never flatters designedly; don't you know that?"

"It may err, though, at times, Roderic, by having too exalted an opinion of something very ordinary. Did you never hear that Cupid was blind?"

Thus the lovers talked until the evening shades gathered, and then they bent their steps toward the house, where Roderic requested Emma to sing his old favorite for him.

The fair pupil complied. Seated at the exquisitely wrought piano that graced the elegant parlor of Mr. Mitchell, with her taper fingers gliding over the keys, and her face lit up with the love-light of a happy heart, Emma looked the personification of youth and loveliness. The tall, graceful figure of Roderic stood by her side; his finely-cut features were aglow with animation, and his full, deep, musical voice joined harmoniously in the chorus. Absorbed as they were by the music, they did not observe a door open noiselessly and a figure glide in. It was Kate. Her wealth of raven tresses were thrown carelessly back, her dark eyes seemed swollen from recent weeping, and the shadow

on her brow told of the struggle through which she was passing. Roderic had not seen her since his arrival, for, until now she had preferred the solitude of her own chamber.

"Emma, dear," she said, approaching the performer, and laying her hand upon her arm, "please don't sing that; it hurts me. I can hear it up stairs. It takes my thoughts back, you know."

She was turning to depart, when her eye fell upon Roderic; she offered him her hand, and tried to smile, but the effort was vain. The song had called up some tender memories, and now, as she gazed upon the two, she thought of the missing one, of the parting scene, and the hours she had spent picturing the joy of the re-union. With a trembling step she left the apartment to conceal her agitation, and returned to the solitude of her chamber.

"It was the song, Roderic. *He* was near when we sang it last. I didn't think. Poor Kate!"

That evening, ere Emma sought her own room, she stole to her mother's, which she knew was unoccupied at that moment, and laying a small note on her dressing-case, quickly withdrew.

And there Mrs. Bartlett found it. The mother was deeply affected when she read those simple stanzas.

To her they spoke volumes; coming fresh and warm from her daughter's heart, they found a response in her own. The fair girl who thus delicately appealed to her

sympathies had never seemed dearer than at that moment, when, in her truly poetic way, she entreated her to cross the blue sea and share her home. Never was daughter dearer to parent than was the gentle Emma to her adopted mother, and though it might cost her a struggle to leave her native land, she would not mar the dear child's happiness by a refusal.

After a half hour spent in reflection, she snatched her pen and replied :

I will go with thee Emma, my beautiful one,
From the clime where I first drew my breath,
And will with thee remain till life's conflict is done —
Until called by the angel of death.
Thou hast said, and most truly, his spirit can come
From the glorious regions of day
As soon, on light wings to our far distant home,
As if we were never to stray.

I will go with thee, Emma ; for reft of thy smile
Would life seem a wild desert track,
And nought would my sad heart of sorrow beguile,
Save when Memory kept drawing it back
To the years when thy presence was sunlight to me,
When my ear caught thy light, joyous tone ;
And oft would my spirit keep yearning for thee
As I finished life's journey alone.

I will go with thee, Emma ; in Ruth's living words,
Where thou goest my footsteps will hie ;
Thy people are mine, where thou lodgest, I lodge —
Where thou diest, O ! there let me die.
O ! ne'er may the chain that has bound us so long
By Fate's fingers be ruthlessly riven
Till life's dream is ended, and quitting earth's throng
I ascend to the loved one in Heaven.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AUNT EDNY'S VERSION OF THE SCRIPTURE.

THERE WAS something good and noble
In those features in repose,
When at intervals you watched them
Through the clouds of smoke that rose.

WRAPPED in profound musings, with the light smoke of his cigar curling gracefully about his head, Mr. Mitchell sat on the piazza with his chair tilted back, gazing on the tall, majestic oaks that lined the avenue, whose leaves of green and scarlet were illuminated by the golden light of a Southern sunset.

It was Sabbath evening; the merry hum of voices that usually rose when the evening shades closed in upon a day of toil, was hushed; no wild snatches of song echoed through the meadows of blue grass; the cotton fields were deserted; the moist earth around the emerald stalks had been undisturbed during the day, and the dark green pods had not once been rustled by a passing form. The yard seemed alive with dark shadows, flitting hither and thither, arrayed in every variety of color; some sat in the low cabin doors, talking in suppressed whispers of "de awful misfortunate affa'r

dat made their young mist'ess so diff'ent from what she uster be. So quiet and sad like." While a band of "little niggers" were collected around Miss Emma on the front gallery, listening with beaming eyes to the words that fell from her lips. It had been her wont to congregate these juveniles every Sunday evening for the purpose of instructing them, and it was no unusual thing to see many of the older ones join that youthful circle, and, with mouth apart, assume an attitude of profound thought.

There was a greater earnestness than usual, in Emma's tone, on this particular evening, for before another Sabbath's sun arose she would be far away. It was a pleasant sight — that fair young creature, with her lithe form swaying to and fro, as she tried to impress some important truth on those infant minds, her soft blue eyes beaming with interest, her coral lips apart, repeating to that listening group the passages of Holy Writ committed when a child, at the good minister's knee. Pleasant to hear her relate to them, how the dear Saviour took little children in his arms, and blessed them, bidding them to come to Him, "for of such is the kingdom of Heaven," and though she could not refrain from a smile, when Bob, all alive with curiosity, grasped the folds of her dress, and looking eagerly into her face, interrupted her with, "Did he mean us niggers, too?" still the smile was so sweet and serious, it took away none of the impressiveness of her words. Kate sat on the gallery near

her cousin, giving earnest heed to all she said. She had promised Emma she would try to fill her place, when she left, and keep her advised by letter of the progress of her class. Roderic, too, was near. At the open window of the drawing room, his figure screened by the drapery, he sat, gazing intently on the features of the fair teacher. He had chosen this position that she might not observe him, for his presence at such a time might embarrass her. It was hard for him to realize, even then, that she would soon be indeed his; so many misfortunes had befallen him, he scarcely allowed himself to look forward to anything with certainty.

Meanwhile, the older darkies were holding forth in uncle Jim's cabin; the domicile farthest removed from the main building. A "revival" had been going on at an African church in the neighborhood for a week past, and a few of the "brethren and sisters" had assembled for the purpose of holding class-meeting. A new preacher, whom the negroes addressed as Mr. Betts, opened the services by the reading of a hymn.

"Mr. Betts" was not ashamed to acknowledge that he had no "book learnin'"; he had often been heard to declare, "dat edecation was not needed to change de heart," and, although deficient on that point himself, and seldom ashamed to confess his ignorance, he always held the book before him, when giving out a hymn he knew by heart.

"Mr. Betts" had a large stock of originality about

him; and for this reason he found some difficulty in remembering the exact words of anything he undertook to quote. Those of his hearers who boasted retentive memories, often smiled when he undertook to "line" the verses. On this occasion he rose with great solemnity, settled on his nose the spectacles he never wore except when officiating in a ministerial capacity, gave three protracted a-hems, directed his gaze to the book he held bottom upward, and in a sepulchral tone gave out:

" God moves in a susterious way,
His wonders to a fo'm;
He plants one foot on de sandy sea-sho'e,
And the other away out in de warter."

Uncle Jim struck up the tune, and the rest joined in without delay; their rich, full voices gave a sweet melody to those words, perverted as they were. Several successive verses were sung, and then "Mr. Betts" arose to relate his experience.

"Beloved brethren and sisters," he began, "I've hearn folks say, dey wasn't *called* to preach, but my hearers, it is a *lie*, 'cause here I stands a livin' sample of de truf. In fo'mer years I was a ba'ber, followin' my profession in an unpretendin' way, but one night, arter I'd done shot up my shop, and laid down, all 'lone by myse'f, I hearn a voice callin' 'John Boler Betts.' I oncovered my head and looked roun'! Nobody was thar. I lays down agin, and listens, listens (he repeated, putting himself in a listening attitude). It come agin; 'twas no mistake dis

time. 'John Boler Betts,' it said. I oncovers my head agin, and sez I, 'What is it Lo'd?' (for I knowed it was him), 'you shorely can't want nothin' of a pore, mis'able sinner, like me.' But no ans'er come, and I lays down agin. De third time it spoke, 'John Boler Betts, *de ba'ber*, I commands you to go and preach de Gospel.' I felt de ha'r stand straight up on my head, when it said dat, and I sez, 'Yes Lo'd,' 'cause I *knowd* it was me den.

Mr. Betts sat down, overpowered by what he had said, while one of the congregation struck up a favorite melody, the words of which seemed familiar to all:

"O! dis is a tryin' time,
 O! dis is a tryin' time,
 O! dis is a tryin' time,
 O! dis is a tryin' time, my Lo'd,
 To set all aroun' de throne.
 Good Lo'd, shall I be one,
 Good Lo'd, shall I be one,
 Good Lo'd, shall I be one,
 To set all aroun' de throne."

Old aunt Molly, uncle Jim's spouse, was the next to arise. She began by exhorting them to pray more. "My breth'ren," she said, in conclusion, "its only by fastin' and pra'r dat we'll ever git to Heaven. You mus' all have a co'ner of your cabins set apa't for pra'r, jis' like I have. Why, my sisters, de blessin' got to comin' down whenever I went anear, afore I was spectin' it; and at las' it got so powerful I had to move to another co'ner."

While the brethren and sisters were thus relating their experiences, aunt Edny sat in her cabin alone. She had been a "wild harum-scarum thing," as aunt Molly said, "never taking time to attend to de interests of her soul." But now the poor creature seemed really in earnest. With a New Testament in her hand, given her the day before by "Mas'r Charles," she was poring intently over the first passage to which she had opened. Never having been an extensive reader, she had not advanced far in that department of science; she had, moreover, a habit of putting her own construction on every thing she read.

After gazing fixedly at the verse for several minutes, she read aloud with considerable facility,

"And there was war in Heaven; *Mitchell* and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not."

"*Hi!*" cried the reader, dropping the hand that held the book, "I knows what *dat* means, jis' perzac'ly, only de las' part, 'and prevailed not.' Now, which does *dat* mean, de *Mitchell* it speaks of, or de devil? I believe, yes," she added, emphatically, scratching her head, "dis nigger *knows* he couldn't have whipped any of our family, 'cause dey allers had de clean grit. But maybe," she went on, thoughtfully, "de dragon don't mean de ole boy here. I'll read mo'.

"'And the great dragon was cast out; that old serpent called the Devil.' *Dat it!*" she exclaimed, drop-

ping the book and rubbing her hands gleefully, "I knowd it! aunt Edny you's some! De ole feller was beat all holler! Our folks is of de right stripe up yander too! Wonder if Mas'r Charles ever see dat compliment to his family? I's a good mind to go ask him ef I reads it right, jis' to let him know I've found out whar dey tuck notice of him in de Bible. It'll tickle him mightily!"

Without pausing to reflect further, she re-opened the book, found the place, put her fingers under the words, and hurried to Mr Mitchell's side.

"Mas'r Charles," she said, on reaching the piazza, "wont you please tell me ef I reads dis yer right?"

After a little hesitation the negro began, "And there was war in heaven; Mitchell —"

"Michael, aunt Edny, Michael."

"Lor', no 'taint, Mas'r Charles, is it?" burst from her lips, while the deepest disappointment was depicted on her dark face. "Wasn't it some of your family that lived far back?"

A smile lit up Mr. Mitchell's handsome features. "So you thought some of our folks had been fighting there, did you?"

"Yes, I was *shore* of it; and Mas'r Charles, I b'lieve it yit, only de folks dat wrote dis didn't know how to spell your name," and without waiting to hear his "hardly probable, aunty," she quickly retraced her steps.

An hour passed away ; still Mr. Mitchell sat there, absorbed in his own meditations.

"Uncle," said a soft voice near him.

He started and looked round ; Emma was at his side.

"What is it, love ?" he asked, with a father's tenderness.

"Roderic and I have been talking—about Kate," she added after pausing a moment, as though doubtful about Mr. Mitchell's approval of what she wanted to propose.

"Well, Emma, what of her ?"

"We want you to let her go with us, uncle ! Away over the blue ocean to Roderic's home. O ! I'm sure it would do her good."

The enthusiastic girl looked beseechingly in his face as she spoke, but he only shook his head, saying he could not trust his daughter so far away from him. Emma saw by his manner that entreaty would be useless, and urged no further.

"But another thing, uncle," she went on, "I want to request. Will you promise to comply this time ? it is with regard to myself."

"If possible."

"Didn't I hear you say Mr. Selgrove had been 'Squire since 'Squire Thornton moved away ?"

"It is very probable, for such is the case."

"Well, then, uncle," she said, drawing nearer while a blush suffused her cheek, "couldn't you prevail on him to—to—to—"

The fair niece could not finish, hard as she tried.

"Why, what's the matter, Emma, what can it be that embarrasses you so?"

"Hold your ear, uncle, and I can whisper it."

Mr. Mitchell obeyed; the ruby lips were pressed close to his cheek, and in the softest of whispers Emma brought her sentence to a close.

"Officiate at your marriage!" exclaimed the listener.

"H-u-s-h, uncle, how loud you speak," she said, playfully putting her hand over his mouth.

"You should have a minister, child!" were the words that, despite her strenuous efforts, glided through the snowy fingers.

"Yes, but this is why I want him," and again the coral lips approached his ear.

"If I can gain his consent, it shall be as you desire," was the reply.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE WEDDING.

It was dreamy, calm, beautiful Autumn,
The birds were asleep in their nest;
The breeze, gliding off to the brookside,
Lay down on the pebbles to rest.
When Emma stood trembling before them,
A blushing, a beautiful bride,
Her veil making softer the blushes
It vainly endeavored to hide.

From her lips, that were parted so slightly
A thought could scarce flit through the space,
Came a sound that they fancied resembled
The joy that illumined her face.
Her soft eyes reminded the gazer
Who drank in their soul-cheering beams,
Of beings created by fancy,
Or only beheld in our dreams.

It was on one of those deliciously cool evenings in the beginning of September, that came gliding into the sultry season, as a forerunner of the approaching autumn, that Emma Bartlett gently threw aside the bridal veil that fluttered over her cheek, and, taking the proffered arm of her lover, came flitting into the presence of the assembled company, seeming more like a spiritual form from a loftier sphere, than the bright reality she was.



Brilliantly illuminated were those spacious parlors, with their rich velvet carpets, and blossom-crowded vases. Old and young were there ; for, although but a limited number had been invited, the rooms seemed full to overflowing. The walls were literally lined with dark figures, whose glistening eyes and white turbans formed a striking contrast with the ebony heads and faces they adorned.

Aunt Edny was there, with her plethoric form encased in a new gingham, gaudy as a butterfly and boasting every color of the rainbow. Uncle Jim, too, occupied a conspicuous place, and, as usual, exhibited his wealth of ivory whenever it was practicable. Occasionally, however, an expression of deep concern would rest on his dark features, for he was full of apprehensions about Molly, his wife. He had communicated his fears to aunt Jinny, after this wise, before the company began to gather : " Molly, allers would shout," he said, " whenever she heard a good pra'r ; she'd shouted de day Miss Mary was buried. When de preacher had said de servants would meet their mist'ess in de Kingdom 'bove, Molly had clapped her han's and shouted, ' Yes, bress do Lo'd, we'll all be white thar' ! ' and he thought then it had hurt Mas'r Charles' feelin's to see her takin' on so. An' now, aunt Jinny," he went on, " she'll be shore to make a fuss at de weddin', ef we don't keep her down."

Aunt Jinny, cross and ill-natured as she was, had deigned to honor the assembly with her presence. Bob,

too, with his "bran new white ap'on, made by Miss Emma's own han's," stood gazing wistfully at the door, until it was opened, and the two presented themselves; then, casting a reproachful look on the bridegroom, he stole softly behind Mr. Mitchell, near whom he stood, and, while the big tears swelled beneath the dark lids, he said in a half-suppressed whisper, "O! Lor' Mas'r Charles, I can't near stand it! Bob can't! She's too good for any one!" then covering his distorted features with his stubby fingers, he sobbed convulsively.

Aunt Jinny, who had kept "clost to Molly," at uncle Jim's request, now shifted her position into Bob's neighborhood. "Hush up, yer fool nigger!" she whispered, giving him a vigorous shake. "You'll spile it all!"

But Bob, poor soul, couldn't; the fountain of feeling had been stirred, and in spite of himself, its waters would gush forth. Although aunt Jinny's threatening look might annihilate him, he could not wholly suppress his grief. Mr. Mitchell was too deeply affected by what was transpiring, to observe Bob's trouble. Even had his gaze been attracted downward he might not have noticed the boy, for the moisture in his own eye rendered everything indistinct. There was something wanting in that assembled group; an absent form; a missing voice. Kate, the cherished daughter, the only child, was not there. She had begged Emma to excuse her, when urged to be in attendance; she felt she was not strong enough to witness such a scene. It would bring painful

associations back, and 'twas better that they should slumber, she said, with the sweet smile of resignation that of late had often lighted up her features.

Mrs. Bartlett never looked more tranquilly happy than upon Emma's bridal eve. The fair girl had seemed doubly dear to her since the evening of Roderic's arrival, when, after communicating to Kate the painful intelligence of her lover's death, and waiting till she grew calmer, she had hastened to her mother's side, and nestling close to her bosom, like a frightened bird, had confessed to her all she had suffered since the dawn of love's first dream; how often she had yearned to unbosom herself, yet dared not, on account of the prejudice she feared existed in her mother's mind against the nation to which he belonged; how painful had been the revelation Lena had made; how, after she had learned it, she had striven to forget Roderic; how she had written and told him all; and how, when at length Dare arrived, she had postponed relating it all to her till she awoke, and had wandered off alone to collect her perturbed thoughts, and ask for Divine assistance, and then how Roderic had found her there, and explained every thing.

Mrs. Bartlett had wept as she listened to these heart-struggles, and when Emma then, for the first time related the visit the minister and she had made during Roderic's sickness, in order to tell her when she first heard him repeat Rosalie's name, the foster mother

understood at length why it was that her husband had learned to regard Mr. Sundahl suspiciously, and why he had said, "Beware of the German." And, on the very evening Emma had made a full confession, Mrs. Bartlett had had the extreme pleasure of adding the last drop to the cup of happiness her daughter had begun to quaff, by communicating to her what Mr. Mitchell had learned of Mr. Selgrove with regard to the ceremony that united Rosalie to Adam Dare; and furthermore, by placing in Emma's hands the marriage certificate that the "young Judge" of former years had little difficulty in procuring, inasmuch as it had been carefully preserved, not only because it reminded him of the first two he had ever pronounced one, but because looking upon it he could recall the night on which he aroused from the lethargy into which he had fallen, and, urged on by the dying words of his lost Adelia, he had determined to suffer and be strong.

Mr. Selgrove looked unusually pale, as he repeated the ceremony that joined the kindred spirits of Roderic Sundahl and Emma Bartlett together. It was not from choice that he stood up in that capacity; Emma had urged her request until he consented to officiate. Very impressively did he utter those words, for with startling distinctness did the past come up, when one as young and beautiful as the bride presented herself for the same purpose.

How strange that, after so many years, he should

perform the same office toward two so closely related ! There was something more than the solemnity of the occasion that caused a shadow to linger on that high intellectual forehead. He, too, missed the absent one, and having by experience learned the same sad lesson, a deep sympathy was awakened in his bosom ; and he found himself more than once during the evening, framing words of comfort he longed to breathe into her ear.

The ceremony ended, a venerable minister offered up a fervent prayer for the prosperity and happiness of the two just beginning to tread life's paths together. As he touched on the approaching separation from friends, broken sobs were heard in different parts of the room. Bob's grief burst out at length in a deep wail, which aunt Jinny tried in vain to quiet.

"Shet up, Bob !" she whispered, "aint ye 'shamed pesterin' de whole comp'ny ? Ef ye dont hush, I pitch ye clean out of doo's ;" and aunt Jinny partly arose from her knees to execute her threat.

"Do, aunt Jinny, do !" came from the quivering lips of the sobbing one, "tote me anywhar," he added, beseechingly, wiping his eyes with his apron sleeve.

Yes, poor little fellow, he was willing to go anywhere, that the pent up tears might flow freely. We have both felt so, many a time when children, reader, you and I. Just think a moment, and you will recall a time when you felt that you would give the whole

world to let the sobs burst forth and the tears flow freely, but couldn't. Wasn't it hard?

Bob thought so, especially when he found aunt Jinny had no idea of either "pitchin'" or "packin'" him out, and when, after a short time, he ventured to raise his head, and peep through his fingers, he discovered she was not there. Uncle Jim's worst fears were about to be realized. He had watched Molly narrowly from the time she kneeled down; and now, as her body began to sway backward and forward, he knew well what was coming.

"Glory!"

"Molly, Molly! hush!" said uncle Jim, the deepest anxiety depicted on his face.

"Glory, glory!" shouted Molly, increasing the motion of her body, and bringing her hands together.

"Mas'r Charles *lookin'*," persisted Jim.

"Glory, glory, glory!" shouted Molly.

"Let me thar," said aunt Jinny, sliding round to the side of the rejoicing one. "*She's only a pertendin'!*"

That insinuation was enough; it was more than Molly could endure. Suddenly ceasing her rapid motion, she dropped her hands, unclosed her eyes, and looking indignantly at her accuser, was about to deny the charge, when the "amen" was spoken, and the assembly arose from their knees.

The prayer ended and congratulations over, the company began to disperse themselves in groups, and

engage in conversation. A band of smiling faces collected around the bride, and each in turn propounded some query with regard to her anticipated journey. "What in the world was she going to do when she got over there? She would be obliged to confine her remarks to her husband and mother for a season, for was she not entirely unacquainted with the language? Would she set to work in good earnest, when she arrived, and study unremittingly until she had mastered it?"

While engaged in pleasant badinage with the gayest of them, Emma suddenly arose, hurried to the opposite side of the room, where a young girl had seated herself at the piano, and was just in the act of running her fingers over the keys, laid her hand upon her arm, and said, "Not any music to-night, Bettie; Kate can hear it in her room, and it affects her painfully."

"O!" exclaimed the young girl, rising, "I'm glad you interrupted me."

And thus it happened that the hours of Emma's bridal eve were not whiled away by the gushes of music or of song. But the fair bride heeded it not! The love-light in her eye burned just as brightly, and, to the bridegroom, the soft accents to which she gave utterance were just as sweet as if they had been syllabled in song. Unutterably happy was he as he sat by her side, and said to his heart, that still beat half doubtingly, "She is indeed mine! my long coveted treasure." And as he

said this, he seemed to forget the long years of anxiety and suffering through which he had passed, and to think only that his first and last love had been mingled into one, and was at length bestowed upon him to crown his remaining years with happiness. And which of us, reader, shall say he was not right? Who shall say, that the disembodied spirit of his lost Rosalie, was not permitted by the Mighty One, to become the guardian angel of her child, and from the moment the marriage vow was breathed, was commissioned to extend her protecting wings over both; thus keeping a holy charge over her two earthly jewels, until commanded to transport them to the diadem above.

Roderic forgot, as he sat musing, that his youth had fled, leaving him with the seal of two score years upon his brow; and when Emma, who had for the first time during the evening been left alone with him, leaned forward, and softly asked, "Are you happy, Roderic?" the warm blood stirred about his heart, just as it would have done had he but just entered the first stages of manhood.

The warm, trusting, loving heart never grows old! Care and anxiety may come, and change the exterior, but, like the ocean, when the storm makes wild havoc with its surface, the waters far down in its hidden depths flow on as tranquilly as if the tempest had not swept by.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

PARTINGS.

FAREWELL, sweet Emma! Although bereft
Of thy presence and voice, thy example is left.
This we will imitate; this we will hold
As a boon we esteem far more precious than gold.

THERE was much more hurry and activity among the servants at Deerwood than usual, on the morning following the wedding. Each one seemed intent on performing some little act of kindness for the bride, before she took her departure; for, aside from the regard they felt, each one had in turn received some little parting gift. Emma had separately taken every dark palm in her own, and turning to her uncle and aunt had breathed a tearful good-by, before she ascended to Kate's chamber.

"Kate, darling!" she said, extending her arms.

"Dear Emma!" sobbed the cousin, convulsively, rushing into them. "O! Emma, Emma! this is terrible! Shall we never meet again?"

"Yes, Katie, we will meet again!" The voice was scarcely audible. "Look above dear cousin! Do not despond. *He* is an ever present help in time of need."

A silence succeeded ; a deep, painful silence. Emma strained that dear form close to her bosom, pushed back her wealth of raven hair, pressed one long fervent kiss upon her lips, and gently releasing herself, hurried away.

She was just ascending the carriage steps when a hand was laid on her dress. Dashing the moisture from her eyes, she looked round.

"Far'well, Miss Emma ! I wants to be de las' to say it to yer," and Bob's streaming eyes were bent earnestly upon her face.

"Good-by, Bob ; be a good boy," was all she could say. A moment afterward, with her head buried on her husband's shoulder, she gave vent to her surcharged feelings.

Mr. Mitchell had suggested that they should set sail from a Southern port, but Roderic had objected, for two reasons. One was, he knew Mrs. Bartlett would be anxious to make a parting visit to her husband's grave, and the other he promised to explain when they reached the ship.

"It was so thoughtful of Roderic," said Mrs. Bartlett, with the bright tear-drops glistening in her eyes, as, on the afternoon of the same day on which they arrived in Boston, herself and daughter emerged from the shades of Mount Auburn, that beautiful resting place for the dead, where they had stood hand in hand beside the spot where reposed the sacred ashes of the departed, and murmured their farewells. Roderic had not accompanied them out, but entrusting them to the care of an experi-

enced driver, had taken that opportunity of transacting some business of importance in Boston.

There were two promises he was bent on fulfilling that afternoon; one had been made to aunt Edny, before he left the South, the other he had exacted of himself. He resolved to execute aunt Edny's commission first, and accordingly took from his trunk a small bundle, placed it under his arm, and wended his way to the store of Mr. Adam Dare. The merchant was not at home; he accordingly presented himself before the Rev. Josiah Dare, who had taken charge of his son's business during his absence.

But the message he would have delivered to his former employer was suppressed, for he had no desire to wound the feelings of the white haired sire who stood in his place. He merely said, as he handed him the bundle, that there were some shirts of his son's, he had been requested to leave at the store, and turned to take his departure.

But the father called him back. "Have you seen Adam? Did you come from Brighton?" he asked, anxiously.

Mr. Sundahl replied in the negative.

"I had a letter yesterday, and it said he was very low with fever. I thought you might have brought later news," he added, with the deepest concern.

"No," replied Roderic, touched by the father's

anxious manner; "I have not seen him for a month. He left these while in the South."

"Then you don't know where he is?" said Mr. Dare, in a disappointed tone.

"No," was the reply; "I wish it were in my power to relieve your anxiety; but I am unable to do so," and turning away he left the poor old gentleman in as much suspense as when he came.

Not until a month had passed away was that suspense ended by the startling news that Adam was no more. It was hard for him to realize this fearful certainty at the time, for the letter received only a few days previous, informing him of Nellie's death, had stated that his son had recovered. He was, therefore, wholly unprepared for this double affliction, that rendered him, all at once, as it were, childless; and many painful regrets mingled themselves with his reflections, that he had not been a more devoted father to the two entrusted to his care. When he looked back, and recollected how much of his time had been spent in schemes of philanthropy, especially during those years when the minds of his children were developing, and how little care and instruction they had received, he felt that, could they be restored for a little time, he would freely dismiss from his thoughts all his plans for the amelioration of his colored brethren, in order to make some reparation for his past neglect.

"And yet," he mused, "with all my remissness, Adam

turned out well! He was strictly temperate, moral, and virtuous. His conduct, as far as I ever learned, was always exemplary. It is true, I did not notice him much after he was grown, but then I was very rigid in my discipline when his habits were forming. That accounts for it all." And, after administering this palliative to his conscience, the father set about winding up the business of the deceased.

On leaving the minister, Mr. Sundahl proceeded to execute his self-exacted promise. This was, to find Mrs. Bartlett's former servant, Lena, and request her to accompany them. It proved more of an undertaking than he anticipated; but finally, after an hour's faithful search, she was found.

Lena, who had never been satisfied since she left Mrs. Bartlett's service, joyfully acceded, especially when she learned the good lady herself was to bear them company. She readily assented to Mr. Sundahl's proposition; which was, that she should be in readiness early next morning, in order that he might take her to the ship, before he accompanied his wife and mother there. They would both feel sad on leaving their native land, and he wished it as a surprise.

"We are almost ready, Roderic," said Emma, that evening on his return, as she hastened forward to meet him. "There is one thing more mother and I do so desire, I cannot forbear mentioning it."

"What is it, birdie?" he asked, inclining his head

toward her, as he placed his hand under her chin and raised it gently until their lips met.

"We are both so anxious to see Lena," she said, returning his look of love. "Do you think it would be difficult to find her?"

"It is rather late, love, I am afraid." A peculiar smile played over his handsome features as he spoke.

"Well, then, in the morning," she suggested, while a slight shade of disappointment was discernible on her face.

"Yes, in the morning," he repeated, without seeming to notice her expression of countenance.

But when morning came Roderic appeared to forget; at least he did not mention Lena's name; and, as he was so busy making preparations for departure, Mrs. Bartlett begged Emma not to refer to it again.

Neither, however, felt wholly satisfied when they found themselves on shipboard; they had hoped to the last that he would recollect it; but now it was too late, and they must become reconciled, for they would probably never again behold their faithful servant.

"Where is Roderic, mother?" asked Emma, anxiously, as she for the first time missed him from her side.

Mrs. Bartlett did not know.

"Is it not possible he may have gone on shore, and may be left?" she asked, alarmed at his sudden disappearance.

"No, dear! don't allow yourself to be needlessly frightened."

"But look, mother! they are preparing to sail, and he — where can he be?" and a second time she looked earnestly around.

"Here, Emma, look!" As the bride turned to behold her husband, Mrs. Bartlett started forward, exclaiming, "Can it be — can it be possible! why, Lena."

The merry sparkle in Lena's eyes had not been dimmed for months, until that moment; but then a mist came over them, as she grasped Mrs. Bartlett's extended hand.

"Dear Roderic, how you frightened me!" cried the bride, who only saw her husband, just then; but in the same breath she exclaimed, "Lena, Lena! is it indeed you? How came you to know we were here?"

Lena could not reply; offering Emma the disengaged hand she nodded to Mr. Sundahl.

"He found you, then?" she ejaculated, turning to Roderic, who had stepped back. "But see," she continued, as the ship began to move, "they have started. O! Lena, you will never get back."

"She has no desire to, Emma; she is going with us." It was Roderic's low voice that said this.

The mother and daughter both looked at him an instant; they saw a smile play about his mouth, and understood it all.

Releasing Lena's hand, they both grasped his. Tears of gratitude arose to Mrs. Bartlett's eyes, and she said,

in a voice hoarse with feeling, "God bless you for this, my son."

"Dear Roderic, how kind!" burst from Emma's lips, as she clasped her hand in his.

The fond husband quickly returned the pressure of the waxen fingers that fluttered in his own, and placing his lips close to her ear, he whispered softly, "This was why I insisted on coming by the way of Boston, dear."

"Was it?" Emma's eyes were raised lovingly and wonderingly to his face.

Mrs. Bartlett and Lena found much to talk about, and drawing his fair bride aside, Roderic pointed to the receding shore.

"Look, Emma, you can now say with Byron—

'Adieu, adieu! my native land
Fades o'er the waters blue.'

Emma gazed in silence. There was a strange tumult in her bosom she could not exactly define. After all, it was a greater trial than she had anticipated to see her native shores recede. She had imagined with Roderic and her mother near her, she could breathe farewell to Columbia without a struggle. But she was mistaken. Although her young heart was full of happiness, and although the two dearest on earth were with her, still the patriotic fire that warms the breast of every true American, burned brightly in her bosom,

and as she watched the distant church tops until they disappeared in the distance, with Byron she could also say, "Their spires were scarcely seen through a tear."

"It is a beautiful country, Emma," said Roderic, passing his arm around her, "you have given up much."

"And have found more," she quickly replied, resting her head on his bosom, "infinitely more," she repeated, with emphasis, "henceforth my home is here," and she nestled closer as she spoke.

"I shall always love America above any other country, Roderic," she said, after a short silence, as she lifted her head from its resting place, "it is my native clime, the land of liberty, the birth-place of our immortal Washington. I shall never have cause to be ashamed to acknowledge this."

"God grant that it may be so!" said the husband, earnestly, "that no party faction may arise to dishonor the name of freedom's sons, or rend that glorious structure of freedom in twain. You have lived both in the North and South, Emma. Would it not pain you, if at some future day you should hear that the Union was dissolved?"

"It would, indeed," she returned seriously. "Do you, like Mr. Selgrove, apprehend any danger?"

"There are influences at work, Emma, that may lead to it. They have a direct tendency to disunion, anarchy and strife; but my sincere prayer is that

Heaven may frustrate their designs and avert such a calamity."

"Dissever the Union," said the bride, dreamily, gazing out upon the blue waste of waters; "why, Roderic," she added, turning to him, "the very possibility of such a thing arouses all my patriotism. If I could only talk like a man, I would give you my sentiments. But wait a minute. If you will give me a little time to think, and then furnish me with paper and pencil, I'll write some impromptu verses right here, while a faint outline of old Boston is still in view."

"Bravo! my bonnie bride, do! and if you'll allow it, I'll be your amanuensis."

"No, thank you," she returned, bowing, "I have a way of my own when I compose. I always play with the edge of my paper, and bite at the end of my pencil."

"By way of eliciting ideas," interposed Roderic, smiling.

"Put whatever construction on it you choose, only promise to stand near me, ready to hold me back if I should be seized with a sudden desire to plunge into the water. There always was a fascination to me in gazing into the watery depths, and often when a child, on my way from school, I've wandered down to the beach, watching steadfastly the bubbling waves and longing to plunge into the sparkling foam at my feet."

"You must try to banish all such fanciful ideas now!

Emma," he said, drawing her nearer, "it makes me apprehensive and uneasy to hear you talk so."

"You needn't be," she returned, smiling at his fears, "I was only speaking of my impulses. I would not give way to such feelings for all the world. But now for this mighty production. You must keep a profound silence while I invoke the muses. Now I've begun."

As the fair speaker said this, she placed herself in an attitude of thinking, and after a protracted silence, produced the following:

O! talk not to me of disunion and strife
In the land I with pride call my own!
Far sooner, I ween, would each son risk his life,
Than to see that great fabric o'erthrown.
For deep in the heart of each patriot one
Has an altar to freedom been reared;
And a fire there burneth unceasingly on,
That all thoughts of disunion has seared.

Dissever the structure our forefathers planned
To guard against tyranny's power!
The Union, defended by Washington's hand,
And loved till his calm dying hour!
Demolish this, freemen! its strong columns fell,
And rend its proud banner in twain,
And you'll cry o'er its ruins, "Forever farewell"
To the concord you'll sigh to regain.

Yes, farewell forever! Your Webster hath spoke,
And prophecy's words will prove true;
For once let the chalice of Union be broke,
And contention will scatter the dew
That peace and good feeling so long have distilled
From the blossoms of brotherly love;
Whose nectarine sweetness your bosoms has filled,
And warmed like the nest of a dove.

Dissever the Union! Should this startling cry
 Ever spread through the land of my birth,
 The shades of the mighty assembled on high
 Methinks would descend to the earth;
 A Webster and Clay then would traverse the deck
 Of the ship they once struggled to save;
 And the spirit of Washington weep o'er the wreck
 Ere it sunk 'neath dissension's dark wave.

Dissever the Union! No, sooner by far
 Let sweet harmony join them in one;
 Let the spirit that made them the nation they are,
 Impel and encourage them on.
 Let the wings of our eagle flap proudly the while,
 As he steadfastly soars toward the sun;
 And the Goddess of Liberty watch with a smile
 O'er the head of each patriot one.

"There, Roderic, my patriotism has well nigh exhausted itself. Do relieve me of this *weighty* matter, which you can peruse at your leisure, while I join mother in welcoming Lena to our midst."

"Tarry a little, fair patriot," he said, drawing her back, "I must have you near when I read them."

And here, kind reader, we must take a parting look at our heroine. With the sea-breeze floating among her golden curls, her blue eyes lit up with a holy, trusting love, her cheeks ruddy with the mellow blush her husband's words had called up, and the joy at her heart making her sylph-like form a little tremulous, with her earnest gaze fixed upon the blue waters at her feet, we will draw near and say, "Farewell, sweet Emma; we have seen thee in thy infancy, in thy budding girlhood, on thy happy bridal eve, and now when

just entering the sacred sphere of wifehood. Thou hast passed through many trials, and this last, this parting from the land of thy nativity, to a patriotic bosom such as thine is not the least; yet thine own red lips have said, that though thou hast relinquished much, thou hast been more than compensated by the treasure thou hast found; and there, supported by that circling arm, with thy own fluttering heart keeping time with the one that has so long and truly beat for thee alone, we leave thee, with sincere regrets at the parting, but confidently believing that the golden dreams thou hast woven for the future will be even more bright in their fulfillment, than thy dreamy imaginings have pictured.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

EMMA'S LETTER.

It was Christmas morning, and the cheerful blaze from the hickory logs that lay on the andirons threw a genial light over the sitting-room at Deerwood. Mr. Selgrove was its only occupant. He had called over to wish his friends a happy Christmas; but finding Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell had gone to town, with the intention, however, of returning very soon, he threw himself upon the lounge with the familiarity of an old friend, and took up a newspaper to while away the time. He had not asked for Miss Mitchell; he seldom did now; several times, when he had called she had been present, and he had experienced the same quiet joy in her society that her presence had always produced. If anything, he seemed to admire her more, for the proud, haughty curl of her lip had passed away, leaving in its stead a calm, sweet smile, that softened the whole countenance. But William Selgrove understood and appreciated her sorrow too fully to obtrude himself on her notice. Not for the universe would he, by word or action, pain her, while this cloud of grief hung over her; he would wait patiently, and if, as time dragged on, she should continue to brood over

this, her first heart-trial, why then he must relinquish all hope of gaining her affections.

Mr. Selgrove glanced at the paper he had picked up, read the name first, and then the motto underneath: "Put none but Americans on guard to-night," then with an air of impatience tossed it aside. "Fiddlesticks! what an idea to be harping on! How preposterous for a party to bring this up against foreigners! What unprejudiced mind can take into consideration the time at which that was spoken, and say our immortal Washington was actuated by motives as contracted as those by which this 'new organization' is governed! What a perversion of words! Was not that injunction intended to apply as much to the (native born) *tories*, as to a foreign enemy? Who can doubt, had the gallant La Fayette, or any of those brave French volunteers proffered to stand on guard, that the Commander-in chief would have gladly accepted their services. Who can doubt that he meant only *Americans at heart*; those who were firm, tried, steadfast friends of the cause they had espoused. *Was Benedict Arnold a foreigner?*"

While Mr. Selgrove soliloquized thus in the sitting-room, Kate Mitchell sat in her own chamber alone, with an open letter in her hand. She had read it through twice, and now, with her face pressed against the window-pane, she was waiting with considerable impatience to catch a glimpse of her parents when they returned. "How I wish they would come!" had

several times escaped her lips. "They will be so rejoiced to hear from them! Emma and aunt Emma seem so happy! It must be beautiful over there. I'd like to see the old homestead, and the pictures. O! what would I not give to gaze on *his*!" A long-drawn sigh followed these words, and raising the letter from her lap, she re-read several paragraphs:

"I wish you had been with us, Katie, when we first visited the old family mansion. It was on the day after our arrival. Mother went with us, of course, and she seemed to listen with as much pleasure as myself to Roderic's glowing description of the girlish form that once flitted through its ancient halls. He spoke, too, (Katie, darling, I do not fear to write his name now, for I know you have learned to rely on the Rock of Ages), of a beautiful boy with nut-brown hair, whose childish gambols so often made those old corridors ring; whose wonder-waking eyes, during his early years, were so often peering curiously among the surrounding verdure, when his notice was attracted by some modest flower half hidden in its emerald couch; whose listening ear was forever snatching up some of the whispered words of love that the evening zephyrs are wont to breathe to the timid birds while dreaming in the tree tops. Roderic described it all in his fascinating, poetic way; (he's a dear, precious fellow, Katie; the best husband in the world, coz!) and then at the soft, dewy twilight hour he led us to the resting place of his

betrothed, his Rosalie. I was strangely affected as I stood there. Beneath my feet rested the sacred dust of my own mother, and at my side stood my dear foster-parent. To me, Rosalie, (I always think of her by that name, because it is the one Roderic applies to her), seemed some bright ideality, the seraphic creature of some beautiful, half-remembered dream, and because she was my mother, and because Roderic loved her, I felt a quiet, holy love flowing out as it were to her memory. But when I turned to the dear form that had bent over me since infancy, and saw the soft blue eye dimmed by a tear, I felt that my darling, living mother possessed a far greater portion of my heart than any one else, except my Roderic. And when for the first time I saw him take her hand, and controlling the visible emotion that agitated him, pour into her ear a whole volume of thanks for the tender care bestowed on 'his Rosalie and Emma,' and when in return, I for the first time heard her speak of the strange interest she felt in the unprotected orphan whom Providence had directed to her door, and of the deep, abiding love that sprang up in her bosom for the babe she entrusted to her keeping, I couldn't restrain myself a minute longer, Kate! I just wound my arms around both their necks, and drawing their faces close to mine, I managed to kiss them both at once. Then we all three sat down on Rosalie's tomb and mingled our tears together. Yes, we wept, Katie, but they were tears of joy and thank-

fulness; and Roderic said, as he sat encircling the marble monument with one arm, and me with the other, he was sure a fourth, unseen, invisible presence lingered near us; and mother added, that something in her heart told her yet another disembodied spirit had been permitted to approach—her George could not be afar at such a time; and I, Katie, I said nothing, but O! I felt that blessed twilight eve that Heaven was nearer earth than ever before.

“But I have not told you all. When we went back to our own dear home, Roderic escorted us to his own private study, (’twas the only room in the vast building I hadn’t peeped into), and as we entered, he drew aside some gauze suspended from the side of the wall, revealing—what think you, Katie?—why, two of the most beautiful pictures I ever beheld. They were set in massive gilt frames and hung side by side. Mother uttered an exclamation of surprise, and sprang forward; I stood transfixed. I knew, from the resemblance to the daguerreotype in my possession, that one was Rosalie. Roderic passed his arm around me, and we both remained speechless. There they were—my two mothers, gazing at each other; both with soft, meek, loving blue eyes, and a smile of ineffable sweetness playing about their lips. And when mother turned with a radiant countenance to me, I hardly knew which was the lovelier; the departed parent with her wealth of golden ringlets, her lithe, girlish figure, and the sweet

expression of her face as she looked down at me ; or the living mother, with her light brown tresses, a few of which had been silvered by the one great sorrow of her life ; her matronly form and the look of unutterable love she gave me, illuminating her features with a holy light.

“ The other picture represented a child of some five Summers. The soft white brow, the peachy cheeks, the full red lips, must have been very beautiful, Kate. But I will write no further about this, dear one. You will come to Germany one of these days, wont you ? And then I will take you to Roderic’s study, where you can gaze upon the little Karl as long as you desire.”

A knock at the door interrupted the reader. It was answered, and Bob presented himself.

“ Well, Bob, what is it ? ”

Bob’s eyes were fairly dancing with delight. “ O ! Miss Kate, I couldn’t hold in no longer, I couldn’t ! ”

“ Why, what is it, Bob ? What pleases you so ? ”

“ Mas’r Charles giv me dis, he did ! ” he said, holding up a picture.

“ Have they returned, Bob ? ”

“ No, he han’ed it to me afore he lef ! I toted it round and showed it to ever’ nigger on de plantation. I’s been waitin’ ever sence mornin’ to let you see it, but you never come down sta’rs. I showed it to Mas’r William Selgrove, an’ it pleased him mightily.”

“ Where is ‘ Mas’r William Selgrove ? ’ ”

"In de settin'-room; he's been thar more'n half an hour, all 'lone by himself."

"Didn't he ask for me, Bob?"

"No, he never, he as'ed for Mas'r Charles, and when Jane tol' him he wasn't here, he said he'd wait. Jim said he b'lieved de letter he brung dis mornin' mought be from Miss Emma."

Bob twisted at the corner of his apron as he said this, not altogether satisfied that it was proper for him to speak.

"So it was, Bob. I intended to tell you what she said. She writes, 'Give my best regards to all the servants, and Bob in particular.'"

"Did she say dat, Miss Kate? 'O! golly! Bob dont d'serve sich 'onor! Please let me see whar her han' writ dat."

Kate turned to the close and gratified his curiosity, then told him to run along down and watch for "Mas'r Charles."

When left alone, she refolded the letter, put it in her pocket, and advancing toward the mirror, began arranging her hair. Mr. Selgrove, her father's guest was in the house, while she sat selfishly up stairs without making the least effort to render his call agreeable. Was this right? Emma had told her the less she brooded over her own sorrow, the less she indulged in selfish feelings, the happier would she become. Was it not the excess of selfishness to sit moping there, when

her father's friend was alone in the sitting-room? True, he had not asked for her, and at a former period her pride would have scoffed at the idea of presenting herself without a desire having been expressed, but was it not her own indifferent manner that had caused Mr. Selgrove to cease inquiring? When she began to review her conduct toward him for some time past, she was not sure that that gentleman did not positively dislike her; she had taken so little pains to preserve his regard. This thought was painful to her, for she respected her father's friend too much to be willing to lose his esteem. There was but one thing left that she could do, and that was to make reparation.

She would go directly down, tell him she had heard from her cousin and aunt, and if he desired it, would read to him the legend Emma had related. Full of these resolutions, she descended to the sitting-room.

Mr. Selgrove was agreeably surprised at her unexpected appearance. He had thrown aside the paper, taken a chair nearer the mantle-piece, tipped it back, (Southern fashion), and sent his thoughts off to the past. It was on a Christmas evening when he had ventured to offer himself to the lost Adelia, and she had blushing accepted. Years had flown since then, yet never had the holidays approached without crowding these reminiscences on his mind. They were painful memories, and he would fain have banished them, but, like phantom spirits, they came crowding thick and fast.

“Good morning, Mr. Selgrove ; I was not aware until a moment ago that you were in the house. This must serve as an apology for my apparent neglect. I wish you a merry Christmas.”

“The same to you, Miss Kate,” he returned, bowing as he took the extended hand. “I have just been thinking,” he went on, resuming his seat, “of the merry Christmases I used to pass when a boy in New England. Your parents are out, I learned.”

“Yes, and it just occurred to me that I might entertain you until father’s return, by reading to you one part of a letter I received to-day from Emma.”

“Ah ! indeed ! How does she like her new home ?”

“O ! she is charmed—perfectly delighted with every thing. If you think it will interest you, I will read you a brief description of one of her jaunts since her arrival.’

Mr. Selgrove said he would be delighted to hear it, and Miss Mitchell forthwith begun :

“O ! Kate, we had such a pleasant jaunt yesterday to an old fortress, called Plassenburg ! It is situated in the beautiful valley of the Main, and commands an extended view of the surrounding country. You can see from its top, towns, valleys, mountains, meadows, forests, and the sparkling waters of the Main winding in every direction. I was almost enchanted by the picturesque scenery, and after gazing until my eyes grew weary, I sat down among the ruins, while Roderic told

me the legend of the White Lady. As I have promised to communicate to you 'every thing I see and hear,' I feel it 'cumbent on me,' (as aunt Jinny used to say), to relate this to the best of my ability. You must know, first, that all these old castles have one or more legends connected with them. Well, as the story books begin, 'once upon a time' George the first of Culenbach, a kind-hearted sovereign, married the proud princess Matilda of Fulda. They had two children, who are said to have been exceedingly beautiful. George the First died when the eldest was four years old, the youngest two. Matilda, more after the fashions of the times, than for any sincere regret, (for her husband and self were but illy suited to each other), put on mourning and kept herself in seclusion for a whole year.

"Some time afterward, a tournament was held, at the suggestion of Albrecht, Burgrave of Nuremberg, one of the bravest and handsomest men of his time. To this exciting festival all the beauty and valor of Franconia and Saxony had been invited. Matilda had once before met the brave Albrecht, and fully conscious of her surpassing beauty and elegance, had made sure of making a conquest. But a girl of Saxon origin was destined to gain without artifice the heart of Albrecht. She possessed neither the beauty nor position of Matilda, but greatly surpassed her both in intelligence and goodness. Many were the plots the latter wove in order to draw Albrecht from his purpose. At

one interview he told her they ' might have become one, if it were not for four eyes ; ' meaning, it is supposed, his own and those of the Saxon maiden. Matilda, however, interpreted this as objecting to her two children. Although she had always evinced an excessive fondness for them, she resolved to sacrifice them rather than have her wishes frustrated. A number of times she attempted the direful deed before she accomplished it. Finally the two children died upon the same night, without previous sickness. A waiting lady suspected the foul deed, and on examination found that the children had been killed by pins being pierced near the eyes into the brain. The priest was forthwith acquainted with the fact, and when questioned with regard to it, the culprit, overpowered by remorse, confessed all.

" A committee of investigation was appointed by the Emperor, but Matilda, being of an ancient princely house, and withall, sincerely penitent, was permitted to live, on condition that she would travel on her knees from her castle of Plassenberg to the convent of Himmelkron, some eight miles distant, and enrol her name among the nuns. This arduous journey was cheerfully performed, and she remained there until her death.

" After that event, a lady dressed in black was seen at the hour of midnight wandering through the apartments of the castle. Gradually, the dress became lighter, until at last it was perfectly white ; and at length she ceased altogether to make her appearance.

"From this circumstance she received the name of the White Lady.

"The legend says this apparition was the once haughty Matilda, who, on account of her deep guilt and sinfulness, first appeared in black, but being gradually drawn to God, and her iniquities washed away, she was at length, when purified and made mete for His kingdom, allowed to enter the heaven of rest."

"What wild, beautiful ideas we may sometimes gather from those German legends," said Mr. Selgrove, as the reader finished. "I have always said, I should never be satisfied until I made a tour of the continent, and I shall certainly take the 'Fatherland' in my rounds, when I go. Who knows but I may meet your cousin again, Miss Kate?"

"It would not be improbable. Mr. Selgrove, I believe my cousin is as near perfection as we poor mortals ever attain here. I am so rejoiced to learn that she is happy. O! I wish I could more closely imitate her example!"

"And can you not," asked the other, in a low, earnest voice, "strive, as she did, to be cheerful and happy?"

"O! I did not mean that!" returned Kate, quickly, "I meant I wished to be good like her!"

"Yes, of course," he returned; "and then the happiness will follow as a natural consequence. Miss Kate," he continued, moving his chair nearer to the lounge on

which she sat, "permit me to take the liberty of an old friend of your father's, and talk a little plainly to you on a subject I probably understand better than himself, having had what he never possessed — some experimental knowledge. I believe I understand the nature of your malady better than either of your parents, and probably after you have heard what I have to say, we will both feel, that a bond of sympathy has been established between us.

"Man's nature is widely different from woman's. His heart may be crushed, his deepest affections uprooted, his fondest hopes blasted; and yet, if he possess any strength of character, he can nerve himself for the conflict, and, impelled, as it were, to renewed vigor, by what he has suffered, his iron resolution can carry him on, and plunging daily into the vortex of business, he can deafen the voice of memory when it strives to whisper in his ear the words of tenderness uttered in bygone days.

"It is otherwise with woman. Her habits give her many solitary hours for reflection, and unconsciously, though she battles hard against it, she finds herself brooding over the shadow that has fallen across her path. Washington Irving has beautifully said, 'As the dove will clap its wing to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying upon its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection; with her the desires of the

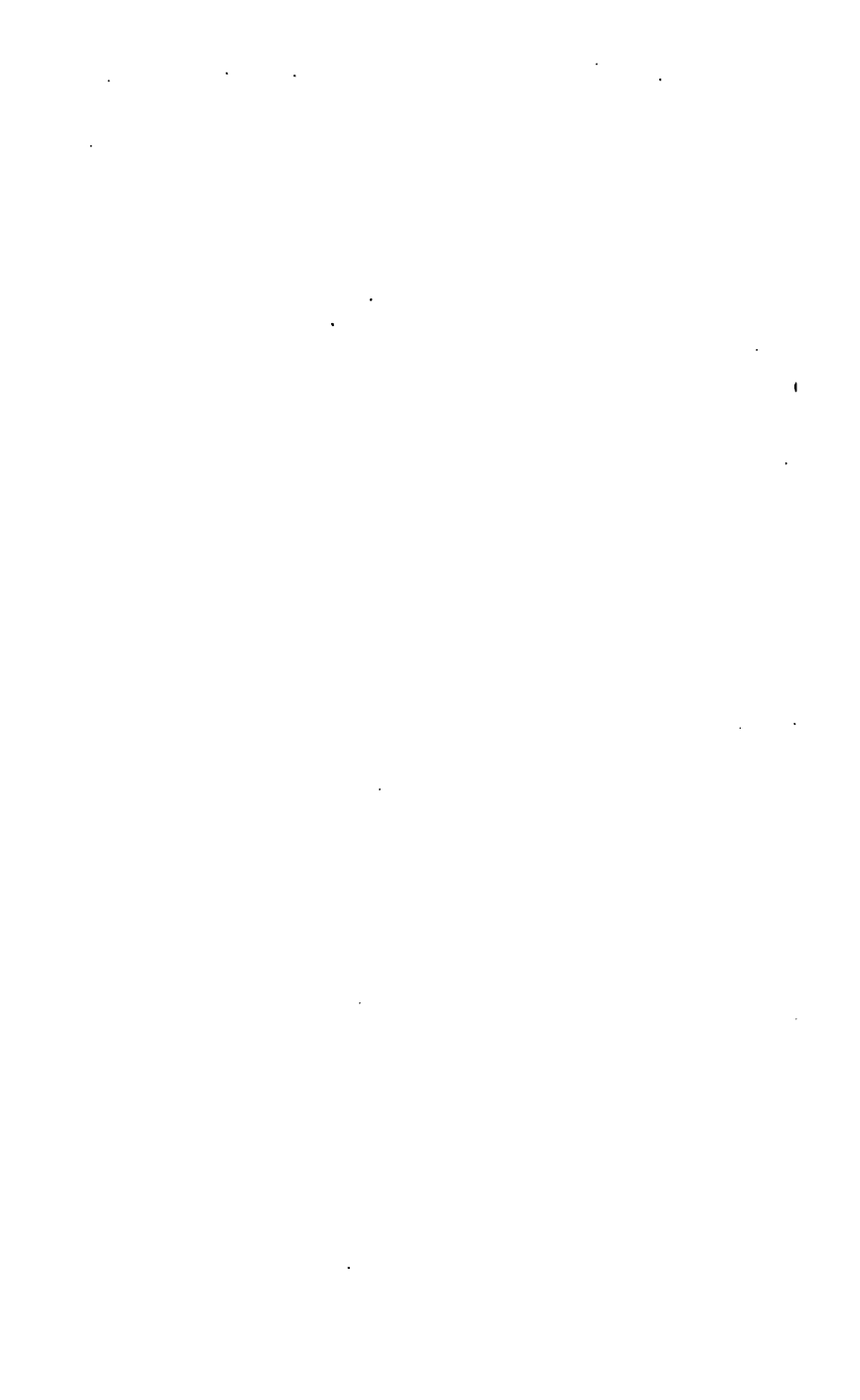
heart have failed ; she neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulse, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken ; the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams ; dry sorrow drinks the blood until her feeble frame sinks under the last external assailant.'

" Thus it is with your sex generally ; but, my friend, there are some exceptions. There are as true womanly natures have triumphed over these heart-sorrows, as ever sank beneath them. Your's, Kate Mitchell, is one of them ! You can, believe me, learn as I have done, to suffer, and be strong. Do not imagine, from this, that I consider the struggle through which you have lately been called to pass, 'an idle whim,' or 'foolish conceit.' No, no ! I can see, from your altered manner, and the traces of grief upon your brow, that it has been something far deeper than that. These wayward affections of our's sometimes subject us to severe pain. I speak practically, now. Years ago I loved a lovely, gentle being, not unlike your cousin Emma ; I loved her devotedly, and she returned it ; this is the anniversary of the very day on which our vows were exchanged. But she was taken from me — snatched away by death's relentless hand, and I was left desolate. How bitter that affliction was I need not say ; ask your own heart, my dear friend, and it will tell you what I suffered."

The speaker paused, overcome by his feelings, and as two large, pearly drops fell from the dark lashes that swept over Kate's downcast eyes, Bob presented himself at the sitting-room door, and announced abruptly, that "Mas'r Charles and Miss Anna had done come."

"Please excuse me, Mr. Selgrove; they will notice these traces of weakness. I thank you very much for your kind sympathy," and laying her hand in his extended palm, she quickly returned the sympathetic pressure, and hurriedly left the apartment.

Kind reader, a few words of prophesy and we are done. Though Emma Sundahl has only ventured to *hope* cousin Kate will visit Germany at some future period, we are bold enough to predict with certainty that if life be spared, she *will*, for although at the present time she regards Mr. Selgrove as a "particular friend of the family," the time will come when the sweet angel of sympathy will draw her heart nearer his own, and with her silken fetters bind them in one; and when next the spacious parlors of Deerwood are thrown open to wedding guests, one whose proud spirit has been chastened by sorrow, and whose heart has been purified by affliction, as was the White Lady of Plassenburg, will stand in the place the gentle Emma once occupied; and as Mr. Mitchell looks upon the broad intellectual forehead of the noble bridegroom, with pride and pleasure will he resign to his keeping his only child, his idolized daughter, "aunt Milly's pet."





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